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PEARL S. BUCK

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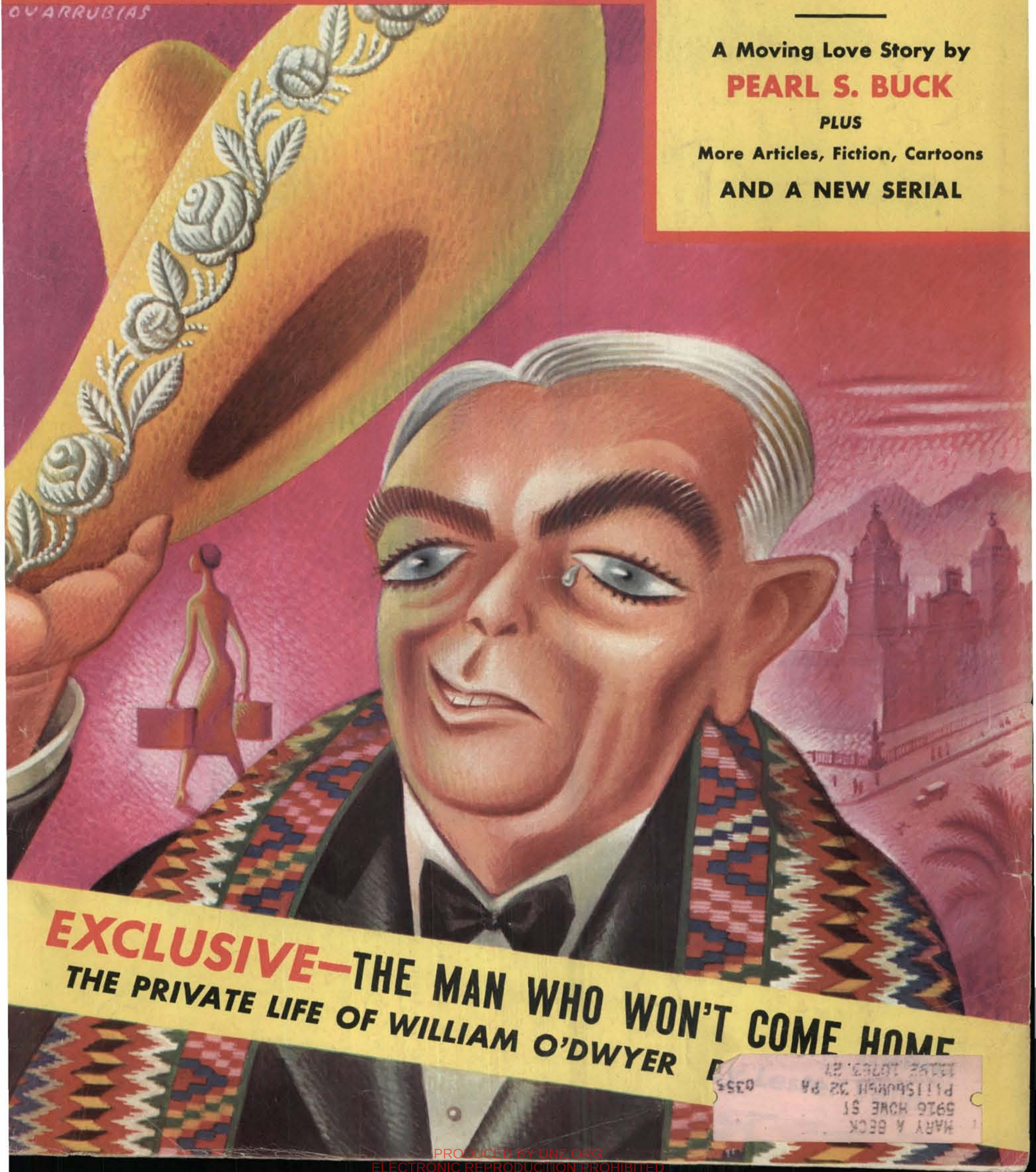

EXCLUSIVE—THE MAN WHO WON'T COME HOME

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF WILLIAM O'DWYER

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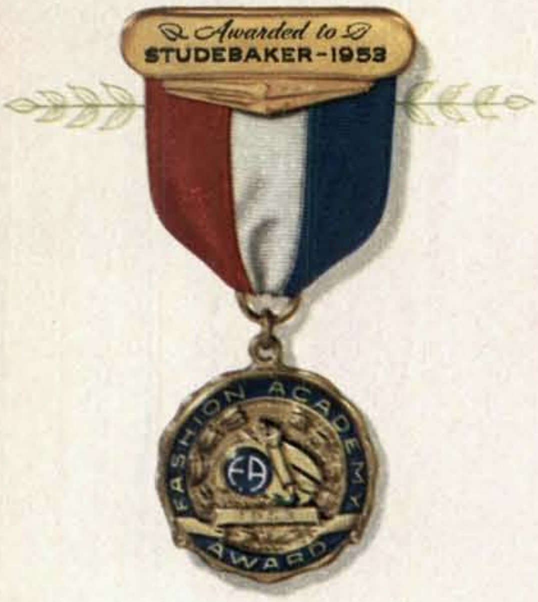

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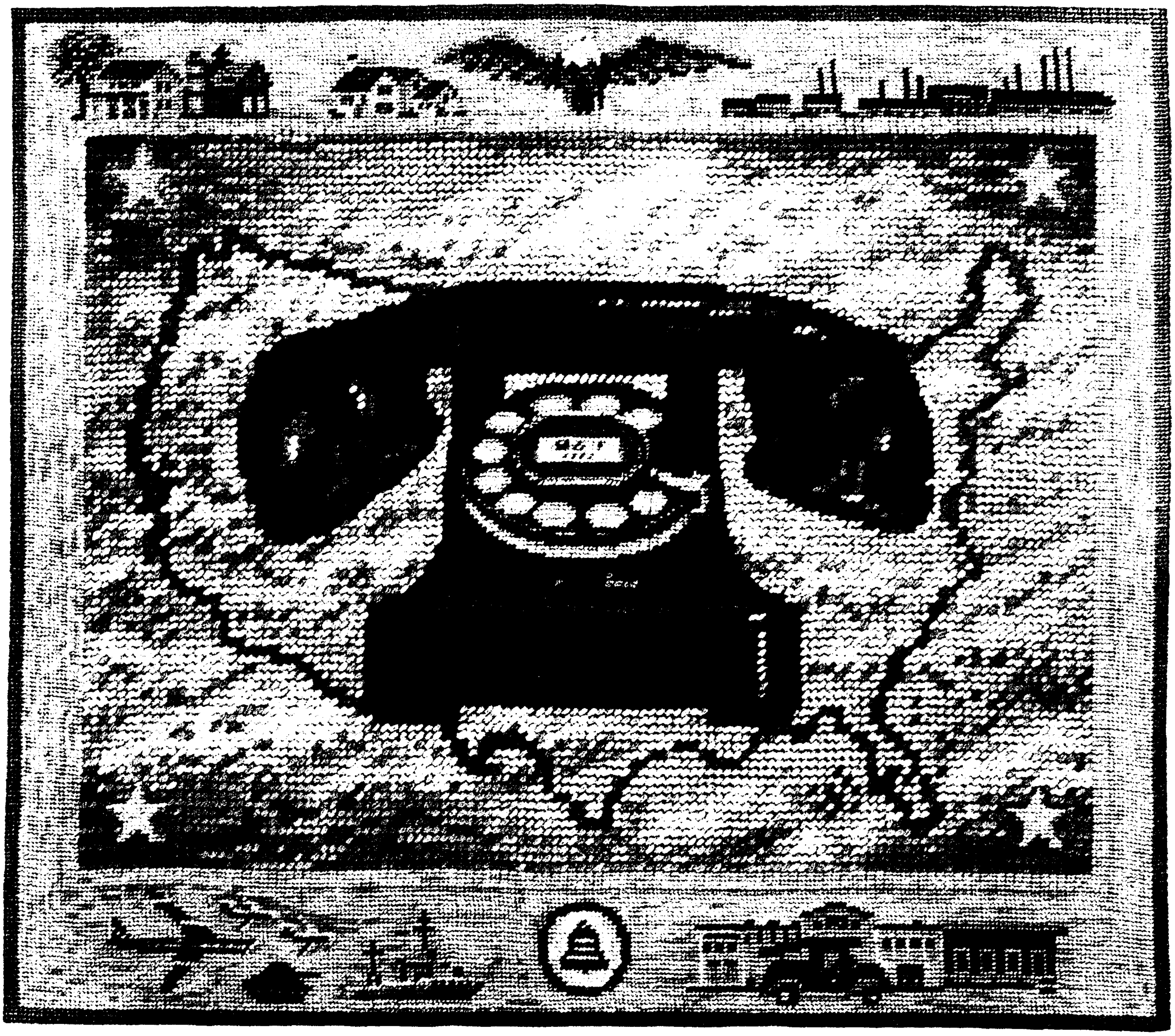

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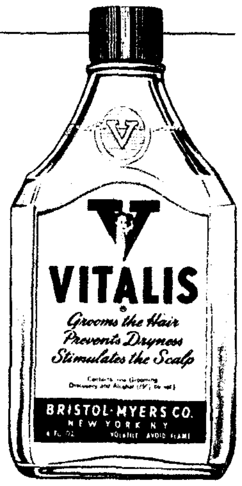

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AUGUST 7, 1953

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THE COVER . . Miguel Covarrubias

The colorful painting of ex-diplomat William O'Dwyer, with a motif of blighted love against a background of Mexico City, is by the Mexican artist Miguel Covarrubias, widely rated as the world's top caricaturist. Just as he captured the essence of O'Dwyer in paint, so has writer Lester Velie caught it in words in the revealing portrait starting on page 19 of this issue.

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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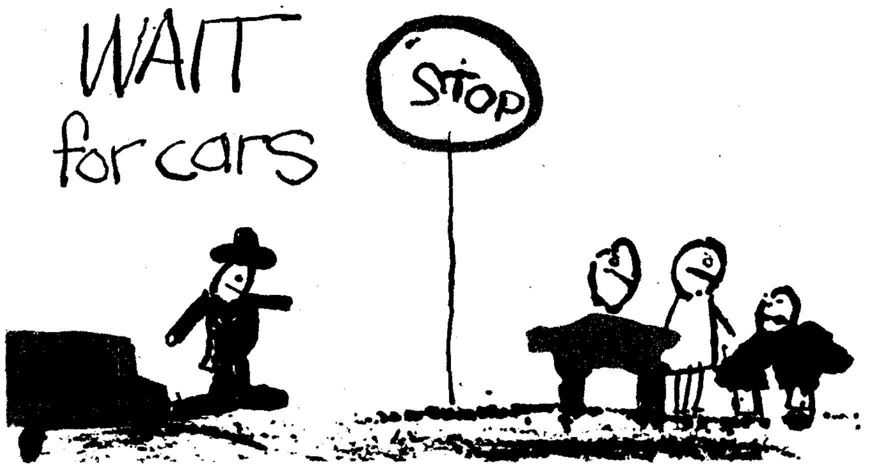
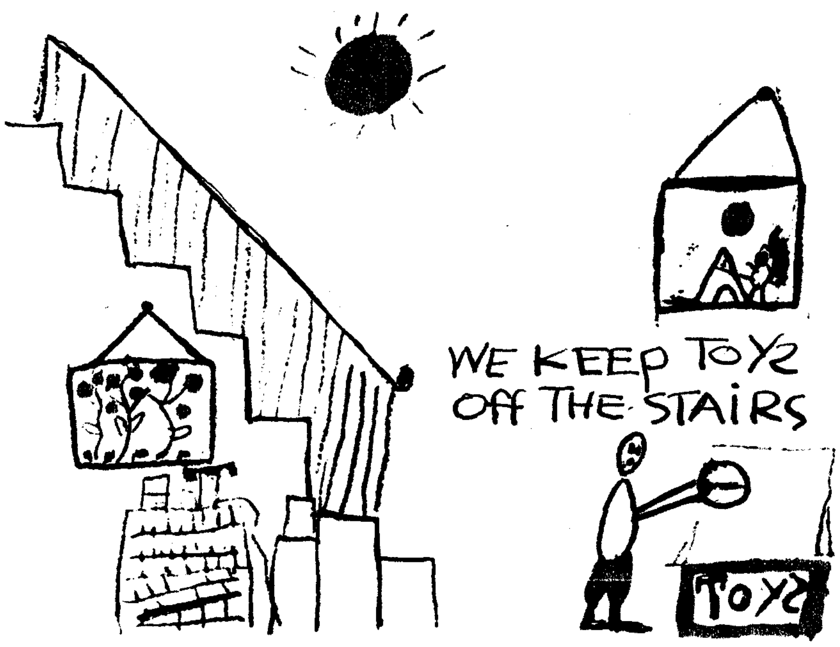
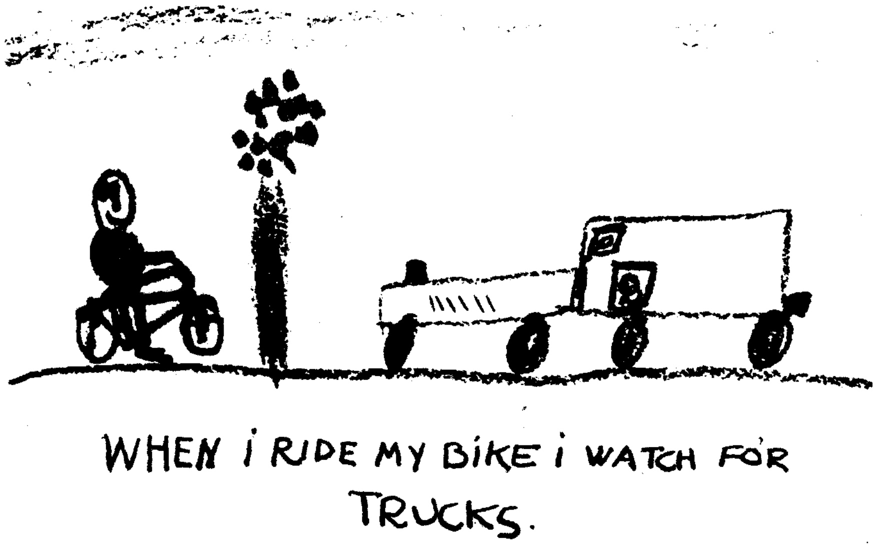
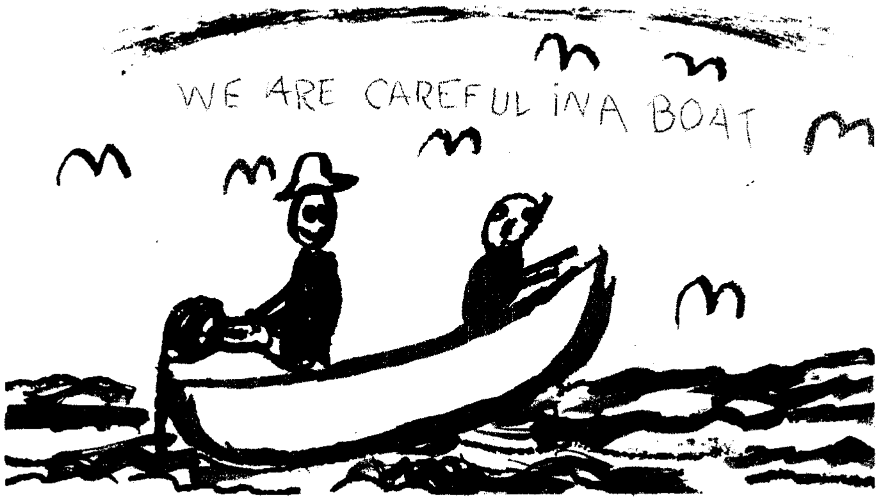



WE KEEP TOYS OFF THE STAIRS
TOYS


WHEN I RIDE MY BIKE I WATCH FOR TRUCKS.


WE ARE CAREFUL IN A BOAT

They're never too young to learn SAFETY

After school opens this fall, many classrooms will be decorated with pictures like those shown above. All of these pictures were actually drawn by children in the first grade.

These simple sketches show that even very young children can grasp the importance of safety and can apply its rules in their daily lives. In fact, our greatest hope of reducing the high toll of childhood accidents . . . on streets and highways, in homes, and elsewhere . . . depends largely on helping young children to develop the attitudes and skills necessary for their safety now and in the future.

The vital importance of the problem of childhood accidents is clearly emphasized by the record:

> **Accidents kill annually about 14,000 children under age 15. In addition, some 2 million children are temporarily or permanently injured by accidents every year.**

When children return to school, they will be exposed to an increased number of potential accident situations. This raises the question, is there anything you can do to help save children from accidental injuries or loss of life? Indeed, there is. You can put more stress than ever on habits of safe conduct.

All children—especially those just entering school—should be warned to take safety precautions in the streets. They should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.

If a child rides his bicycle to school, he should know and obey such rules as keeping to the right, riding single file and signaling for turns. Moreover, it is wise for parents to make sure that the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and a rear reflector.

Children may also be helped to avoid accidents if parents themselves set a good example by consistently practicing habits of safety in the home and elsewhere. Now is a good time to teach children that the safe way of doing things is really the best way. You can do this, for example, by checking your home and removing possible accident hazards. Among other things, guns, ammunition and poisons should be locked up.

If, despite your protection and training, your child has repeated accidents, it would be wise to consult your family doctor. Sometimes accidents may be caused by physical or emotional conditions which he can help correct.

Remember that most accidents do not "just happen." Some authorities estimate that 90 percent or more of them are preventable. So, make your child safety-minded as he enters or returns to school. You may save him needless injury . . . and spare yourself some anxious moments.

Metropolitan's new booklet, "A Formula for Child Safety," tells how parents—by understanding their child's behavior at various stages of growth—can anticipate and forestall many accidents. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

The book was completed by April

When Fulton Oursler died a year ago last May his last great book was unfinished, but his daughter, April Oursler (Mrs. Martin Armstrong, Jr.), took up the task of completing it. Now The Greatest Faith Ever Known will be published October 1st by Doubleday & Company, and from it Collier's has extracted the special section in this issue.

For Mrs. Armstrong the editorial chore was not essentially a new assignment. She had always worked closely with her father and assisted him with The Greatest Story Ever Told, one of the all-time best sellers. As an author in her own right, however, she can turn out as much as 30 pages of typescript a day. Some of them are created in collaboration with her mother, Grace Perkins Oursler, for a syndicated column, Genius for Living.

Strictly on the personal side: April Oursler Armstrong's third child should be three weeks old when you read this information.

★ ★ ★

"The hands take longer to do than the head," observes artist Guy Rowe, whose powerful representation of Saint Paul illustrates the Oursler work. Rowe's passion for painting is such that inspiration moves him to work 16 to 18 hours a day—a pace he maintained until he completed the Collier's assignment. Four years ago the artist, who signs his pictures "Giro," shared with publisher Houston Harte a $5,000 Christopher Award for his crowning achievement to date: 32 unforgettable paintings of Old Testament subjects for Harte's book, In Our Image. Currently, he is engrossed in illustrating the New Testament. It's a 10-year project, he informs us happily.

★ ★ ★

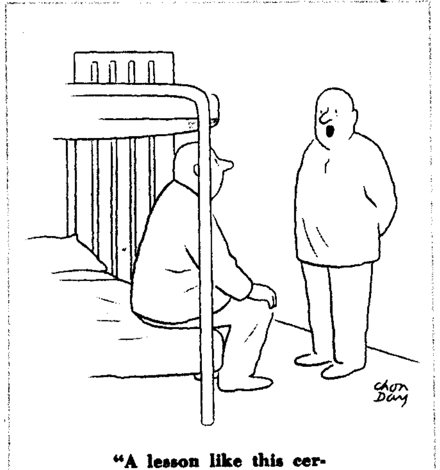
William O'Dwyer—The Man Who Won't Come Home is the ninetieth magazine piece Lester Velie has produced since 1944, the majority of them for Collier's. Perhaps most notable were The Secret Boss of California (Aug. 13th and 20th, 1949) and Big Boss of the Big Port (Feb. 9th and 16th, 1952). Because Velie's reportings have a way of setting off explosions of one sort or another, we predict that the O'Dwyer story will be a conversation piece for some time to come.

★ ★ ★

Thelma Strabel's interest in swimming meets goes back to the time before she became Mrs. David Godwin and on occasion dated a member of the Chicago Athletic Club's swimming team. The interest was revived recently when the daughter of a friend became a competitive swimmer and the author began taking notes on matters aquatic. The result is her new serial, Glory Girl. "One thing bothers me, though," she admits. "When I wrote a historical story of the Florida Keys, Reap the Wild Wind, which became a movie, I had a great deal in it about boats. Thereafter, whenever I visited anywhere near the water I was always triumphantly being invited to go sailing. Small boats scare me. So I'd like to make it clear that while I'm fascinated by swimming meets, I loathe getting into the water. I've had a horse-racing story in mind for some time, but have been afraid to write it. If I did, I'd most certainly be forced onto a horse. I'm strictly a spectator-sportswoman. My most strenuous activity is the pursuit of old jazz records."

★ ★ ★

Contrary to a widespread notion, cartoonists are just as normal as people. Chon (Chauncey Addison) Day, who first appeared in this magazine 23 years ago when he was twenty-three, lives in Westerly, Rhode Island, has a wife, three sons, a boat and no hair to speak of. Nothing screwball there.



"A lesson like this certainly teaches a fellow. This is my sixth lesson"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

One of those Days

"They tell me," he tells us, "that convict cartoons are passé and that you can't poke innocent fun at the clergy. Well, I sell jail gags (above) and cartoons about the clergy (see page 64). Incidentally, I have yet to hear a squawk from a clergyman. Actually, many have asked me for the original drawings. But once in a while I get a beef from a layman."

★ ★ ★

Besides writing novels and short stories like The Unwritten Rules, Pearl S. Buck's consuming interest is presiding over a child-welfare organization composed of private homes in eastern Pennsylvania, where Asian-American children are brought up in a family atmosphere. The over-all name of this project is Welcome House. Miss Buck, Asia-reared, derives great satisfaction in watching over these youngsters and finds the work a release from the mind-torturing labor of living the experiences of her fictional characters.

"If you would be yourself, free and unpossessed," she says, "never begin to be a novelist."

Miss Buck ought to know; she began being one in 1930, and her second of some 40 books, The Good Earth (1931), won a Pulitzer prize. The newest—this time with India as the setting—will be published August 17th by the John Day Company. Its title is Come, My Beloved.

★ ★ ★

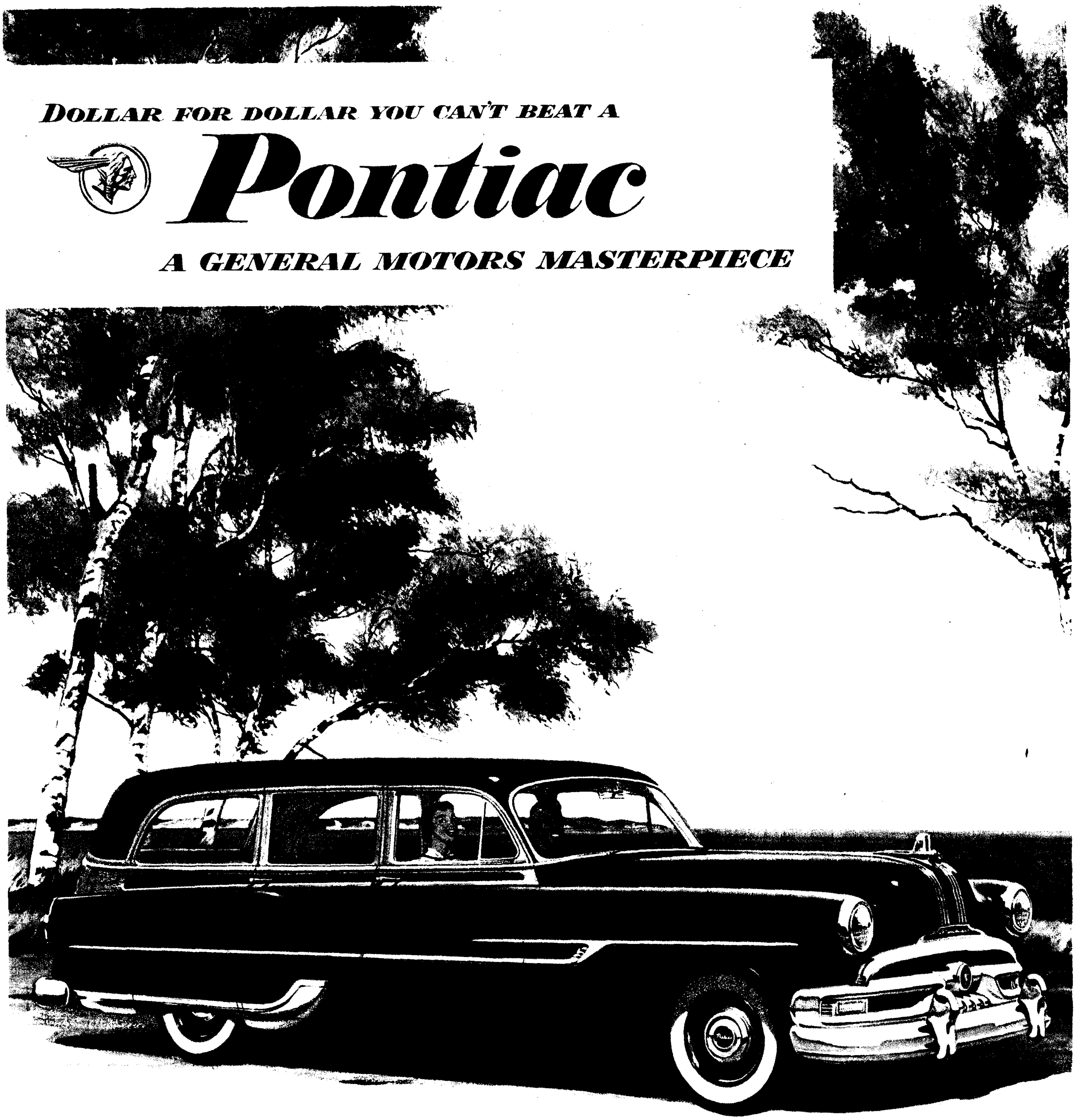
Baseball manager Paul Richards, who has made more than his share of trouble for the world champion New York Yankees this season, left one highly amusing incident out of his revelations on page 40.

At press time author Richards disclosed to us that, as catcher-manager of the Atlanta ball club in 1939, he soon realized his team was composed of fast-running but weak-hitting players. To compensate for the deficiency, Richards had the groundskeepers dig a foot of Georgia clay out of a large area in front of home plate. The hole was filled with concrete and re-covered with soil. Then, when Atlanta hitters bounced what might have been easy infield grounders off the hard surface, the ball jackrabbited so high—sometimes 30 feet—that by the time it came down the runner was safe at first. Thanks to the concrete, the team finished fourth—only two games out of first. If they'd played it straight, Richards confesses, they'd have been lucky to finish in seventh place.

A personal footnote to the Richards story is provided by Collier's own Tom Meany who, when he was breaking in as a baseball reporter in New York and Richards first came up with the Giants, volunteered to show the new man the town. All Richards wanted to do was ride a Coney Island roller coaster. Meany obliged. His guest, our fellow staffer morosely remembers, had a great time. The host turned green and lost interest in all subsequent proceedings.

GURNEY WILLIAMS

Pearl S. Buck and two Asian-American Welcome House guests



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All of these wonderful Pontiac benefits are at their finest in this beautiful steel Station Wagon. See your nearest Pontiac dealer and learn why dollar for dollar you can't beat a Pontiac.

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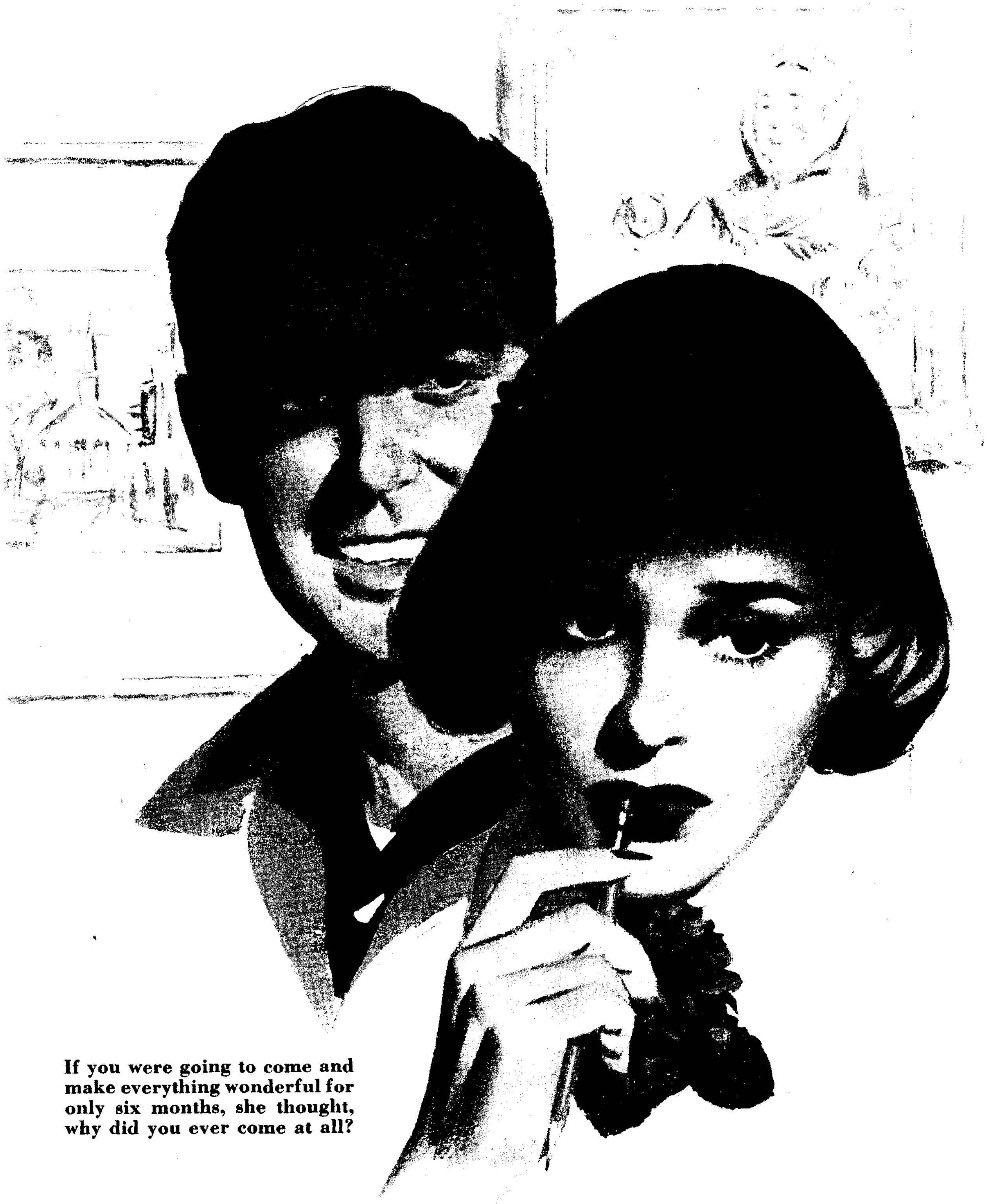
COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Too Good for this Town

By HERBERT A. FRANCIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BURNS



If you were going to come and make everything wonderful for only six months, she thought, why did you ever come at all?

EMILY sat behind her small, neat, librarian's desk, watching Joe unwrap his paintings, remembering with a sinking heart the thing she had been afraid of from the first: that Joe was too good for this tiny town; that he'd never stay here for long.

"It isn't that I don't like Hillsboro, Emily," he was saying with a troubled frown. "It's just that I can make more money in that job I've been offered in Philadelphia. I've got to decide by tomorrow."

He unwrapped the last of the paintings he had brought here to the library so that Emily could show the town his work. And then he stood looking at her for a minute, with that different look that had made her feel younger than her twenty-five years and more lighthearted than she was.

It isn't fair, she thought desperately! If you were going to come here and make everything wonderful for only six short months, why, why, did you ever come at all? But she didn't say any of that. After all, she and Joe were just friends.

Her gray eyes moved reluctantly to Joe's paintings: that water color of Main Street on Saturday night; the painting of the old foreman at the canning factory, where Joe worked from nine to five as office manager; and Emily's favorite of them all—the portrait of the old woman selling fruit.

"But if your paintings do sell, Joe," she said at last, trying to steady her voice, "if you could get some money for them, that would make a difference, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, sure," Joe said, and he ran a hand through his dark thick hair, "that *would* make a difference, if I could earn extra money here. And it's nice of you to try so hard, Emily, going to all the trouble of asking people to come here and see my paintings this afternoon—"

Emily got up from behind her desk. She was small, like the desk, and neat too, with maple-colored hair that looked as if it wanted to curl but didn't quite. "We've never had an artist in Hillsboro before," she said. "And I know—well, I'm almost sure, that they're going to like your pictures, Joe." Her voice sounded firm and certain, but in her heart she was saying a little prayer: please, please, let them like Joe's paintings so that he can afford to stay on here.

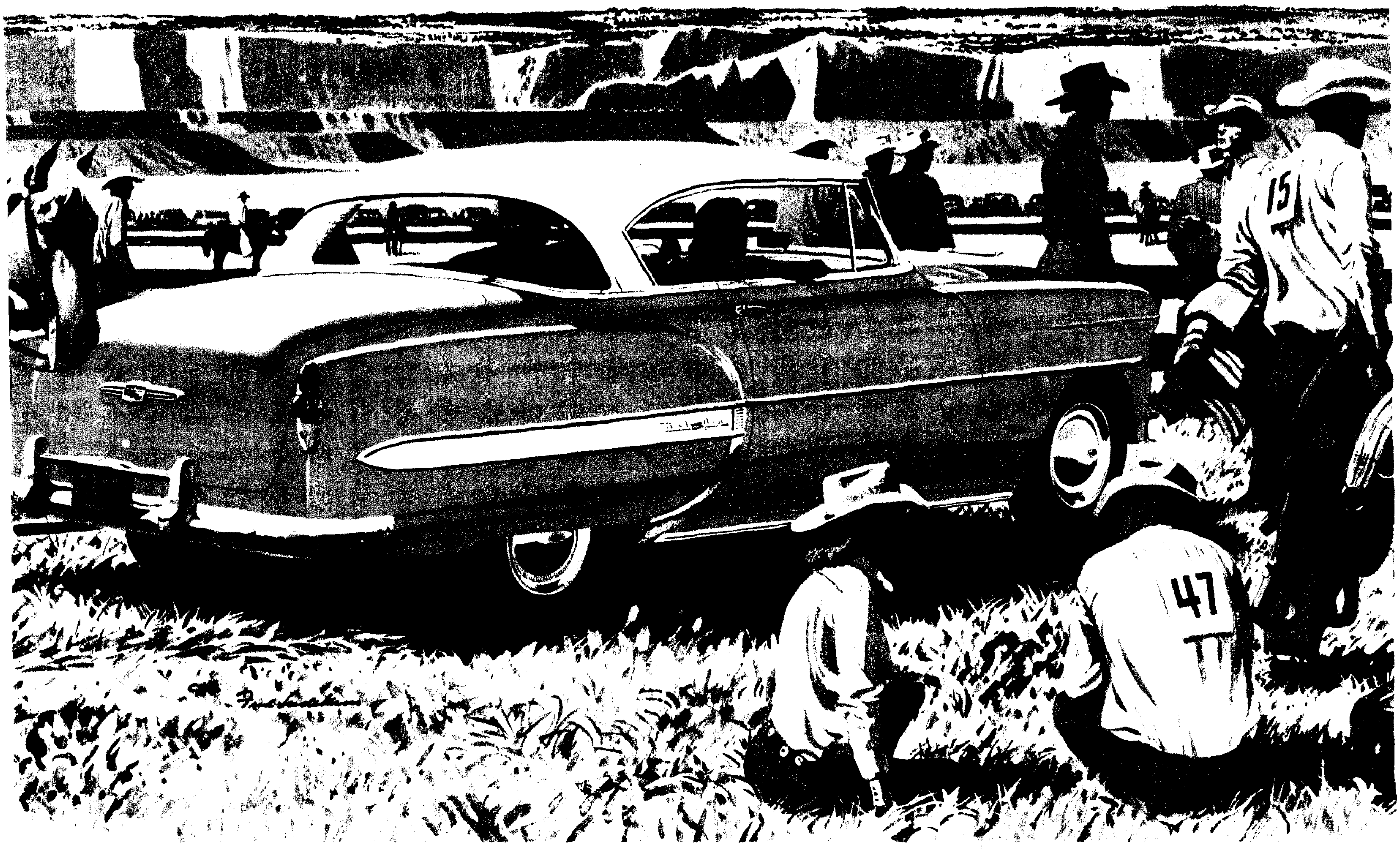
"Anyhow," Joe said, hanging the last of his paintings in just the right light, near the marble bust of Shakespeare, "whether this works or not, Emily, I'll never forget all you've tried to do for me. And I'll try to get back here to Hillsboro once in a while, if they give me time off in my new job."

Emily looked at the small sign on her desk which said: Miss Emily Stillson, Librarian. The "Miss" blurred, and she had to look away. With Joe gone there'd be no more rushing away from the library on the nights when he wasn't painting so that they could have dinner together in that little Greek restaurant down at the end of Main Street; no more high-school band concerts, where she and Joe sat side by side and Joe told her all about the composers of the music on the program; and, most of all, no more walks in the bright Hillsboro starlight, with Joe telling her his hopes and dreams while they walked slowly home to her big white house on the hill.

Emily had spent so many lonely nights in that house, while her father read the evening paper and Aunt Mary sat in the chintz-covered armchair where Emily's mother used to sit. Aunt Mary tried, but somehow she'd never succeeded in making a home for them since Emily's mother died.

Now, through the front window of the gray stone library building, Emily recognized the first lone person arriving to see Joe's paintings. Her hands turned cold, her heart was thumping unreasonably. She reminded herself that she'd always been at home here in Hillsboro, where her father was vice-president of the Hillsboro National Bank, and her Aunt Mary was a leader among the women of the town. But she couldn't help feeling as nervous as if she were a stranger here.

Aunt Mary was the first to come in out of the rain and stare at Joe's paintings. She wiped the rain from her glasses, then looked over the first three with a severe, puzzled frown. "Well," she said,



Chevrolet's striking Bel Air Sport Coupe. With 3 great new series, Chevrolet offers the widest choice of models in its field.

How Chevrolet's new high-compression horsepower takes you more places on less gas . . .

You see *two* pretty exciting kinds of horsepower in our picture up there.

One is the rarin', buckin', four-legged kind of horsepower that makes a rodeo a popular place to go.

The other kind is the smooth, quiet horsepower of that fine, spankin' new Chevrolet.

The beauty of Chevrolet's new power is this: It gives you faster acceleration from a standing start. Greater and safer passing ability in traffic and on the open road. More "steam" for steep hills. And all on less gasoline—a *lot* less gasoline!

How can you get more power on less gas? Well, Chevrolet engineers will tell you that high compression is the answer. In simple terms, the fuel mixture is squeezed much tighter so that the engine wrings much more power out of it.

Chevrolet brings you the benefits of high-compression power whether you choose the mighty 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine teamed with Powerglide* or the advanced 108-h.p. "Thrift-King" engine with standard transmission. Both of these engines deliver finer performance and far more miles per gallon on *regular* gasoline.

And greater gas mileage is only one of the ways you save. You'll find that a new Chevrolet costs less for over-all maintenance and upkeep, too!

There's a lot more you'll like about the new Chevrolet—features like beautiful Body by Fisher; the smoother, softer ride; the easier action of the largest brakes in the low-price field. And there's Power Steering,* if you wish, to do eighty per cent of the work of turning the wheel!

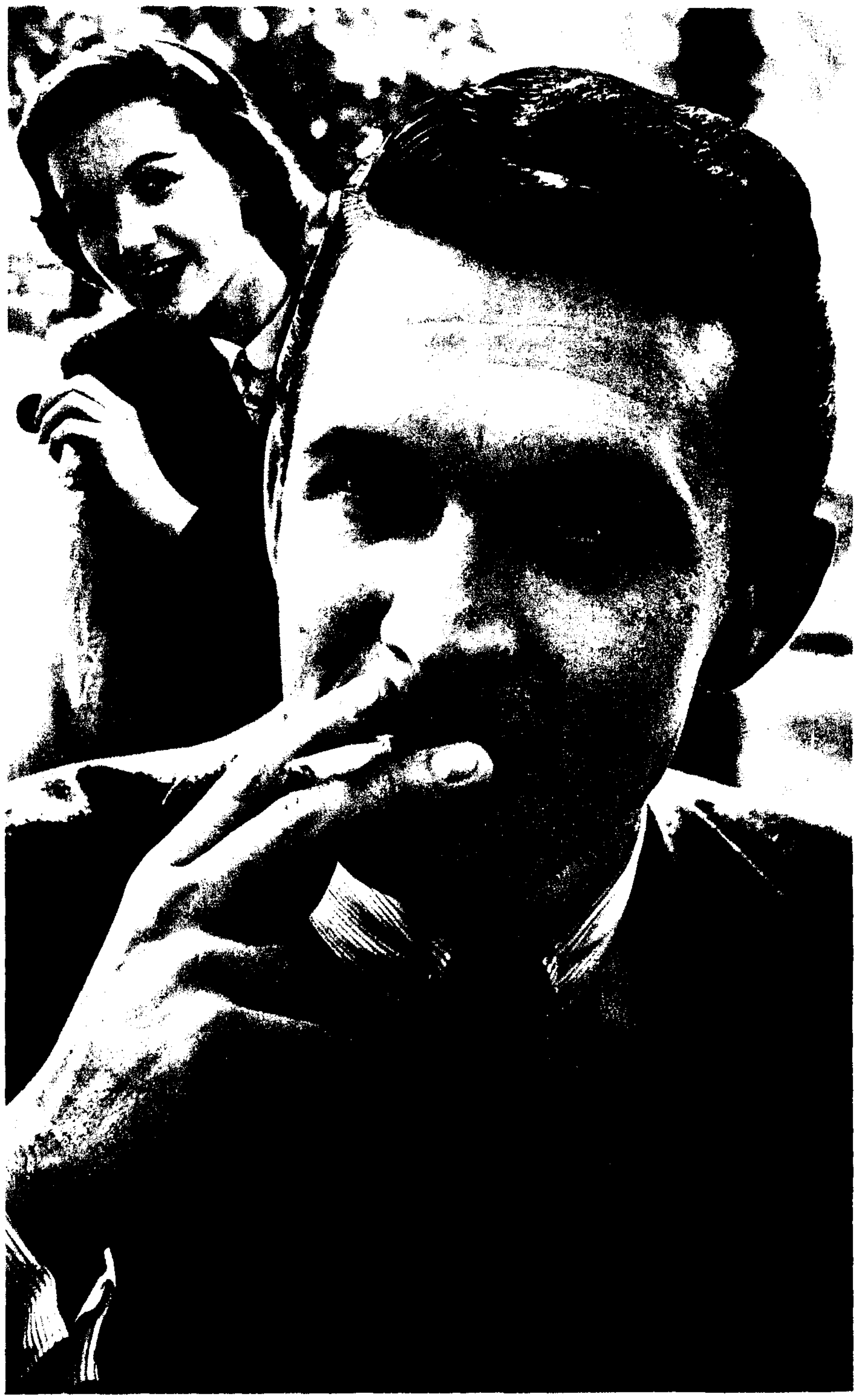
Isn't it only common sense that because Chevrolet builds *more* cars than anyone else, Chevrolet can build better and sell for less?

That's the reason Chevrolet can offer more things you like in *the lowest-priced line in the low-price field.* Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly demonstrate whenever you drop in. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost. Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine available on "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models only. Power Steering available on all models.*

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR! CHEVROLET

Keeps hair naturally well-groomed!



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes your hair look naturally neat—and keeps it looking neat! Why? Because it checks dry scalp—blends in with the natural oils in your hair!

checks dry scalp

contains no alcohol

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
CHECKS DRY SCALP AND LOOSE DANDRUFF GROOMS THE HAIR

Just a few drops a day relieves loose dandruff . . . tames unruly hair that so often accompanies a dry, **oil-starved** scalp.

Contains no alcohol or any other scalp-drying "mystery" ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ® VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

sighing and taking a closer look. "I don't see any very pretty ones here."

Emily tried to keep the anxiety out of her voice as she explained to Aunt Mary that Joe didn't paint things that were just *pretty,* that he looked, instead, for the honest beauty of things that seemed plain at first glance. Her throat felt tight, and her hands were clenched hard behind her back. She wanted so desperately to make Aunt Mary like Joe's pictures as much as she did, because if Aunt Mary would buy one—just one of them—her friends, who were beginning to straggle in, would surely buy them too.

"Maybe Hillsboro isn't the prettiest town in America," Joe was explaining anxiously, "but there's a lot of real beauty in any small town, or big city either. And that's what I try to show."

"That may all be true," Aunt Mary agreed uncertainly. She pointed her umbrella toward the picture of the man at the canning factory and that other painting that Emily loved, of the woman selling fruit. "But that man with the old hat, and that woman in the shawl, selling fruit—why did you paint people like that, instead of nice-looking people?"

Emily saw that look on Joe's face, that look that seemed to say: Thanks, Emily, but it just won't work.

When the last visitor had come and gone, Joe began to take down his paintings: that picture of the winter-bare tree against Pennsylvania snow, the painting of Main Street on Saturday night, and, finally, the portrait of the woman with the shawl—that woman with the wonderful eyes that seemed so wise and understanding that you could tell her anything, and she would listen.

When he had them all tied together, Joe came up to her desk. "Well—" he began, holding out a hand to her.

SUDDENLY she couldn't bear to let him go, with nothing more than a good-by. "That painting—the painting of the woman with the shawl," she burst out, "I want to buy it. I have to have it. I—I want it for my room."

"You don't have to do that," Joe said. "I don't mind that your aunt didn't like it, Emily. It's just a painting I did in Philadelphia before I came here, and it isn't a picture that I'd expect everybody to like, anyway. And besides," he said, "it's half promised to somebody else."

She was suddenly, blazingly angry. "Look," she said, "I have a right to want to buy it, don't I? Just because I'm not from Philadelphia, where you have art museums and symphony orchestras and—opera, that doesn't mean that I can't appreciate that painting as much as somebody else."

Joe hesitated a minute. Then he said, "Come on, Emily. I'll drive you home."

It was still raining. The evening was cool and fresh, and the leaves of the trees along the way were a new-washed green. Emily knew what Joe was thinking: that the town didn't appreciate anything he had done. And she wanted to say: It's a good town, in spite of its faults; there are wonderful things about Hillsboro, Joe—like people helping one another, coming in to do what they can, the way they all did the night Mother died, when I was ten years old and so frightened. But she didn't say any of that. Instead she said, "I guess you'll never come back."

"I'll try," Joe said. The car was climbing the hill, toward her house at the top. "But I don't belong in Hillsboro, Emily. I—" he flung out his hand. Then he swallowed and tried again, "Look, there are boys you must have grown up with, boys with big houses, like yours, and parents who belong in this town. And you're right in this sort of life, Emily. And there must be somebody here who's just right for you."

She turned and simply stared at him. "Is that all you ever saw?" she said. "A big house—and never what went on in it? My father buries himself in the bank and the newspaper and has never let himself care about anyone since he lost my mother. Didn't you ever stop to think how lonely I might be there? With just a job at a library and a big house, and every day like every other day—until you came along."

JOE didn't answer, and she saw the stubborn set of his profile, the hard line of his jaw. She knew it would do no good to go on talking, to try to tell him how her childhood had been after her mother died: the endless books she read to keep herself entertained, until they had to buy her reading glasses; Aunt Mary's dull tea parties, where all the guests were grownups; that there was never anyone to notice an extra-good report card or care about a pretty graduation dress. She knew it would do no good, and yet she went on telling him because he'd be gone, out of her life, and she'd held it all in too long.

They passed her house, then the outskirts of town, then the markers that said: Philadelphia 15 miles . . . 10 miles . . . 3 miles. And at last Joe said, "I've been thinking, Emily—that painting you want. I might be able to get it for you, after all, if you still want it."

He'd turned the car into a block of run-down stores. He stopped in front of a fruit market and sat looking at Emily for a minute. Then he got out of the car.

She watched while Joe hurried across the sidewalk, toward the lighted store. She saw him go in and speak to a woman who was weighing a bunch of purple grapes. And then after a moment, he came back and got a painting out of the car. The smallest painting—the one of the fruit-stand woman. "Come on, Emily," he said. "We'll see if we can't make a deal."

And then they were standing in the brightly lighted fruit store, and Joe had his arm around Emily, and he was saying. "This is Emily Stillson, the one who loves your picture. Emily—my girl." And Emily was looking into the face, the wonderful face, of the woman in Joe's painting: a tiny woman in a red wool shawl, with eyes that were like dark velvet.

Emily held out her hand in greeting, but the little woman was already handing her the painting. "For you—Joe's girl," she was saying in a soft foreign voice, "take it, with my love." She gave it to Emily, backside up, so that Emily could read the neat black letters painted across the back, which said with such simple pride: *Joe Michaels. 1953. A Portrait of my Mother*

And then Emily was embracing Joe's mother, who felt soft and small, and whose warm, mothering laugh was somehow, somehow, familiar.

From over her shoulder, she heard Joe saying, "She'll take good care of the painting, Mom. We'll keep it in the family."

—HERBERT A. FRANCIS

Baby will *always* need shoes

. . . let MONY make *sure* she has them!

Baby shoes don't carry a "baby" price tag—in fact, clothing, food and shelter *all* take plenty of money these days. But if something should happen to you, paying the bills month in, month out, is one thing your family won't have to worry about—with a MONY Family Protection Policy.

Of course you probably have *some* life insurance protection already. But are you sure it would be enough to pay for the things your family would need for ten, fifteen or perhaps twenty years?

A MONY Family Protection Policy enables you to make provision for a substantial income for your family the *very day you buy the policy* . . . for a cost as low as your first premium. Life insurance is the *only* way you can do this *so fast and so inexpensively*.

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No company can offer you better life insurance for your money than Mutual Of New York. Behind every MONY policy you buy, stands the strength of one of the largest mutual companies in the world, *and* the counsel of trained representatives.

Here's how you can guarantee a basic family income without disturbing savings or other life insurance. Say you're a 28-year-old father. If you have maximum Social Security benefits, by adding a MONY policy costing only $8.06 a month, you can leave your family $200 a month until your children are grown.

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WEATHER STAR FORECAST
ATOP OUR HOME OFFICE
Green .... ***Fair***
Orange .... ***Cloudy***
Orange flashing . . . ***Rain***
White flashing . . . ***Snow***

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Taste Tells

For the
LIFE OF YOUR DRINK
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DRINK OF YOUR LIFE!
USE
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CANADA DRY
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WHAT'S BLEND-ABILITY?

IT'S CANADA DRY WATER'S UNIQUE ABILITY TO MAKE EVERY HIGHBALL TASTE BETTER. IT'S THE RESULT OF **PIN-POINT CARBONATION** AND **FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA**.

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ANOTHER CANADA DRY EXCLUSIVE THAT **POINTS UP** THE FLAVOR OF ANY DRINK.

...MAKES DRINKS TASTE BETTER!

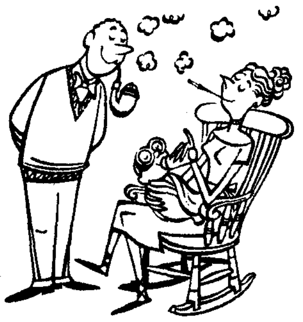
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just read a nice magazine piece by a scientist. All about fatigue and its causes. We were a little surprised at first that nowhere in the article is the word "work" mentioned. But, of course, editors have to be pretty careful what kind of language they use.

* * *

We're glad to pass along a valuable tip to young parents. Got this one from a lady in Erie, Pennsylvania. Do not smoke cigarettes while you are feeding the infant unless the child's eyes are shielded by goggles. Do not smoke cigars, either. A pipe is permissible, provided the bowl has a cover.



* * *

In the last two or three years, we've been hearing a lot about international face saving—erroneously regarded by statesmen as difficult. All they have to do, obviously, is keep the upper two thirds of their faces open and the rest closed. (Bring all your tough problems to old 48 for solution.)

* * *

The governor of Maine said nothing to the governor of North Carolina. Rumor is, however, that privately he thumbed his nose and stuck out his tongue. The trouble started when the governor of Maine was not invited by the governor of North Carolina to the North Carolina Potato Festival, whereas the governor of Idaho was. Cooler heads are said to have persuaded the governor of Maine not to challenge the governor of North Carolina to a duel—the weapons to be mashed potatoes at two paces.

* * *

Maybe you've noticed it. We haven't. But several of our customers say that the political cartoonists still miss Mr. Truman so much that they can't help making their caricatures of Ike look just a little bit like Harry.

* * *

The contention that all the peoples of the world should read, write and speak a common language, as a basis of international understanding, is viewed with alarm by Mr. Brint Eberle, of Cheyenne, Wyoming. "This country," says Mr. Eberle, "is already unhappy from what we are told the other guys are thinking. I hate to think of what we'd do if we understood what they say."

* * *

Mr. John W. Polcyn, Milwaukee's chief of police, notes with understandable satisfaction that crime in his city has diminished since big-league baseball has come to town. We hear that Detroit and Pittsburgh are considering adopting a similar crime-reduction program.

* * *

Good news for tourists who, while motoring through Indiana, are attacked by ticks. Eminent medical authorities in that state warn that, permitted to get a good hold on you, ticks can give you Rocky Mountain spotted fever. But they add that ticks may be dislodged from the skin by pressing a lighted cigarette against the spot. They admit that this treatment may be a bit uncomfortable, but the tick won't like it either.

* * *

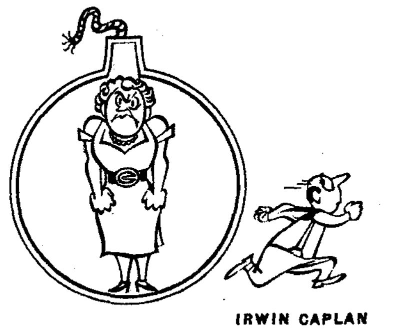
From here and there we receive complaints from tourists that the people of this and that town are arrogant, unfriendly and that they overcharge for services and supplies. From there and here, on the other hand, we hear from natives that tourists are contemptuous, rude and disorderly. Gentleman in Minnesota announces that "many tourists who are perfect ladies and gentlemen at home become demanding oafs abroad." All of which serves notice that everybody is having a dandy summer.

* * *

Car driven by a gentleman in Dallas, Texas, on the way home from market leaped a ditch, plowed up five lawns, burned up the wrong side of the street at 70 miles an hour, knocked down a tree, rammed a power-line pole and finally soared across the street and came to rest in a ditch. The driver only cut his lip. At the police station he shrugged, saying: "Glad I forgot to get the eggs. Might have broken them."

* * *

A man in Portland, Oregon, asks us for advice on what to do if one's wife gets so mad she won't speak. We suggest vanishing with all possible speed. She is about to act. ▲▲▲


IRWIN CAPLAN

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THE WED•IN•THE•WOOD WHISKEY

WED • IN • THE • WOOD

instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

MADE BY GLENMORE

the famous distillery that has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. There is no substitute for experience.

BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old.
37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

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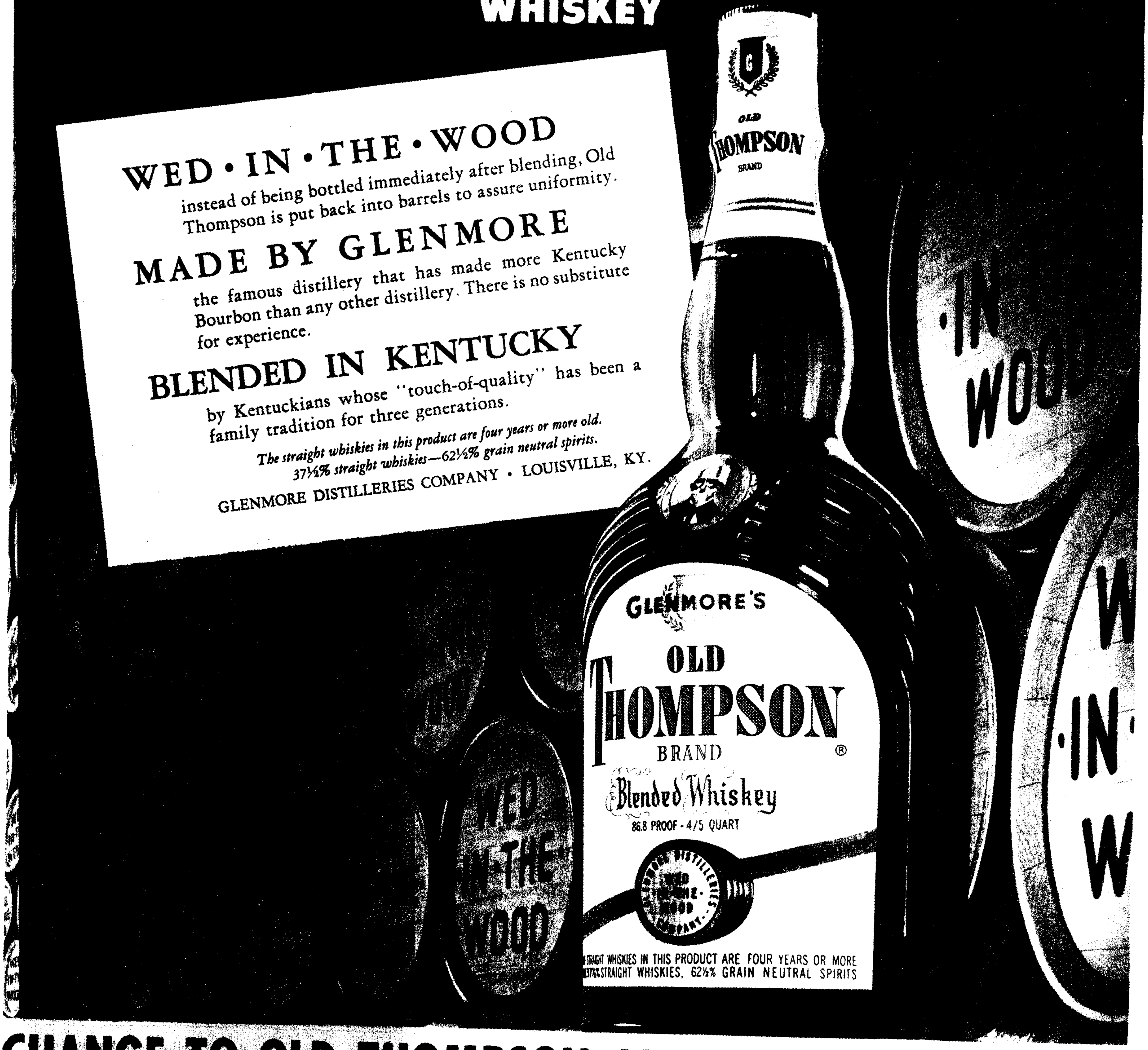
OLD THOMPSON BRAND
GLENMORE'S
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND ®
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF • 4/5 QUART
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
WED IN THE WOOD
STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE
37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
WED IN THE WOOD
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CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

men who care

Suave
FOR MEN
the luxury hairdressing

"Suave" their hair

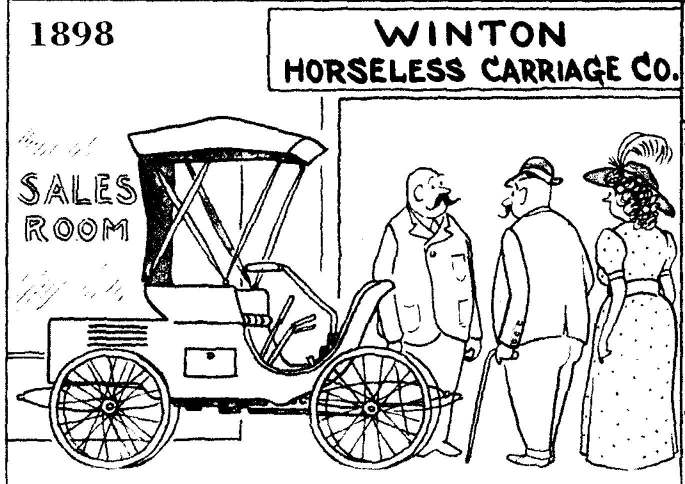
SUAVE—the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing in the world with secret-formula Curtisol—insures perfect hair grooming naturally. Won't stain hatband. To look suave, use Suave daily.

In alligator grained plastic squeeze flask $1
Travel size 60c

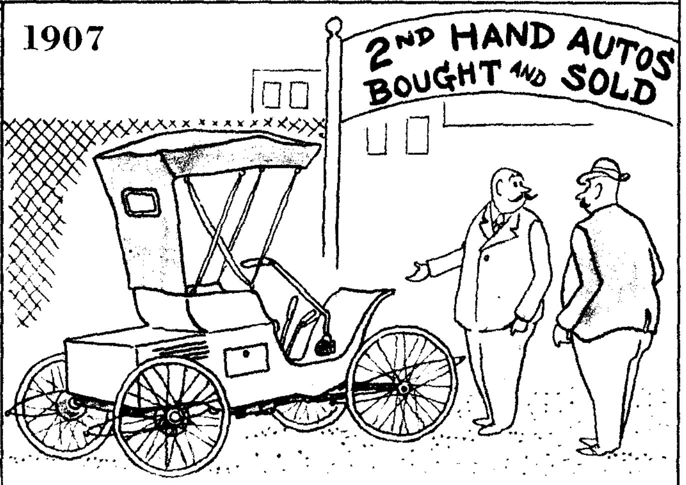
Suave
FOR MEN
The Luxury Hairdressing

OLD CAR

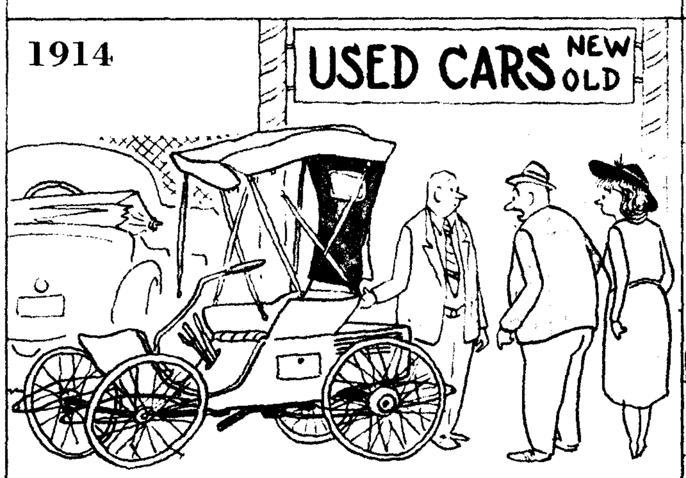
By GEO. HAMILTON GREEN


1898
WINTON HORSELESS CARRIAGE CO.
SALES ROOM

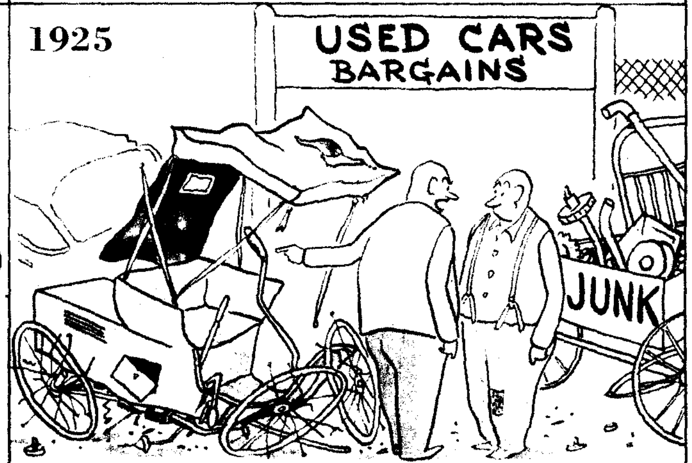
"$310? I could buy a horse and buggy for that"


1907
2ND HAND AUTOS BOUGHT AND SOLD

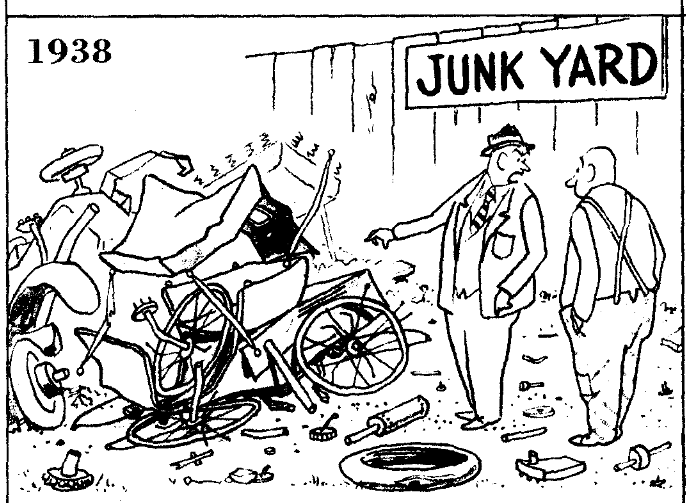
"$200? I won't go a cent over $175 for it"


1914
USED CARS NEW OLD

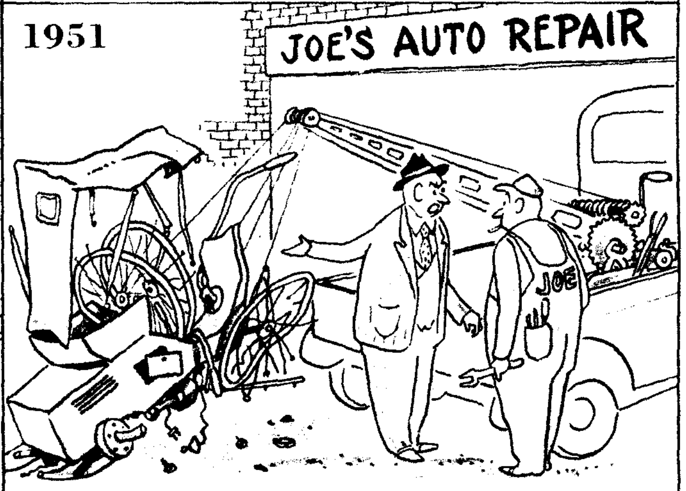
"$40? Does that include the horse?"


1925
USED CARS BARGAINS
JUNK

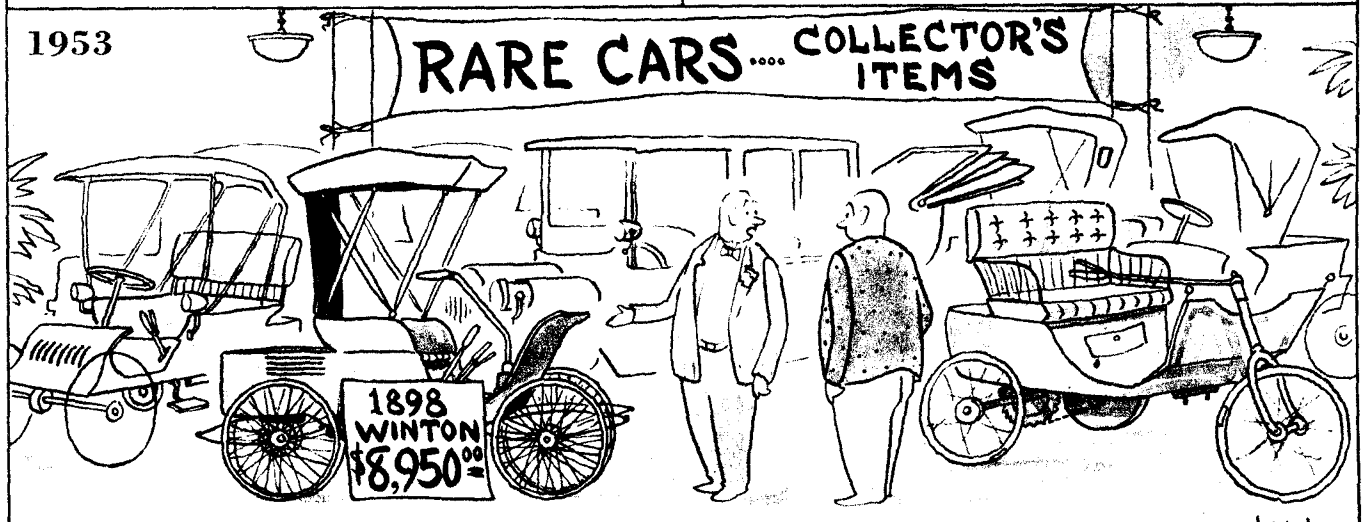
"$15? Just to haul it away?"


1938
JUNK YARD

"$5? Are you crazy?"


1951
JOE'S AUTO REPAIR
JOE

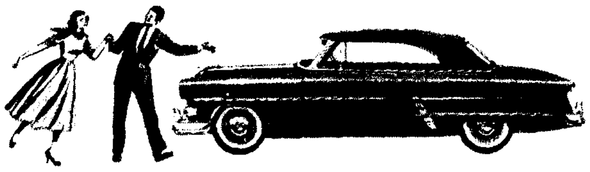
"$495? Just to put it in shape?"


1953
RARE CARS.... COLLECTOR'S ITEMS
1898 WINTON $8,950.00

"$8,950? Surely we're not letting it go for that?"

GHG

Take a Test Drive . . .



all you can lose is your heart!

It'll be love at first look!

You don't have to own a bank to own a Ford! And look what you get—that wonderful long, low look . . . that Crestmark Body with its baked-on finish . . . that huge curved, one-piece windshield . . . and what upholstery!

You'll go for Ford's go!

Sample the silky step-out-and-go of Ford's V-8 (the only V-8 in a low-priced car) or Test Drive America's only high-compression, low-friction Six—the Ford Mileage Maker. In either case, hang onto your heart!

You'll never shift again!

Expect something special in Fordomatic and get it . . . the go of automatic gears plus the smoothness of a torque converter! These 2 drives in 1 do your "shifting" for you. And better than you could yourself.

It's a budget-minded beauty!

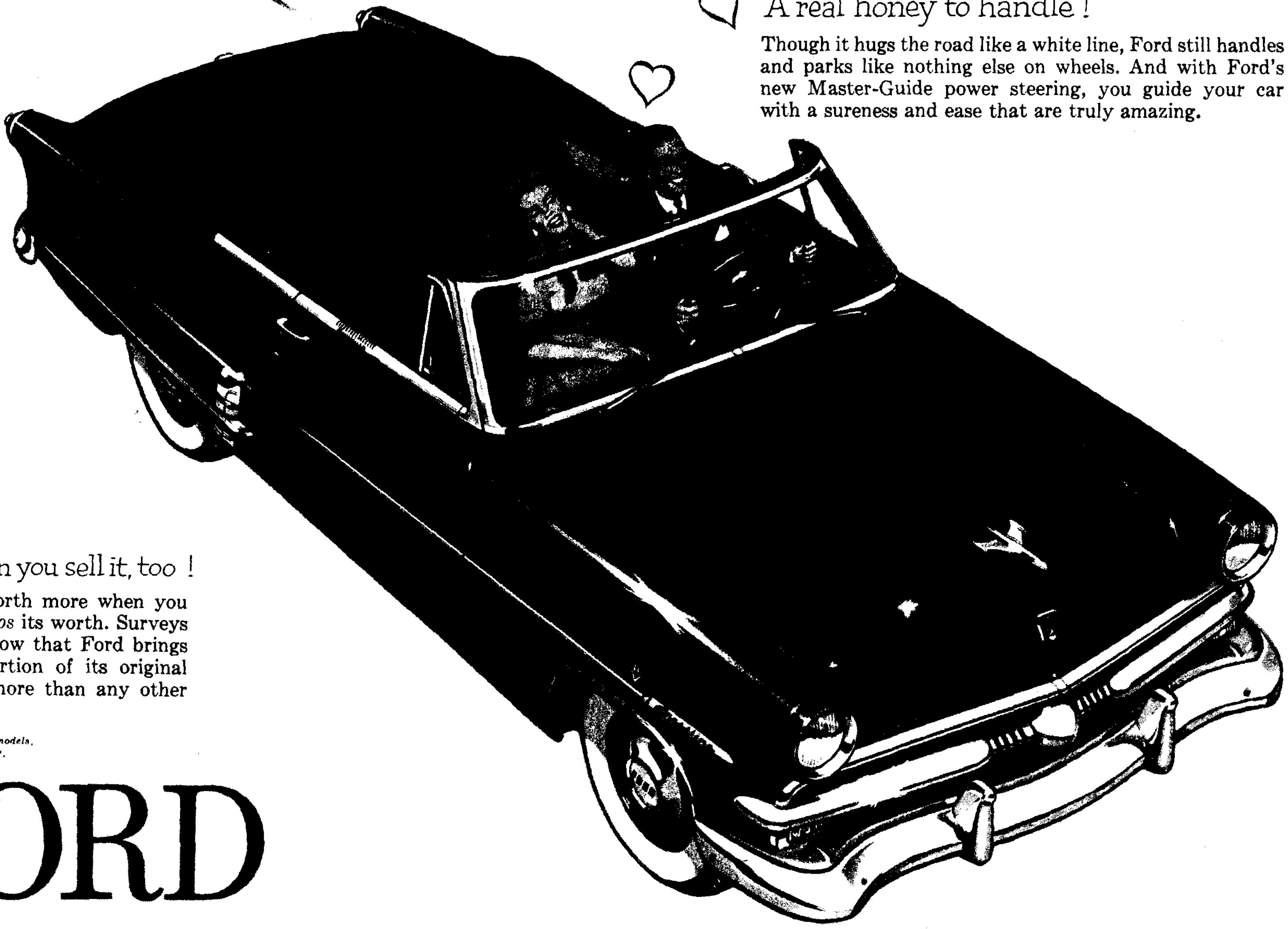
How's Ford on gas? In this year's AAA-supervised Mobilgas Economy Run, a Ford Six with Overdrive topped *every* other car in the entire run. Big reason why: Ford's gas-saving, power-boosting Automatic Power Pilot (also in V-8).

It's like riding on air!

Every road's a boulevard; at least that's the way it feels—for Ford's new ride proves, once and for all, that a car need not carry gas-eating extra weight and hard-to-park length to ride you in smooth, smooth comfort!

A real honey to handle!

Though it hugs the road like a white line, Ford still handles and parks like nothing else on wheels. And with Ford's new Master-Guide power steering, you guide your car with a sureness and ease that are truly amazing.



Worth more when you sell it, too!

Not only is Ford worth more when you buy it . . . but it *keeps* its worth. Surveys of used car prices show that Ford brings you the greatest portion of its original cost in resale . . . more than any other car at any price!

Power steering, available on all V-8 models, and Fordomatic optional at extra cost.

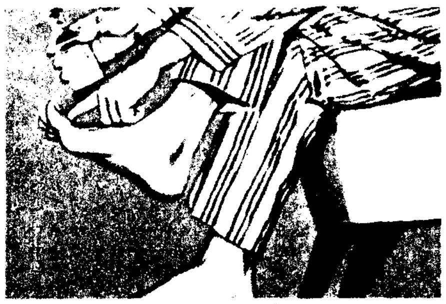
FORD

ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief

Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin tissue, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.

Raw cracks between your toes invite Athlete's Foot—especially in summer. When Athlete's Foot fungi infect, skin reddens, itches painfully, flakes off.



For relief of Athlete's Foot symptoms, use Absorbine Jr. daily. Cool, soothing Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach. Promotes healing of skin. To prevent re-infection, boil socks; don't share towels.

Absorbine Jr., original relief for Athlete's Foot, has been proven successful in relieving Athlete's Foot misery in 3 out of 4 cases tested. Available at all drug counters. Buy a bottle today.

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Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

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Scandinavian Beauty

EDITOR: Your photographer, Karl Gullers, in search of Swedish beauties, missed my daughter-in-law, Audrey Erikkson Mayer, of St. Clair Shores, Mich. Don't you think that she could compete with the six in Collier's Sweet and Swedish (June 20th)?

MRS. JANE K. MAYER,
Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

Karl Gullers confined his search for Swedish beauties to their native Sweden, but we agree that young Audrey Erikkson Mayer certainly rates membership in the American auxiliary.

. . . Collier's Color Camera's Sweet and Swedish did not actually claim Swedish women to be the fairest in the world. However, to avoid misunderstanding and misinterpretation of that very interesting article, Turkish women, as everybody knows, are the fairest, with the Spanish gals a close second.

Third place would have to be decided between any two of the Scandinavian countries. Evidently, whoever wrote the article has never been to either Turkey or to Spain.

S/SGT GILBERT ATKINSON,
Great Falls Air Force Base, Mont.

We venture to predict that Sergeant Atkinson, confident beauty authority, will shortly find himself on the receiving end of angry rebuttals from Texas to Turkistan—and back again.

Doubtful Discourtesy

EDITOR: The article Ike and Mamie at home (June 20th) was most interesting, but I was amazed to see that you permitted such caricatures of the entire Eisenhower family and grandchildren. One could forgive the caricature on the front page but the others showed poor judgment and very bad taste, and I think you owe the family an apology.

H. LEMCKE, Flushing, N.Y.

Collier's certainly intended no discourtesy when it engaged two of the top American caricaturists, Al Hirschfeld and Lowell Hess, to illustrate Andrew Tully's article on the Eisenhowers. Apparently the President took no offense, for the originals of the illustrations to which reader Lemcke objects now hang in the White House.

Versatile First Lady

EDITOR: There seems to be a difference of opinion as to what musical instrument the Eisenhowers play. In your article, the piano received the honor.

However, in the New York Times Magazine of June 7th, Cabell Phillips' article, Eisenhower's Harry Hopkins, gives the honor to the electric organ.

Can you clear up this conflict?

MRS. R. SINGER, Great Neck, N.Y.

The White House has both a piano and an electric organ. Mrs. Eisenhower plays them both.

Papa's Theme Song

EDITOR: Like most of your editors, I, too, am a man and a father. Perhaps because of these coincidences my deeper emotions were touched by your fine editorial effort, Let's Remember Papa (June 20th). With the sentiment set forth I agree wholeheartedly, but I must challenge the accuracy of the portion where you say, "There is no Father Machree or any musical facsimile thereof."

Gentlemen! Have you forgotten that soul-rending ditty of yesteryear, Daddy, You've Been a Mother to Me, published in 1920 by Fred Fisher, who also wrote the words and music?

Here, in my mind, is a *cause célèbre*—something we men can really get our teeth into. Let's revive this oldie. Call it Papa's Soliloquy, or something equally appropriate, and by having it soulfully rendered in each homestead, perhaps we can get the old boy back on his pedestal—at least for Father's Day.

A. D. PALMER, JR., Kenmore, N.Y.

Three Leagues

EDITOR: In regard to the exuberant essay by Tom Meany, Baseball Needs Three Big Leagues to Survive (June 20th), allow me to ask a pair of particularly pertinent questions: 1) Where does all this major-league talent come from? Do you suddenly develop a new flock of DiMaggio brothers, of Bob Lemons and Ralph Kiners? If we don't, and we cannot, I would not pay two bits to see a so-called Indianapolis major-league team. Mr. Meany apparently has forgotten that there is scarcely enough major-league talent to go around. A capacity house is filled to watch *ability*—not to sit in bliss and collectively think, "My, we're in the big leagues!" 2) What happens to the all-important farm clubs? Meany evidently expects the college boys to play a season of Class D and then, Mantle-like, everyone advances to the big show. Or will the Class D leagues become major-league, too, so that Lower East Julepville, Georgia, can eventually get a franchise!

Baseball can ride out the novelty which is television, and all can and should return to normal. Attendance will continue to swell in the winners' parks, and continue to be pitifully weak where the losers play.

J. N. WILLIAMSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . What's Tom Meany got against the South. Don't we rate any representation in his proposed three big leagues? Both New Orleans and Atlanta, which are ignored, have larger metropolitan populations (1950 census) than Dallas and Denver, which are included. And if it is a matter of scheduling, why go all the way to Toronto and Montreal to fill out the two Eastern leagues when the South is just as accessible?

S. P. MCGREW, New Orleans, La.

. . . Charge an error to Tom Meany on shifting the Phillies to Baltimore and leaving us the Athletics, in his three-league line-up.

For the last seven years, the Phils have outdrawn the A's at home every season with the published total roughly 7,500,000 to 4,700,000.

If Baltimore would have accepted the Browns, it might be possible to talk them into giving the A's a home!

DICK CARPENTER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

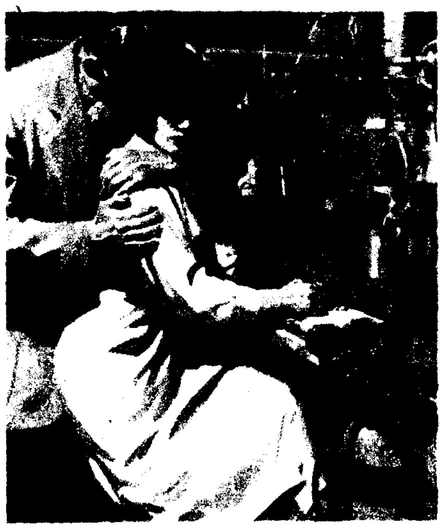
. . . As an old-time baseball fan over a period of more than 50 years, I enjoyed Tom Meany's article very much. I have had many a sad thought over the declining interest in baseball, but am much afraid that it is going to pass out of the picture in spite of anything the owners, the players, Mr. Ford Frick or yourself can do.

J. W. ROBINSON,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Thanks to Lovell

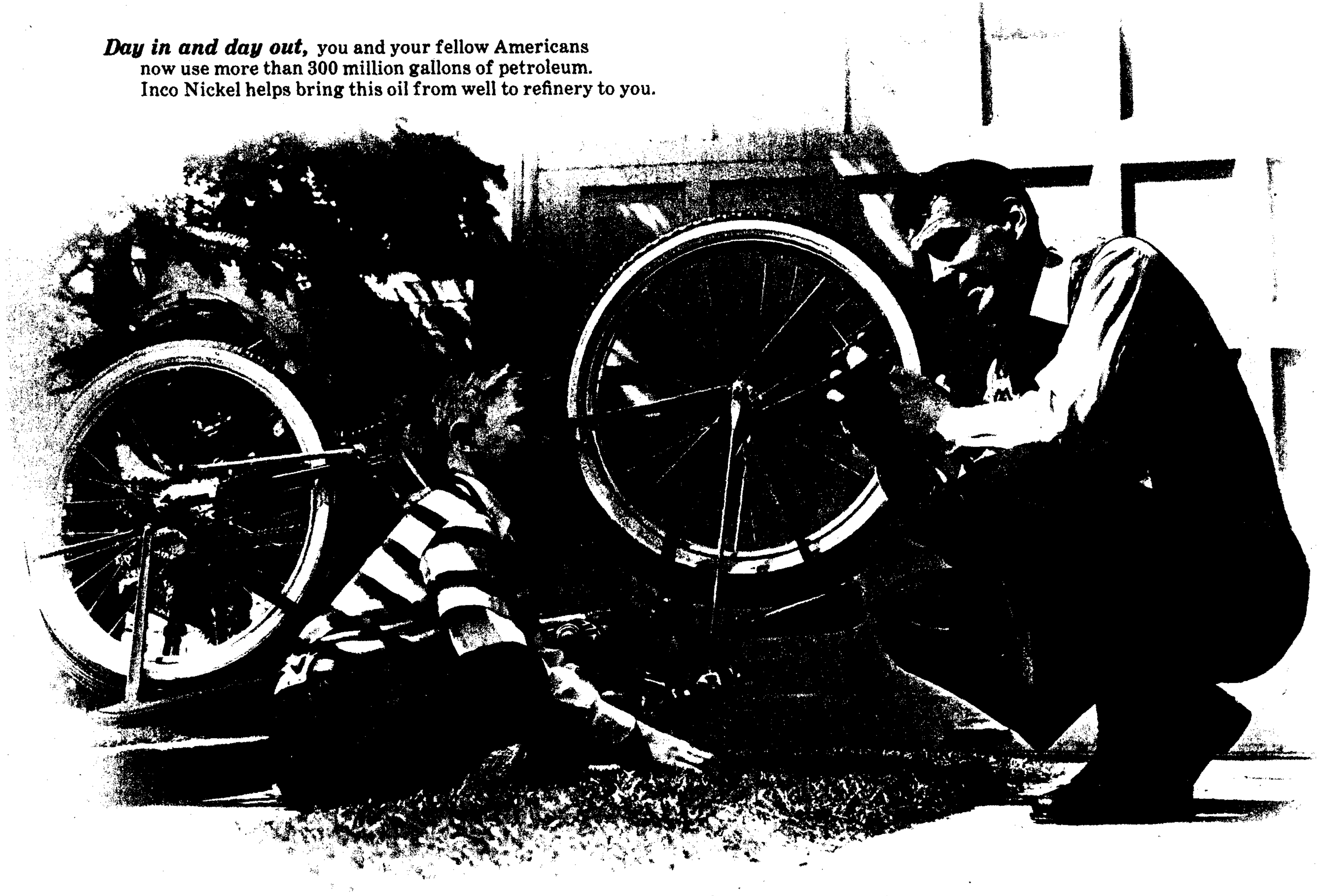
EDITOR: I wonder how come so few people write letters to the editor on the works of our contemporary illustrators? In that respect, I'd like to extend a big, wide-open-spaces, wholehearted vote of thanks to Tom Lovell, who in my book is one of the finest illustrators of our time.

DICK SEBALD, Casper, Wyo.



Tom Lovell's most recent work for Collier's—illustration for Hamlen Hunt's Beware My Love (June 20th)

Day in and day out, you and your fellow Americans
now use more than 300 million gallons of petroleum.
Inco Nickel helps bring this oil from well to refinery to you.



Oil makes your world go 'round

...oil produced with the help of Nickel

Mark's bike is his world.

And oil makes his little world go 'round. Your bigger world, too!

Take the big wheels that make this country go—diesels, airplanes, autos, and tractors. Or the wheels within wheels in the alarm clock, vacuum cleaner and other appliances in your own home. You've got to have oil for these.

You've got to have oil for heat, too. And for power. And for hundreds of useful products that belong to the petroleum family—products like lipstick or detergents.

All told, and for all purposes, you're now using more than 300 million gallons of petroleum *a day*—you and your fellow Americans. And this keeps the oil industry on the double.

This also keeps Inco Nickel on the double.

For when, as it did last year, the oil industry drills about 46,000 new wells . . . and boosts refinery output to almost eight million barrels a day . . . it's got to have tools and equipment that can stand up.

Stand up to what?

To corrosion, for *one* thing! If it weren't for special types of metals, the sour crudes, brine, and acids would eat the heart out of costly oil field equipment. And refineries, bedeviled by corrosives every bit as destructive, just couldn't operate at the same cost or as efficiently as they do today.

That is, they couldn't if it weren't for the Nickel Alloys, like Inco-developed Monel, which resist the electrolytic type of corrosion so often experienced. Or other alloys containing Nickel which stand up to the oxidation found at temperatures up to 1800°F. . . . as well as many other kinds of corrosive attack.

Yes, Nickel is a good friend of the petroleum engineer. But, like you, he sees little of it. In oil wells or "cat crackers," Nickel is usually out of sight—alloyed with other metals to give them special properties.

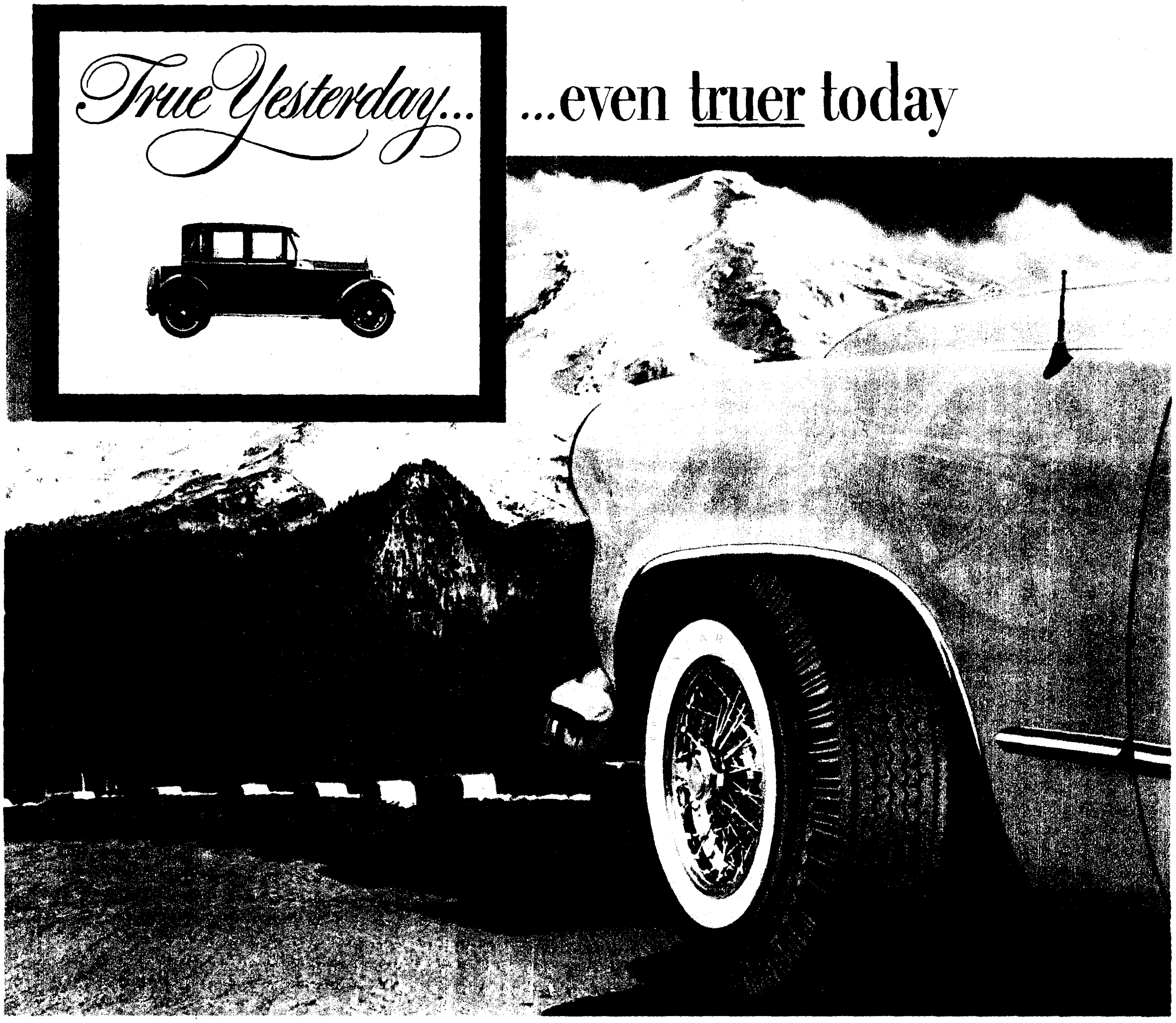
That is why Inco Nickel has come to be called "Your Unseen Friend."

You and "Your Unseen Friend": *Morning, noon and night, Inco Nickel is always with you—helping to make your life easier, brighter, more pleasant, more worthwhile. Just how? "The Romance of Nickel" tells you. Send for your free copy. Write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 355b, New York 5, N. Y.* ©1953, T. I. N. Co.

Inco Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

True Yesterday... ...even truer today



The automobile has been *revolutionized* in just the last few years!

Automatic drives, power steering, power brakes, higher and higher horsepower. They're commonplace miracles today, thanks to the vision and daring of the automotive industry.

And the *tires* these modern cars ride on have to *anticipate* these advancements, must be *better* than necessary for the cars of *today* to be *ready* for the cars of *tomorrow!* For such advancements put an extra burden on the tires.

But in *spite* of all these extra demands, today's De Luxe Super-Cushions deliver *more trouble-free mileage than ever before!* In fact, so far has tire building at Goodyear advanced that *the cost to you per thousand miles is less than half what it was in 1926!*

Is it any wonder then that car makers put more De Luxe Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire? Or that car owners *buy* more De Luxe Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire? Is it any wonder that for 38 years—yesterday and today—more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind? It's *your* best tire buy, too. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

De Luxe Super-Cushion by

GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T.M. —The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio

WILLIAM O'DWYER—

The Man Who Won't Come Home

Beginning the untold story of one of the most controversial figures of our time. Why won't he return? What happened to his marriage? Here, for the first time, are the answers

By LESTER VELIE

THE lonely man sunning himself on the roof of the modest hotel was smaller and stockier than I had expected. The lines of his face and body sagged. And he seemed lost in some dark and painful inner world which the dancing sunlight of the brilliant Mexico City morning could neither penetrate nor warm. "No interview," he said. I had come 2,000 miles to get one. "But sit down if you want to."

William O'Dwyer, pulling gloomily on an oversized pipe, had changed much since March, 1951, when two days of questioning before the Kefauver Senate Crime Investigating Committee—before 20,000,000 television viewers—helped tarnish his reputation. In shorts and navy-blue pull-over, he still seemed a well-preserved and handsome sixty-three. His blue eyes were young and his sandy hair full and silky. But his face, firm and ruddy two years ago, is now florid under the tan, and under the stress of emotion its expression tends to become uncertain and ill-defined. From time to time, O'Dwyer pulled up his sweater to let the sun warm a soft, but not flabby, expanse of belly. And when he rose he walked with the erect bearing of the general he used to be.

I looked around the roof, a space of about 20 by 120 feet,

A lonely man, sunning himself near his $160-a-month rooftop flat, he talks of the New York City he once governed and dreams of a triumphal return—someday

PRRISA PHOTO

The grand juries? They couldn't indic

PRRISA PHOTO

Sloan and Bill O'Dwyer in happier days. After they separated, he kept saying, "She'll be back." Now he's making plans to stay on in Mexico and try to earn a living there—alone

cramped by two small penthouses, one on each end, and a makeshift service bar in between. Two middle-aged American women in shorts and halters were lolling in deck chairs nearby. The Hotel Prince, only a stone's throw from the more fashionable and costlier Hotel Del Prado, is frequented by economy-minded tourists and Mexicans who pay as little as 25 pesos ($2.90) a room per day, with sunning on the roof thrown in.

O'Dwyer pointed to the nearer penthouse.

"That is my corner of Mexico," he said. "There are 319 square miles in New York City. And not a foot in all of it where I can lay my head."

O'Dwyer's corner—described by newspapers back home as a swank penthouse—is a two-room flat. The sitting room, 10 feet by 10, had barely space for a green baize couch, a lamp table and chest of drawers.

In the bedroom beyond, slightly roomier, was a recessed alcove for a double bed, a dressing table which O'Dwyer uses for a writing desk, and another couch and chest of drawers.

Against this meager background, the mementos of O'Dwyer's public life—framed medals, testimonials, pictures—struck an ironic note. One was a 1948 cover of Time magazine, portraying O'Dwyer as the mayor of the world's greatest city. (The magazine had cited his accomplishments in housing, labor mediation, his tiffs with Tammany, the New York City Democratic organization.) In a glass-enclosed case on the wall were the decorations O'Dwyer had won as mayor, as a brigadier general in the United States Army and as ambassador to Mexico: the Legion of Honor, the Legion of Merit, the Aztec Eagle, the Pan-American Collar—Italian, Swedish, Colombian and Argentinian decorations. They must have made an impressive splash on Ambassador O'Dwyer's chest on white-tie occasions. At the bottom of the glass case was a silver name plate: Mayor William O'Dwyer.

For his two-room, rooftop flat O'Dwyer pays $160 a month rent.

In the cab from the airport, the driver had pointed to the new American Embassy on the Paseo de la Reforma: "The Americans want to know what Mr. O'Dwyer is doing," he volunteered. "They say bad things about him."

Back home, a neighbor had said, "If O'Dwyer were in the same room, I'd get up and leave."

In an era of investigations, O'Dwyer has been the most investigated man of all.

Four grand juries in New York and Brooklyn have probed O'Dwyer. So has the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, the New York State Crime Commission and the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury's Internal Revenue Bureau. Sleuths from seven state and federal agencies have combed El Centro, California, home of O'Dwyer's brother, Frank, for hidden wealth. One investigator, on his way through El Centro on vacation, stopped off to see what he could dig up in his spare time. None of this probing has uncovered anything with which a prosecutor could indict or convict O'Dwyer.

"But they didn't leave me one shred of my reputation," says O'Dwyer.

The TV viewers, the man in the street, are wondering if O'Dwyer amassed a fortune of boodle. Among the few who voice doubts are the prosecutors who probed his affairs before grand juries.

"He may be a sinner or a saint," one prosecutor told me. "All I know is, I've never been able to prove he took a dollar."

O'Dwyer remains a piece of unfinished business with Americans. When people hear you've seen him, they pepper you with questions:

"Why doesn't he come home and clear his name?"

"How much of a pile has he stashed away?"

"Why did his wife leave him?"

"Who's he tied up with in Mexico? What big deals is he up to?"

On the Rack of Emotional Torture

I found O'Dwyer reeling emotionally from a succession of blows few men suffer in a lifetime. His wife Sloan, thirty-six and beautiful, had left him under humiliating circumstances that plunged him into the torments both of the outraged husband and the unrequited lover. Alone abroad at sixty-three, he had just left the security of the public payroll for the first time in 20 years, and was faced with the need of scrabbling for a living. And the long arm of the American press kept rocking his emotional boat with unconfirmed rumors of shady deals—rumors which would not let him forget that, back home, he was discredited.

"If it's good for the world to crush a man," O'Dwyer summed it up, "let the world do it."

Is it right for the world to crush O'Dwyer? Did he betray New York, or did it, as he believes, betray him?

Finding out required a journalistic treasure hunt through head-reeling contradictions. It started with two weeks of conversations with O'Dwyer in which he spoke at first only in reluctant bursts of bitterness—then poured out his own story freely for the first time. Backtracking over O'Dwyer's careers in Mexico and New York City—through interviews with scores of big and little people who witnessed or participated in his rise and fall—provided other clues. In the end, complexity piled on complexity so that you could, depending on your bent, paint a picture that is all black, all white, or something in between.

Contradictions?

Some men, hearing I had been to Mexico, asked with real emotion: "How *is* Bill?" Others who had been just as close to him couldn't even bear his name. Kenneth F. Sutherland, the Brooklyn Democratic boss who had started O'Dwyer up the ladder as magistrate, could refer to him only as "that man."

As late as June, 1949, the New York Daily News described O'Dwyer as a "100 per cent honest mayor," and the New York Times bracketed him with political saint Fiorello H. La Guardia as one of New York City's great mayors. Soon after, newspapers were linking O'Dwyer with racketeer Frank Costello.

"A crooked New York mayor can make up to $100,000 a week in kickbacks from favored building or supply contractors," a former high officeholder said. "O'Dwyer's regime built almost a billion and a half dollars' of public housing, schools, hospitals, roads—without one breath of scandal." Yet in O'Dwyer's police and fire departments existed the bookie protection pay-offs and license extortion rackets that shocked even graft-blasé New Yorkers.

As district attorney, O'Dwyer broke a murder ring that had gone undetected through years of earlier administrations. O'Dwyer's office sent seven Murder, Inc., killers to the electric chair, including Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, said to have been responsible for 70 murders—the first boss gangster to be electrocuted. But, with other murder cases pending, O'Dwyer's chief witness against Murder, [illegible]tation . . .”

Inc.,—Abe Reles—died escaping from a hotel-room window although surrounded by police guards from O'Dwyer's office.

As mayor, O'Dwyer commanded men who still serve New York City with distinction—men such as Robert Moses, O'Dwyer's watchdog over construction contracts. And right along with them was James J. Moran—O'Dwyer's First Deputy Fire Commissioner—now serving 12½ to 25 years for extortion and facing an additional term for perjury.

Face to face, O'Dwyer is the biggest contradiction of all. The broad face and shoulders are those of the Irish cop he once was. So is the gravelly voice tinged with Brooklynese. But the words are the words of Addison and Steele, or the minor nineteenth-century Irish poets, or of Byron—whom O'Dwyer can summon up by the canto, sometimes to depict what he regards as his own fate at the hands of the world.

"I see before me the Gladiator lie," O'Dwyer intoned to me one night. *"He leans upon his hand—his manly brow*

"Consents to death but conquers agony . . .

"The arena swims around him—he is gone . . ."

O'Dwyer swept his hand outward for emphasis—

"Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday. . . ."

Sometimes, O'Dwyer's words are those of a history professor with an outsized memory for the feats of Daniel Boone or Hernando Cortes. "There was rhythm, there was movement in those days," he'd say happily over a Daiquiri, then lose himself along the Wilderness Road or along the Camino Real. O'Dwyer is a virtuoso at talk as other men are virtuosos at a piano or with a baseball bat. Like a virtuoso, he must hold the center of the stage and can't bear to let the conversational ball slip from him. Reduced to the reluctant role of listener, O'Dwyer would mask his face in deepening gloom, then excuse himself to go off and sit brooding alone.

So many contradictions in one man indicate a rich and complex personality. But one consistent strain runs through it: O'Dwyer's liking for people, especially what he calls "the little people." This feeling emerges in his warm and detailed observations of them—mimicked affectionately in Yiddish, Irish or Italian.

"Those Brooklyn magistrate days," he recalled, "were the happiest of my life. In Brownsville, the defendant was always the 'defender,' the complainant was always the 'complainer' and the bondsman was the 'bailer.' " And he'd detail his efforts to pacify the neighbors Meyrowitz and Klein who feuded over a tree that grew in Brooklyn. In this tree lived the bird that soiled the wetwash. Or he'd describe the knish peddler with the shrill voice (the "defender") and the fiddler who played all night and had to sleep all day (the "complainer")—and O'Dwyer would demonstrate the hawking of the knishes, in Yiddish.

"These are the little people who think I'm the thief of all the world," O'Dwyer says bitterly.

Perhaps the trouble is that O'Dwyer's liking for people was undiscriminating, unquestioning. Appointed as easily as a Bob Moses—and held more closely as a friend—was James Moran, whose story winds like an evil thread through O'Dwyer's public life.

Wherever O'Dwyer's name is clouded, Moran's appears. As chief clerk to District Attorney O'Dwyer, Moran ordered removed from police files the "wanted" card for chieftain Albert Anastasia of Murder, Inc., and others; because the cards were missing, certain key witnesses needed to prosecute Anastasia managed to slip through police hands and the whole affair brought down a damaging grand-jury presentment on Moran and his boss.

Moran was present in 1942 when O'Dwyer, then an Army lieutenant colonel, called on racketeer Frank Costello; so many Tammany politicians were there that O'Dwyer—later a bitter foe of Costello influence in Tammany—was widely doubted when he said he was questioning Costello on gangster infiltration into war work.

Moran was accused of taking money from bookies for the O'Dwyer mayoralty campaigns of 1945 and 1949.

In 1951, Moran was jailed on a perjury charge that tied him to a numbers racketeer. In 1952 he was sentenced for extortion in the fire department. The boodle—reported to be $2,000 a week—was so high that millions of New Yorkers refuse to accept the possibility that the money didn't go higher.

Years before, O'Dwyer's friends had cautioned him, but he had disregarded the criticism and the warnings and had promoted the questionable Moran to ever higher jobs. One of his last acts as mayor of New York was to name Moran a Board of Water Supply commissioner, a lifetime job.

"How do you feel about Moran now?" I asked.

"I'm not God, I won't judge him," said O'Dwyer.

I showed O'Dwyer a Broadway column saying that Moran was talking.

"Jim Moran won't lie," O'Dwyer said. "He knew I wanted him to be clean. If he did what he's accused of doing, he was doubly wrong.

"He was good to my first wife all the years she was sick—and took care of her when I was in the Army. I gave him the water-board job so he could educate his children. Tears streamed down Moran's face when I did it." O'Dwyer was near tears himself as he recounted the scene.

What O'Dwyer regards as loyalty, others regard less kindly.

A friend said: "O'Dwyer was an almost great man. You might say he was 50 per cent genius and"—he added bitterly—"50 per cent jerk."

A critic said: "What a tragedy. A man with great charm and great accomplishments. Yet there was a hole in him somewhere."

What was that defect?

This same question could apply to O'Dwyer's career in Mexico. There he achieved historic popularity for himself and his country. But there too contradictions arose.

At dinner with O'Dwyer at the Del Prado in Mexico City, I watched the dining-room manager throw his arms about O'Dwyer, Latin fashion, and vow: "Mr. *Embajador,* we love you."

When Ambassador O'Dwyer visited interior towns, the natives welcomed him with bands and showered him with confetti. "Imagine the little people of Mexico showering confetti on a gringo ambassador," said a Mexican industrialist in an awed voice.

An American newsman said: "Americans here rank O'Dwyer with Josephus Daniels and Dwight Morrow as one of our three most successful ambassadors. But with the Mexicans he's first."

Yet even in Mexico, O'Dwyer was criticized for "getting in with the wrong people"—the men whom the Mexicans describe as The Big Crowd. These were the men around ex-president Miguel Alemán, who dominated the politics of the country—and with it, the chance to make great fortunes.

It has been O'Dwyer's fate to hold office both in America and in Mexico at low points in public morality. The boodling that went on in Mexico during Alemán's regime was so extensive that even Alemán's own party became uneasy over it and spilled the beans at a time when the ex-president and many of his "Alemanistas" were finding it expedient to holiday in Europe, early this year. At a dinner last April, one political general estimated that the Alemanistas had drained the country of some $800,000,000 (seven billion pesos) and stashed away about $450,000,000 of it in banks in the United States, Canada, Switzerland and Cuba.

O'Dwyer was no more responsible for graft in Mexico than, say, the Mexican ambassador to Washington was responsible for the income-tax scandals of the Truman administration. Even O'Dwyer's severest critics in Mexico will

After the separation, Sloan O'Dwyer went to Spain, where she's shown about to go riding with a friend, rancher Pedro Gandarias. While in Mexico City, she often rode, swam, even took lessons in bullfighting

N.Y. DAILY NEWS

"I'll come back. And I'll make an entrance. I think Ebbets Field is the place to

tell you there's no suspicion he participated in any deals or enriched himself while ambassador. But they do criticize him for the company he kept.

Toward this company Sloan and Bill O'Dwyer drifted easily and pleasantly with their first visit to Mexico's gem city of the Pacific—Acapulco.

An hour from Mexico City by airplane, Acapulco is a resort paradise perched on rocky cliffs that command glorious sweeps of Pacific beach and look into one of the world's most beautiful harbors. More than 120 breath-taking luxury hotels testify to Acapulco's popularity and to the fortunes gleaned from the resort's recent, swift growth.

The man who made Acapulco what it is, and who today has one of Mexico's biggest fortunes, is the government official who headed the regional development committee that condemned land, laid out streets, put in sewers and lights and promoted resort sites. The official, Melchior Perusquia, went abroad with Alemán and other Alemanistas. But evidence of his wealth remained at Acapulco: two model farms, one for pigs, another for prize Jersey cows, a mansion by the sea at Puerto Marques, a business building in town, a former cliff-top home recently sold for 1,000,000 pesos (about $115,000).

Only Two Known Sources of Income

Perusquia is one of O'Dwyer's closest and most loyal friends in Mexico. As this is written, O'Dwyer's only known current income, aside from a small New York City pension, stems from his association with Perusquia in an automobile-distributing business. O'Dwyer obtained the franchise for Perusquia. The O'Dwyers met Perusquia when friends of President Alemán brought the ambassador and his wife to Acapulco.

The Mexico City post is regarded by our State Department as second in importance only to the ambassadors' job at the Court of St. James's in London and at Paris. Our Mexican ambassador bosses a staff of 301—the biggest in the hemisphere. All of Latin America watches Mexico's relations with the Colossus of the North on her border, and Mexico is the barometer that shows how all our good-neighbor relations are going. The U.S. ambassador to Mexico must soothe the frictions that arise inevitably from the sharing of a common border. He must handle the delicate problems connected with the importing—and illegal entry—of Mexican farm labor to the United States.

O'Dwyer took his ambassadorial duties seriously. He briefed himself during an arduous month in Washington. When he arrived in Mexico City he hired a tutor to give him and Sloan an hour's daily coaching in Spanish. The tutor, Mrs. Chela Martinez del Rio, the principal of a girls' finishing school, soon became the confidante of Sloan and social arbiter to the embassy. To perfect their Spanish, the O'Dwyers also attended classes in literature at the National University of Mexico.

Taking the trouble to learn the language, and being Catholic, helped O'Dwyer succeed in Mexico. Throwing away the striped pants helped even more. He took to riding up front with the Mexican chauffeur, waving to Latin passers-by like a hero riding up lower Broadway. Once, when the embassy's second in command, Minister Counselor Paul T. Culbertson, accompanied O'Dwyer to the Mexican Ministry of Communications he was astounded to see clerks, messengers and elevator operators extending eager hands to "Mr. *Embajador.*"

O'Dwyer carried his good-will work into obscure corners of Mexico's interior, something few other ambassadors had done. And on the Fourth of July he threw the embassy open to all Americans in Mexico City—even visiting tourists, whom he invited through the newspapers.

Under the O'Dwyers, the embassy residence became a gay place where the good-neighbor policy often was pursued until 5:00 A.M. Under the preceding ambassador—Walter Thurston, a bachelor devoted to an aged mother—the entertainment allowance of $5,000 was more than ample to cover the decorous affairs to which only the few "right" Americans and fewer Mexicans were invited in the line of duty. Bill and Sloan would use up their allowance in a rash of parties, then wait for the next allowance. They kept the residency staff hopping—a major-domo, two housemaids, two houseboys and two cooks.

For the first time in the history of embassy shindigs, more Mexicans were invited than Americans. This policy, said the miffed Americans who were left out, "was Sloan's doing."

"We older folk represented a quiet evening of talk or bridge," one prominent American, long in Mexico, said. "But Sloan wanted gaiety and dancing. So they took up with Mexican café society."

That was fine with the Mexicans, and O'Dwyer's reputation as a *simpático* ambassador grew. To this reputation, Sloan made other contributions.

She became an avid bullfight *aficionada,* boned up on the *verónicas* and other passes the matadors execute with the fighting cape and soon knew the difference between the *novilladas,* the new or bush-league fights, and the big-time *corridas.* She even bought herself a muleta, the red flag attached to a short staff that is used in maneuvering the bull about the ring, and took lessons from a youthful matador by the name of Chu Chu Cordoba. Once Sloan invited her entire literature class at the university to the embassy to watch bullfighter Cordoba do his stuff—as Sloan, playing the bull, charged him with a pair of horns.

GILLOON AGENCY

As New York's mayor, O'Dwyer had such men on his team as the distinguished Robert Moses, who was watchdog over construction contracts

Sundays, in season, Sloan took to giving bullfight luncheons. Some 40 bull-ring *aficionados,* bull breeders and fighters and a sprinkling of Americans would gather in the warm Mexican sunlight of the embassy terrace at 1:30. The luncheon tables would be brightly decked with Sloan's collection of bull-ring puppets: matadors, picadors, *banderilleros.* The fare would be Latin: *tacos* and *carnitas* (little meats) and *arroz con polla* (chicken with rice). *Mariachis,* the strolling minstrels of the country, provided a romantic background of Latin tunes. Sloan, flushed with excitement, was the tireless hostess. The ambassador, drooping from a week at his embassy desk and the round of diplomatic corps parties, often looked as if he would rather have been off somewhere with a book.

Promptly at 3:30 P.M., the guests would pile into cars and whirl away to Mexico City's *plaza de toros,* the world's largest bullfight arena. The O'Dwyers' appearance at their ringside season seats, usually in the company of bull breeders Pepi and Paco Madrazo, would detonate an ovation. To the Mexicans, the O'Dwyers' interest in their national pastime was as gratifying as, say, the unfailing attendance of the British ambassador at Ebbets Field would be to Brooklyn Dodger fans. O'Dwyer would bow to the cheering bullfight fans amid a tumult reminiscent of a national political convention. Sometimes the matador would advance to the O'Dwyer box and dedicate a bull to the ambassador and his lady—then throw his cap to O'Dwyer, who'd fill it with coins according to custom and hold it for the matador during the ensuing slaughter.

Sloan learned to play the guitar, and after an evening's gaiety elsewhere often would bring back a small group of intimates to the embassy residence, where, in a small and throaty voice, she'd sing Latin tunes until dawn. These tunes stir painful memories in O'Dwyer today. When an orchestra swings into the plaintive Muchero or Lisboa Antigua, he may grip the arm of his nearest dinner companion and murmur: "Where is she now; where is she now?"

The intimates who helped while away the early-morning embassy hours would usually include Francisco Buch de Parada, who had been delegated by President Alemán to be O'Dwyer's social mentor with the Mexicans, and Melchior Perusquia, the wealthy Acapulco promoter. In the favored coterie, too, was a Latin hotel man, a handsome Princeton graduate some twenty years younger than O'Dwyer, whose friendship with Sloan was to help torpedo the O'Dwyer marriage.

O'Dwyer's marriage to Sloan was not the usual quietly poignant May-December affair. It had the O'Dwyer touch for drama, and the O'Dwyer contradictions. It was as full of storms and stresses as any youthful romance. The ambassador would watch proudly as his long-stemmed brunette wife, wearing her clothes with the chic of a professional model, made a party a success with her vivacity and her talent for attracting the young men in clusters around her. But another time he'd brood moodily. Later, when they were alone, he would sometimes burst into jealous rages. The marriage began in indecision and ended in disaster.

O'Dwyer had met Sloan Simpson at Gracie Mansion, the official residence of New York's mayor, when she came to model at a fashion show arranged by Grover Whalen, the city's official greeter. It was love at first sight for O'Dwyer, who had spent years watching his ailing first wife wither and die. All those years, there had been no breath of scandal about him. His loyalty and faithfulness were a legend in New York.

Despite his love for Sloan, O'Dwyer was an indecisive and reluctant suitor. At fifty-nine, he feared he was no match for this vigorous young woman. Others made up his mind for him. His doctors urged him to marry. They told him that living alone, keeping killing hours on his job, eating catch-as-catch-can meals was sapping his precarious health. A good wife would regulate his life.

So, on the sands at Stuart, Florida, Bill proposed to Sloan.

The marriage, which began in December, 1949, broke up in December, 1952. For two years it was carried along on the momentum of the exciting social life in what is undoubtedly, today, the world's gayest capital. President Alemán's friend, Buch de Parada, had opened Mexico's lushest homes to the O'Dwyers. The former policeman and the former model sailed on the president's yacht, spent week ends in the homes of Mexican millionaires. This was living in high style.

In Mexico even a middle-class family has two servants, and the well-to-do Latins know how to live it up. To Americans, every day in Mexico is a holiday. Lunch may start at 2:00 with several leisurely Daiquiris and pick up with *mariachis* music until 5:00—when the women, at least, go home to rest until the cocktail hour at seven. Dinner is at 9:00, and often lasts past midnight.

do it. The little people will be there. There'll be boos. But I'll win them over"

Between the gay life of Mexican society and the full social life at the embassy, the O'Dwyers were seldom thrown on their own resources. And when they went to Acapulco for week ends, athletic Sloan spent long hours away from the resting O'Dwyer—water-skiing, golfing, swimming with young, athletic companions.

The marriage started to crack up, friends say, five months before O'Dwyer resigned as ambassador. The swimming, water-skiing and golfing seemed to become ever more attractive to Sloan. She spent more and more days in the warmth of Acapulco. O'Dwyer, at work in Mexico City, would call three and four times a day, alternately pleading and ordering her to come back. The calls became more and more urgent as wild rumors—rumors that O'Dwyer associates believe were unfounded—began to float in.

Sloan was being seen frequently with a handsome Latin, the operator of hotels in Acapulco and in Mexico City. The man's wife was becoming jealous. Factions in Acapulco began taking sides. Then the storm broke. O'Dwyer was told Sloan had spent an afternoon on the beach with the handsome hotel man while the *señora* sat fuming in a hotel lobby. Then, as Bill got the story, Sloan and the man walked in—sunburned, radiant. Sloan walked up and kissed the wife.

The Señora Could Take Just So Much

Latin wives take a lot from their husbands. But this public display, innocent as it was, was too much even for a well-trained Latin wife. She blew up—so the ambassador heard—right in the lobby of the hotel, with much of social Acapulco there to witness. Gossip of the quarrel rocked Acapulco.

When O'Dwyer tried to end the humiliating situation, Sloan announced she was leaving for New York City. His pleas could not stop her.

To plague O'Dwyer further, an old thyroid ailment kicked up. He was ordered by his doctor to go to Los Angeles for a checkup. In California, 2,500 frustrating miles away, O'Dwyer heard that Sloan was a gay figure at parties in New York. Between rage and despair, he pleaded via long-distance phone calls for Sloan to come home.

When Bill and Sloan returned separately to Mexico City, O'Dwyer told his wife that besides humiliating him as a husband, she was embarrassing a high officer of the United States. Sloan demanded an end to the marriage. O'Dwyer, crushed, agreed. Sloan continued to draw half of his $6,570.52 yearly New York City pension; she will get it all when he dies. They placed their annulment case before the Catholic archbishop in Mexico City.

Sloan left the embassy to live at the home of her Spanish teacher and confidante, Mrs. del Rio. There she learned the price of being talked about. The gay acquaintances who had flocked about her fell away now. When the phone rang, it would be O'Dwyer. "Don't hurt yourself, Bill," she said. "It's all over." After two months, Sloan left for Spain.

O'Dwyer was alone when he packed up to leave the embassy. It was the end of his job (in December, 1952) and the end of his marriage.

He found a bare, three-room apartment and sat there hour after hour, miserable and alone. O'Dwyer friends did not desert him as they did Sloan. Mexicans and Americans dropped in as if making condolence calls, at first talking brightly of other things, then listening sympathetically when Bill—who hadn't heard their chatter—broke down in a torrent of talk.

Friends in the embassy rallied around. "Don't even bother to call, Bill. Just drop in; there'll always be a plate for you."

"It's not time," O'Dwyer would say. "I'll come when I get over this trouble a bit—and grow up."

When O'Dwyer went out socially again friends noticed his highball glass was barely wet. "I don't want too much," he'd say. "I might break down."

To mutual friends he'd say (to himself as much as to them): "Sloan has gone off on these tears before. She'll be back."

In the midst of this emotional shock he had to make plans to earn a living in Mexico. The decision to remain in Mexico was made ten months before O'Dwyer resigned as ambassador. Like many decisions in O'Dwyer's life, this one was made for him by his youngest brother, Paul.

"Paul O'Dwyer is the most important man in Bill's life," a friend of both told me. "If Bill is uncertain and Paul says do it, Bill usually does it."

Paul O'Dwyer flew down to Mexico City early in 1952 to tell his brother about the deepening hostility back home. James Moran, O'Dwyer's long-time friend and subordinate, had just been convicted of extortion in the fire-department scandal. The Moran case, and the Kefauver probing, had now made O'Dwyer the most controversial New York City figure since Jimmy Walker. And while New Yorkers had taken a tolerant enough view of Jimmy Walker so that he was able ultimately to return to a lucrative job, they were irate about O'Dwyer. It was not yet time to return.

INTERNATIONAL

Along with men like Moses—and much closer to the mayor—was a man like James J. Moran —later convicted of extortion and perjury

"Return and be dragged from one investigating committee to another?" O'Dwyer asked me. "Return to make headlines for every politician who's running for office? Clear my name? How can anyone ever clear his name before an investigating committee when every question is an accusation and every accusation is a screaming headline that convicts you all over again before millions of people?

"Return to go from grand jury to grand jury? I've been before three grand juries. They found nothing to indict. But did that clear my name? What plans could I make for my future without a dime at sixty-three? I want to come back—but later, when I can get my story across to the people. Perhaps in debate on a political platform."

When O'Dwyer decided to remain for the time being in Mexico, and cast up his personal balance sheet, he found he had as assets a wide circle of friends—connections in Mexico and America which could be converted into business opportunities—and, as his most valuable possession, a personal charm that was potential money in the bank.

Of actual money, O'Dwyer seems to have none. One reason why those who know O'Dwyer are convinced he never took money is because of his lack of interest in it. He cares so little for the stuff that he seldom has any on him. At Mass on Sunday, the ambassador would fumble in his pockets for a ten-peso note for the plate, then borrow one from his chaffeur.

He cared so little about his own bank account that his secretaries both in Mexico and New York had to keep track of it. "He never knew what the balance was," his embassy secretary told me.

O'Dwyer's income tax in Mexico was made up by an embassy officer who was surprised to find that after years of public salaries, culminating in his $40,000-per-year as mayor, O'Dwyer had nothing more to report than his current ambassador's income. No investments. No real estate. Nothing. Just his ambassador's pay of $25,000 a year.

For years, Intelligence Unit agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau have been tracking down rumors about O'Dwyer's income. They have found nothing except what was reported on his tax form.

With his brother Paul, O'Dwyer decided that Mexico's industrial expansion would create opportunities for an international law firm. Paul's firm —O'Dwyer, Bernstien & Preusse—set up a branch in Mexico City, which will be known as O'Dwyer (Paul), Bernstien & Correa. Bill O'Dwyer obtained residence, or *immigrante*, papers that will permit him to live in Mexico as an American citizen and serve as counselor—which means business getter—to the law firm. Since a Mexican partner is needed under the law, a member of a distinguished Mexican legal family, Jorge Correa, was invited to join. The law firm will be housed in offices at what O'Dwyer describes as "the best address in Mexico"—No. 1 Paseo de la Reforma.

O'Dwyer expects to help American clients make investments in Mexico, and to organize and manage manufacturing and mining companies for them. And he expects to make side deals of his own. He has already obtained an American automobile distributing franchise for his Acapulco friend, Melchior Perusquia, and draws an employee's salary from Perusquia's company, Auto Productos.

At first, when steeped in gloom, O'Dwyer talked to me modestly of his business prospects. "All I need is about $12,000 a year to live. Maybe $9,000 a year would even do it. Prices are low in Mexico." But as his spirits perked up with talk, he envisioned an annual income of $100,000.

"I want to show them up North that if it was money I wanted, I can make it," he said.

But he has another dream that means more than money. "I'll come back," he said. "And I'll make an entrance. I think Ebbets Field is the place to do it. The little people will be there. Sure, they'll boo me. There'll be a whole storm of boos." Here O'Dwyer put his cupped hand over his heart in a typical orator's gesture and raised his eyebrows as he always does when he nears an oratorical or storytelling punch line.

"But I'll stare them down. Like this." He raised his eyebrows even higher. "And there'll be the Brooklyn Sym-Phony" (the fans' band that clowns at Dodger games). "I'll have them planted to play Sidewalks of New York. And I'll have my friends in the stands too. There'll be boos. But I'll win them over."

That is O'Dwyer's dream. But for the moment he has more modest plans. As an American citizen with *immigrante* status, O'Dwyer can't remain outside Mexico longer than 60 days a year without losing his working papers. One of his prospective clients, an international airline, has invited O'Dwyer to make a world-circling flight.

"But I don't want to use up all my 60 days traveling around," O'Dwyer said.

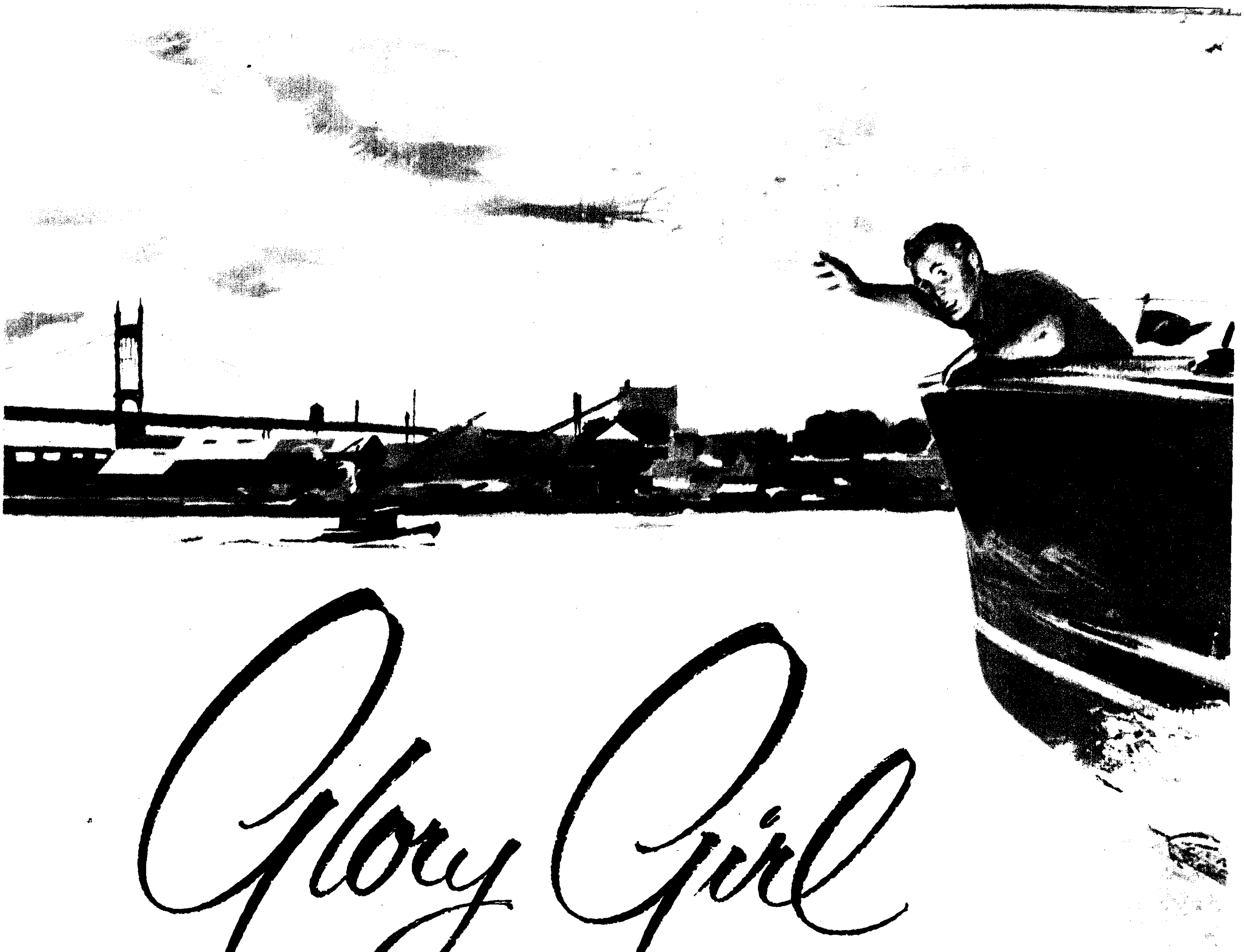
"Why?" I asked.

"Because I want to stop off at New York."

"What for?" I persisted.

"Just to look at it," O'Dwyer said.

What is the real story of Bill O'Dwyer's relations with Jim Moran? Is there a side to the Kefauver hearings which hasn't been told? O'Dwyer's views—and his description of his biggest mistake—are in the August 21 Collier's, on the stands August 7



Glory Girl

A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

By THELMA STRABEL

Jan was a natural swimmer. Making her into a champion would be an exciting and rewarding challenge—if Steve and Mac could channel her flashes of fiery temper

I

THE first time Steve saw her she was in the water, directly in the path of his boat. And right then he was nearly the end of her.

It was a quiet Sunday, one of those beautiful gray days when mist swirls dream-like around the towers of New York, and gulls circle low over the river. He had borrowed a speedboat from a cousin who lived at River House; he was taking Mac out to his family's house in Lynwater for supper.

The boat began kicking up a fine spray as they passed Welfare Island, with the lighthouse on the point, and came abreast of the mayor's mansion, white and dignified against the background of gleaming new apartment buildings.

"Hey, I'm getting wet!" Mac complained.

"Nasty stuff, water," Steve said and grinned at him. It was a standing joke that old Mac, all the time he had been—no, darn it, still *was*—one of the top swimming coaches in the country, had hated the water and had never gone into a tank himself.

"It's fit only for—Steve, look out! There's a girl!" Mac shouted.

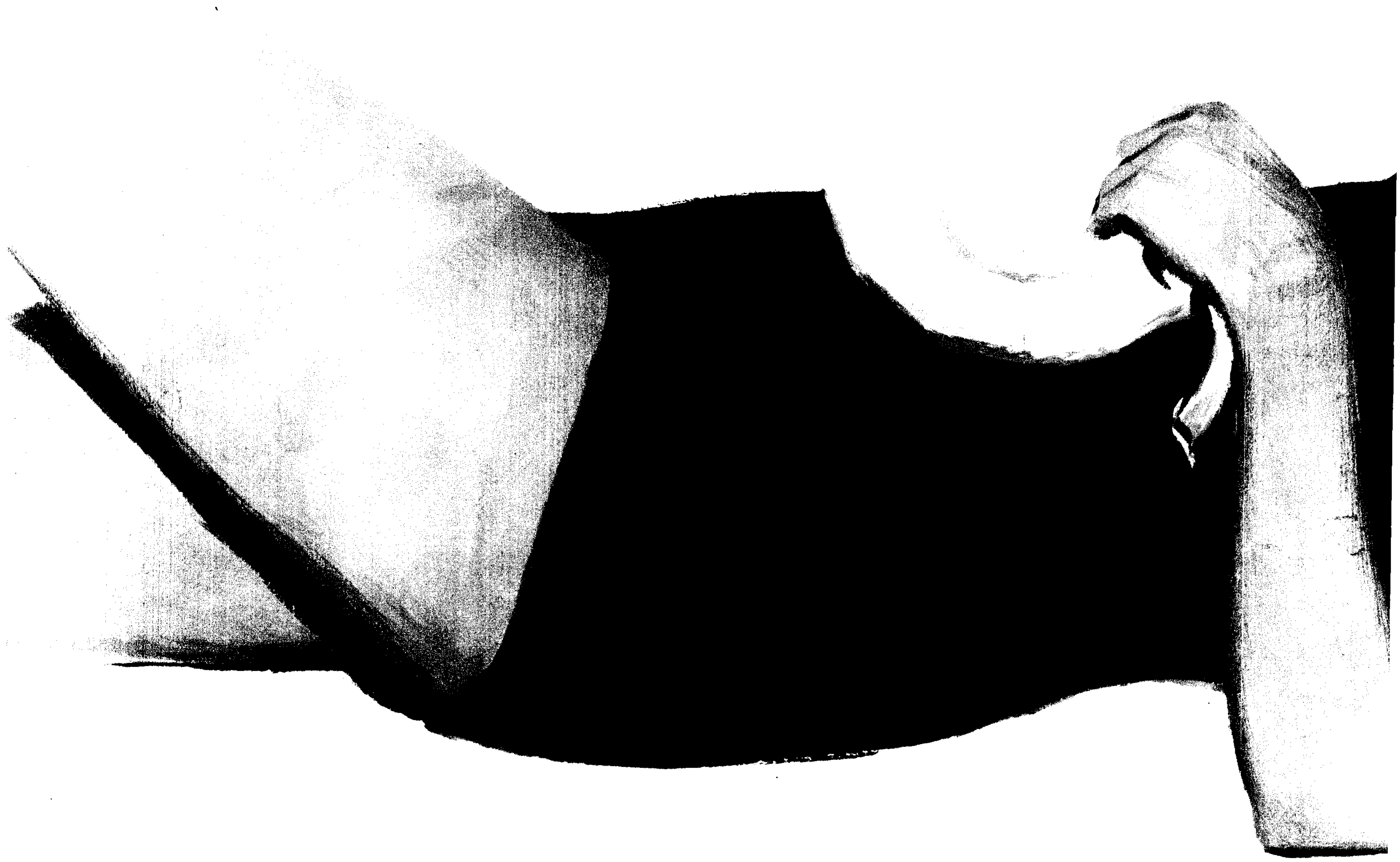
She was almost under the prow. As Steve frantically swerved the boat, he had a brief but vivid glimpse of the girl's bright bathing cap and her slender, high-cheekboned face. There was no fear in her face. Her eyes, green as emeralds, were blazing up at him in fury.

The boat heeled and righted. "Sorry," Steve called to her above the noise of the motor. His hands were shaking.

The girl's lips moved in some enraged retort, but her words were lost as she choked in the backwash. She reached up and angrily tore off the bathing cap, and a cascade of flaming red hair flashed before them like a danger signal. Then she turned and swam toward the shore.

"Close call," Mac said and shook his grizzled head. "You were talking to me and veered off straight at her."

"She certainly swims far out," Steve said. He looked after the girl. She was really making time,



She had not forgiven Steve. She would not even look at him

as though anger propelled her, like the rocket of a jet. "Wonder how she got into the river? There's a high steel fence all along there."

"Probably sneaked out at that fireboat station," Mac said, and he gestured with his pipe. "She certainly has nerve."

She was almost out of sight now; just a spot of red hair and a flash of arms, arms moving strongly, rhythmically. Steve felt a sudden, swift tingling all along his spine. "Mac," he said, "that girl can *swim!*"

"I've been watching her," Mac said. He was twisted half around, his long deeply furrowed face tense. "She got away like a torpedo! You know what—" he stopped, as though embarrassed.

"Sure, I know," Steve said with affectionate amusement. "You've got that old treasure hunter's look. You've never stopped dreaming of another Betty Foster, have you? You think you might fish one out of the East River?"

"How about Weissmuller, training himself in the muddy Des Plaines?" Mac said, and then he cupped his hand to relight his pipe. "Heard from Betty last week. Going to have her third baby. There she was, smashing a record every time she went into the tank, greatest swimmer of her sex, and she threw it all over." He puffed at his pipe mournfully. *"Love and water don't mix.* If ever I get me another world-beater— No, I don't want one. Swimmers like that are freaks of nature. I've got all I want now."

What Mac had was The Blue Grotto. That was the fancy name for a broken-down pool in the Bronx, in which Mac had invested the savings from his years of coaching club and college teams. The roof leaked, and the pipes were rusty. And the room he called his office contained nothing but yellowing news pictures of Betty Foster and the Army cot that was his bed.

Mac couldn't fool Steve. Sitting there with his bushy eyebrows drawn together, trying to look cynical, he still had his dream. And he was still Old Mac: tough, acid-tongued, always blasphemously denying his lapses into sentiment—and a born maker of champions. Steve had been one of Mac's boys himself. The day after he had won the national outdoor 800-meter free style and come up with a cocky, "Well, how'd I do?" Mac had said flatly, "You finished like a dead fish."

Now Steve was through with swimming meets and all that, and those days seemed a million light-years ago. There had been his one year of college when he was seventeen; then in succession had come training camp, the end of the war, two years of occupation, his return to college and another attempt to make the big time in swimming. That first year back had been disastrous; he had flunked everything, because, he supposed, he really had cared more about swimming than learning to be an investment counselor. That was why, at his age, he still had another year of college ahead of him. At least his father had blamed the swimming, and he had obtained Steve's promise to quit competition.

So he was through, through with those taut moments before the take-off, the sharp, thrilling crack of the pistol, the shouting voices of the crowd, the floodlights, and that wild, wonderful final surge to triumph.

It was almost dark when they reached the white clapboard colonial house in Lynwater on the sound. It wasn't a pretentious house, but since his father's death last winter, it was too big.

His mother heard them on the porch and came to the door. She was a small, plump, pretty woman with blue-tinted, smartly dressed gray hair. "Darling, you're late," she scolded gently. "And I have everything you like for your supper." She would spoil him to death if he let her, Steve thought. Then she turned to Mac and put her arm through his.

"Now nobody is to talk about swimming for the first half hour," she said, as they went into the living room.

"Well, that strikes Mac dumb," Steve said, and they all laughed.

"Not that I don't enjoy swimming meets," Mrs. Hardesty said. "But I'm afraid I like the diving most. There was that wonderful boy we saw last summer. His dives were some of the most beautiful things I've ever seen."

"Nicky Tremaine," Steve said. "The glamor boy of the springboard."

"I thought he was very clean-cut-looking," his mother said defensively, "and he had a nice smile —nice teeth."

"The better to eat you with," Mac said. "The gals love Tremaine. He *(Continued on page 52)*

Lucky

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

FROM HERE TO

The singer, a **hollow-cheeked baritone, rocketed to success to screams of adolescent fans**

Frank Sinatra, Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster play disgruntled 30-year men in the film version of best-selling book about professional soldiering

Sinatra has showdown with bullying sergeant. Film, shot in Hollywood and Honolulu, sticks close to novel, modifies language, other censorable items

BOB WILLOUGHBY

AFTER 14 years of successful minstreling, crooner Frank Sinatra has stowed away his serenades to do a Hollywood character part. When the spare-framed singer signed for Columbia's $3,000,000 screen version of From Here to Eternity, eyebrows soared. Everyone was surprised except a perceptive few—who remembered Sinatra's natural talent as a performer in movie musicals and on TV—and the crooner himself. From the moment he read James Jones's best-selling novel of Army life in Honolulu before Pearl Harbor, Frank was bent on playing Maggio, the caustic little dogface whose hatred for authority kept him in a turmoil with the brass.

"The part was made to order for me," says Sinatra. "I knew hundreds of Maggios in Hoboken where I was brought up. And I came close to being one myself." Like Maggio, Frank is an Italian-American; and he has an explosive temperament (that has helped keep him in the news).

In his attempt to get the part, Sinatra badgered studio boss Harry Cohn, pursued director Fred Zinnemann and producer Buddy Adler, and got the grapevine going with mentions in Hollywood columns of his suitability for the role.

"I followed the papers," says Sinatra. "First Monty Clift was signed as the lead, Prewitt; then Burt Lancaster got Sergeant Warden, Deborah Kerr was cast as the captain's dallying wife, and Donna Reed was mentioned for Alma, Prew's girl. That marquee was filling up fast." Then came an invitation to make a test. Frank was in Africa, where his wife, Ava Gardner, was making a film. He flew back for the test at his own expense, returned abroad and waited months for the good news.

In Hollywood and in Honolulu, where the movie was filmed, "Frank dreamt, slept and ate the part," says Adler.

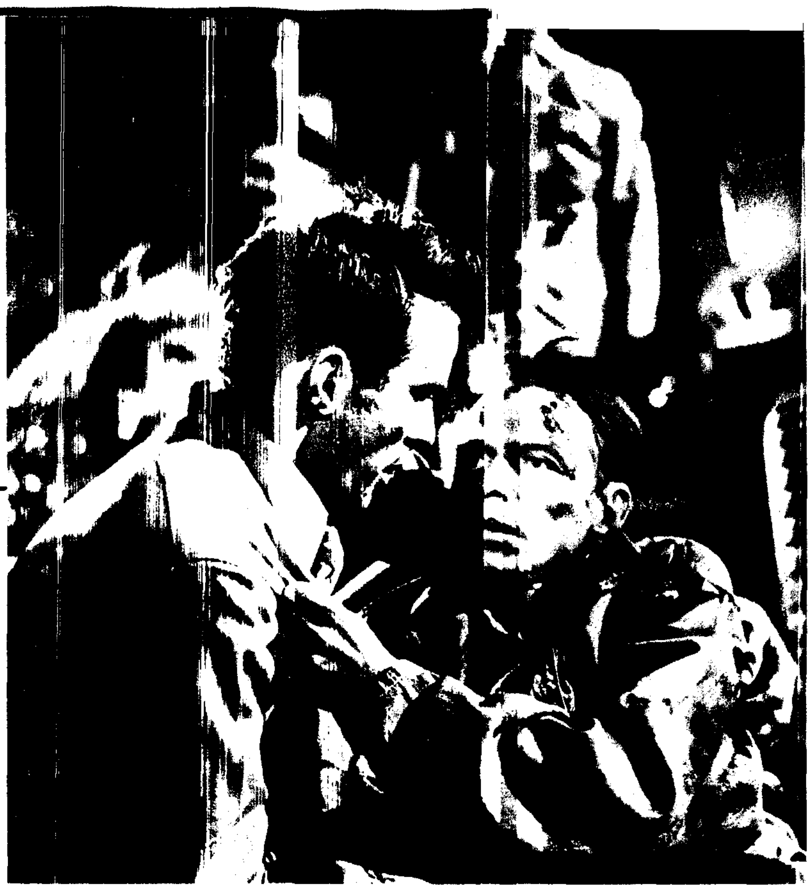
"He played Maggio so spontaneously," adds Zinnemann, a discerning director responsible also for the prize-winning film High Noon, "we almost never had to reshoot a scene."

Talent-hardened crew members began calling Sinatra "Maggio"—in tribute, made good-humored cracks about the singer's legendary leanness. And Frank, who acquired a large lump on his shin during a fight scene, retaliated, saying, "You've been telling me to put on weight. Now, I hope you're satisfied."

The raucous laughs of those who consider Sinatra-as-Maggio a flagrant case of Hollywood miscasting haven't yet faded. But the cast and crew of Eternity predict that when he shows up on screen as the potato-peeling private, Frankie Boy will make the critics swoon. ▲▲▲

ETERNITY

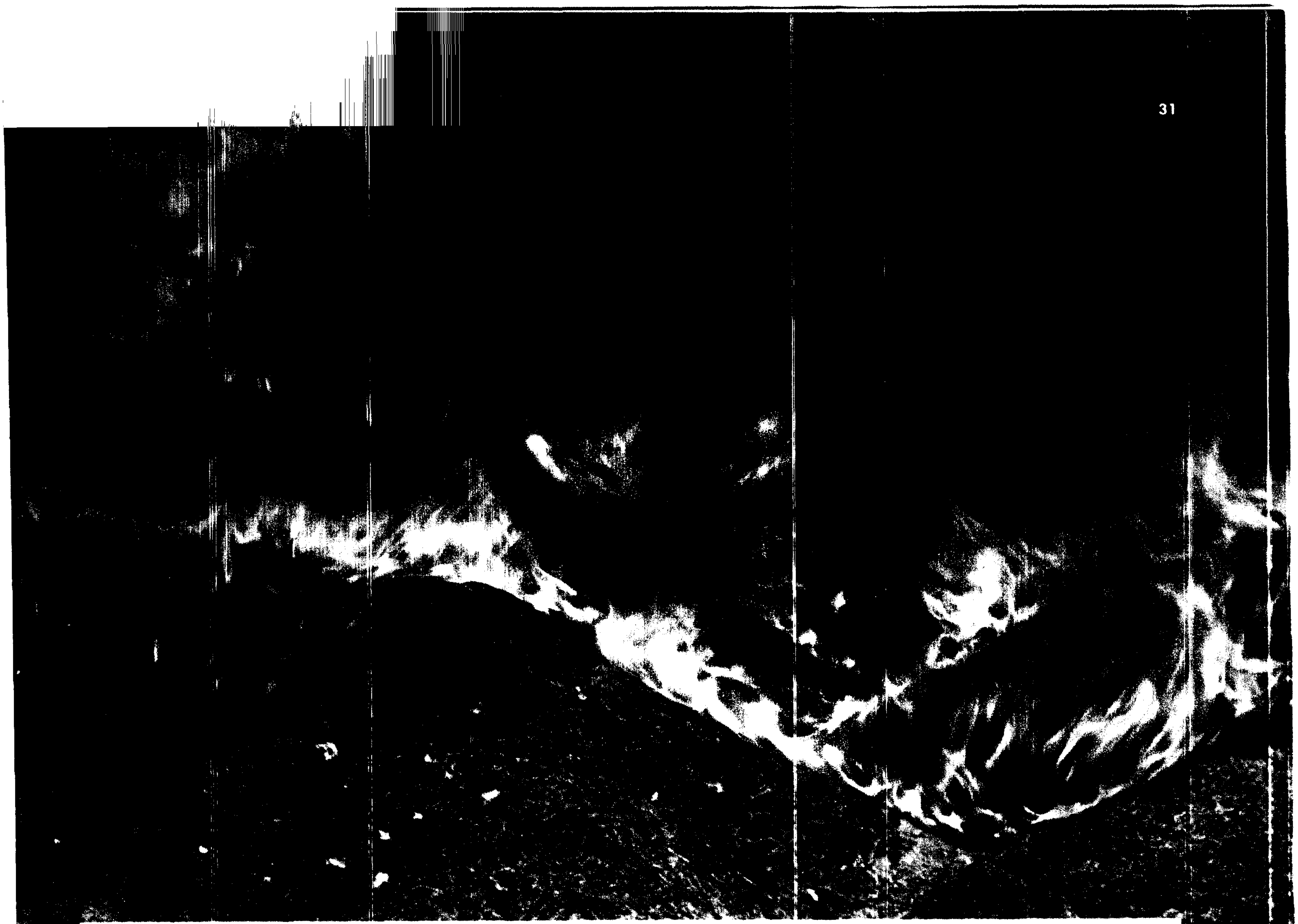
Scratch a crooner and you may find an actor. The swoon-boy of the forties is set to prove it as Maggio, one of the choice film roles of the year



Still hollow-cheeked, Sinatra has muzzled his microphone, plays first dramatic role as tough, wisecracking private. Above, Sinatra, in realistic death scene with Clift, who plays Prewitt. Below, he's the confident Thespian at ease

BOB WILLOUGHBY

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA



Forest Fire!

By ALVA NEUNS

Flames ripping through natural resources cost the U.S. a billion dollars a year. Now science is meeting the challenge with fire-fighting weapons more valuable than courage

SUDDENLY, without warning, the forest fire exploded. A great gust of hot wind, carrying smoke and ashes at a speed of 50 miles per hour, engulfed the crew of fire fighters. The men scrambled for safety, sputtering and choking as they ran. Just a moment before, the fire had seemed lazy, indolent, almost asleep. The tired, soot-blackened men had thought it was finally under control. And then it had flared up again—hard, hot and fast. Trees more than two feet thick were ripped out of the ground. Soon the wall of flame, crackling and twisting madly on the tail of the wind, was once more eating up timber at the rate of an acre a second.

Later, a U.S. Forest Service Review Board met to see if anything could be learned from the catastrophe which would prove valuable in fighting future fires. They found out little.

The federal forest supervisor who, as fire boss, had led the forces battling the blaze did a competent job. But the explosion of flames could not have been anticipated with what was known of large-fire behavior. "We were sure we had it licked," he said. "And then—*whoosh!*—the flames were roaring higher than ever."

In the fire boss's dilemma lies one major reason why forest fires remain a billion-dollar-a-year national menace. In the fight against wildfire, the fire boss corresponds to a military general. It's his job to marshal his forces and equipment so strategically that the fire they are fighting will be stamped out with minimum damage to man and property. But the scope of the problem and the treachery of the flames are almost beyond belief.

A forest fire can be defined as a blaze

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

No region is safe from the wasteful hell of burning forests.

MASON WEYMOUTH

University of California's Keith Arnold works closely with federal fire fighters

which ravages natural rather than man-made, resources—and one which is big enough to be spotted by a lookout. While some experts prefer the term *wild-land* fire to *forest* fire—because the conflagrations are not always in heavily wooded regions—they all agree that to do his job effectively a fire boss must be able to foresee every move of the fire he faces.

But no two forst fires ever are exactly alike. Winds blow differently in one canyon than in another. Trees, brush and grass combine in varying proportions to change the speed and pattern of each fire. In theory, then, the perfect fire boss would be a man who could predict the next fire's behavior because he has fought every type of fire in the past. It is impossible for one man to come by such a fire-fighting background.

Is there a substitute for this kind of experience? Science now says yes and points to its laboratories for the solution. Scattered about the country are 15 fire research scientists of the U.S. Forest Service. Through their experiments they are beginning to supply fieldmen with invaluable information on the fires they may be called on to face.

What kind of laboratory do you use for forest fires? One of the key research centers is located at the University of California's School of Forestry at Berkeley. There, Dr. Keith Arnold, Assistant Professor of Forestry, works in close collaboration with the four federal Forest Service scientists who have their headquarters at the university. Among their tools are a 20- by 20-foot scale model representing six square miles of rugged California terrain, an ingenious machine called a fire wheel, and a device called a fire table.

Students taking Dr. Arnold's course, simulate actual fires on the natural timber, brush and grass of the scale model. The fire wheel is used to measure the rate of combustion in specific types of fires, and the fire table to check the effect of terrain on flames. For further study, the scientists go high in the San Gabriel Mountains. There, in the Forest Service's San Dimas Experimental Forest, is the only wind tunnel ever built for analyzing the effect of wind velocities on wild-land fires.

Blazing Model Shows Course of Fires

The primary purpose of the 20- by 20-foot scale model is to provide an over-all grasp of forest fires. At a real blaze, which can stretch over hundreds of square miles, observers are able to see only a fraction of the burning area. But when the model is ignited, the whole course of a typical fire in scale is visible with awesome clarity. Students can follow its devouring course from the start as a miniature brush blaze and watch it spread into a terrifyingly realistic conflagration.

But while the scale model provides a three-dimensional picture of a forest fire so perfect you're inclined to forget it's not the real thing (see previous pages), the wheel, the table and the wind tunnel provide more specific data. On the fire wheel, for example, different woods exposed to varying amounts of moisture constantly are being studied to determine how fast they will burn. In tests conducted on the fire wheel, wood sticks of varying moisture content are mounted equal distances apart in a double row around the wheel's circumference. A radiometer that measures and records heat intensity is hooked up. Then the wheel is set in motion, revolving just enough to keep the air flow around the wood constant.

Out of the ashes of these tests come charts as valuable to men in the field as a water hose. They often provide the fire fighter with blueprints of what he can expect whenever fire strikes a specific type of wood in every degree from dry to damp.

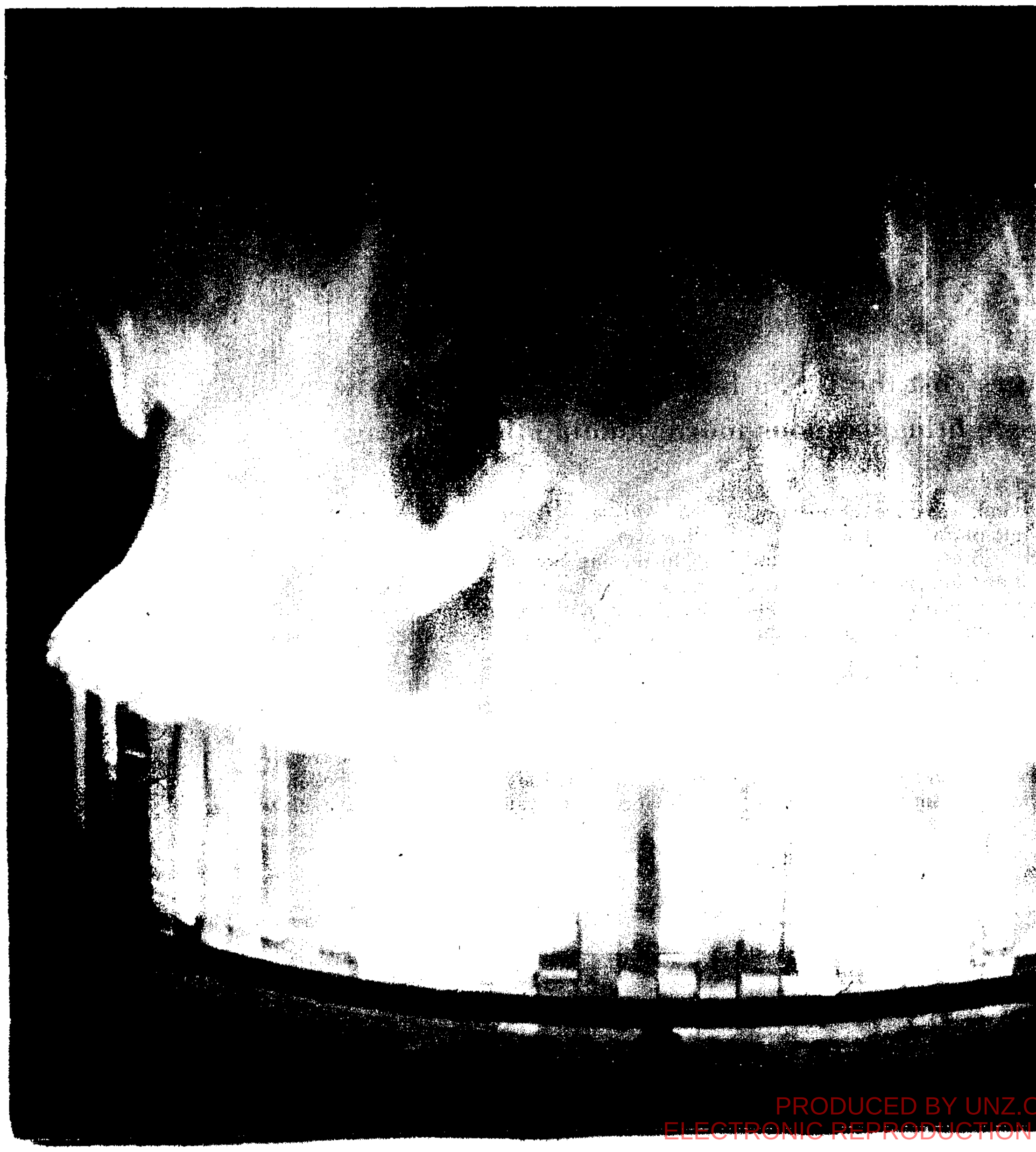
Everything that can burn in a wild-land fire—foresters lump the ingredients together in one word, "fuels"—is tested on the fire table, too. But the table is primarily important because it can be tilted to duplicate mountain slopes at any angle the student wishes to study. Since degree of slope is a key factor controlling the speed of combustion, the table is a vital tool in fire research.

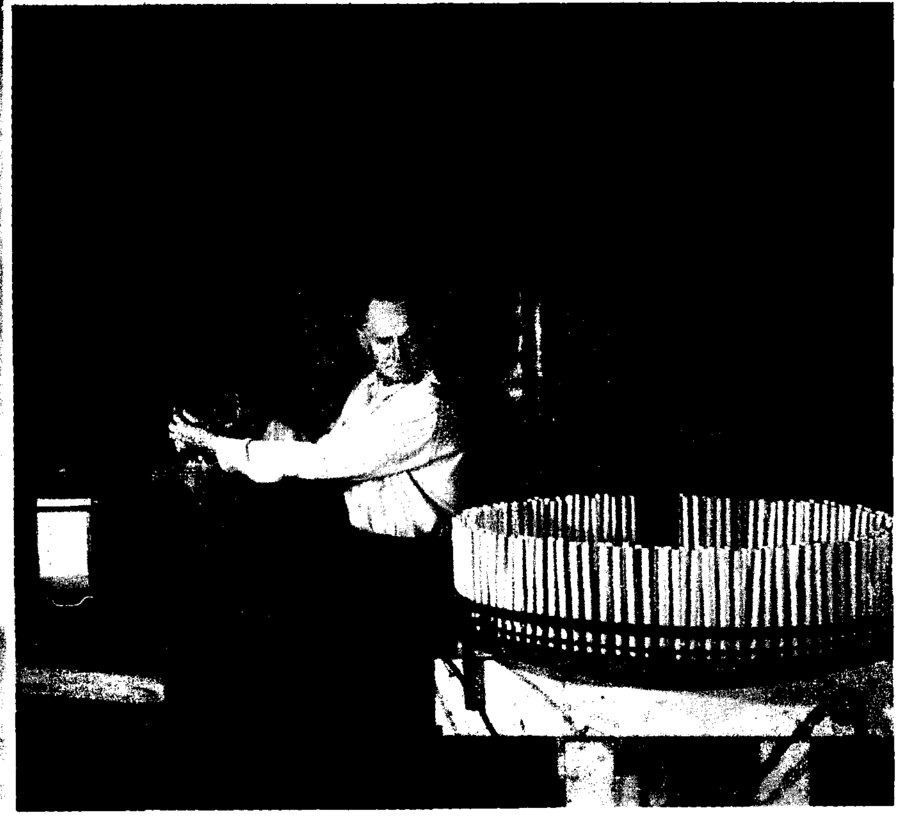
And the special wind tunnel in the mountains is almost a complete research center in itself for measuring the speed and spread of fire. In the tunnel, three- by 12-foot fuel beds, each containing a different forest wood, are then set up for test fires. Moisture content and temperature are varied and the woods are burned under wind speeds of from one to 15 miles an hour.

By simulating so perfectly actual forest-fire situations, research scientists at the University of California and elsewhere are gathering the most complete and accurate data ever compiled on wild-fire. Still, our knowledge is far behind the need, and research continues.

Meanwhile our forestry scientists already have been able to save the nation countless lives and dollars by fighting fire with fire. ▲▲▲

Below: Ready to test the heat intensity from burning pine sticks, Forest Service expert Wallace Fons adjusts instruments near fire wheel. Left: Ignited dowels are rotated on wheel to keep air and fire shape constant

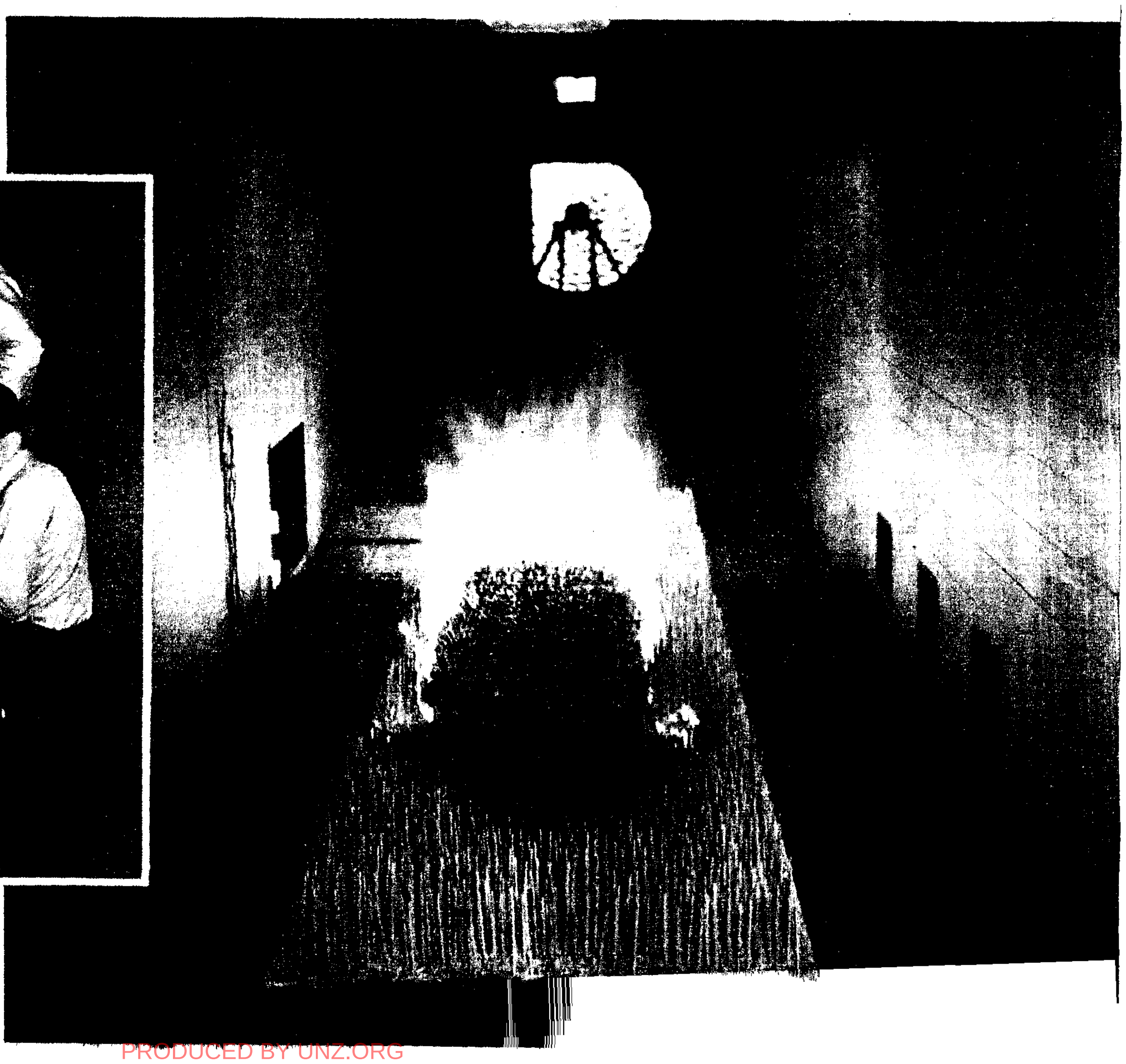




But scientists are now attacking the menace by fighting fire with fire in laboratories

Students and scientists study scale model to learn about fire behavior. Realistic blaze on previous pages actually is test fire on model

Below: Forest Service experts at University of California discuss results of controlled wind-tunnel fire at right. Scientists are (l. to r.): Charles Buck, Fons, the author Alva Neuns, Philip Intorf, Clive Countryman



The Dog that Caught a Husband

By ARTHUR GORDON

When a pretty girl and a man-hating dog go walking, somebody will be frustrated—maybe the girl, maybe the young man, but surely not the dog

SUMMER can be a lonely time in New York, Miranda Kent thought, sitting in the prim sanctuary of her room at the Ardsmore Apartment Hotel (for women only). She found it hard to keep her mind on her job, which was screening fiction for Constellation Films, but something kept distracting her—something rather like champagne bubbles in the blood stream.

She finished the last short story in a magazine, sighed, picked up a bulky novel still in galley proof, sighed again, put it down and went over to the window. It was most odd, this restlessness that had come upon her.

It was a brilliant morning. Herded by the wind, fat white clouds went gamboling across the bright blue sky.

Miranda turned away from the window, and her eye fell on the letter that had arrived from her Aunt Eleanor. *For Heaven's Sake*, wrote Aunt Eleanor, capitalizing all her nouns as usual, *take this Money and buy yourself a new Dress, and go out and catch a Man!* A check for fifty dollars lay beside the letter. Aunt Eleanor had caught several men in her long and active life and was convinced that it was the thing to do.

Miranda scuffed fretfully at a worn spot in the decorous Ardsmore carpeting. Fifty dollars would buy a very nice dress, it was true; but she already had several very nice dresses. Had they brought her into contact with any eligible young men? They had not.

A glittering town, New York, she thought, a fascinating, fantastic, fabulous town, but undoubtedly a lonely one. It had been three months now, since Miranda had left her home in Cicero Falls to storm these shining ramparts, and she hardly knew a soul.

Her job was partly to blame. It provided no real contacts. It was a good job, with an unlimited future. But this particular rung of the ladder was a lonely one, no doubt about that.

Miranda picked up Aunt Eleanor's check. Might as well go and cash it, she decided; maybe a walk would help her restlessness. She combed her hair and looked hopefully into the mirror. No one would mistake her for Rita Hayworth, perhaps, but her hair was just about the same color, and she had nice brown eyes and a nose that several gentlemen back in Cicero Falls had pronounced superlatively cute.

It was all very nice, as far as it went, but how could you catch a man when you didn't know any? You couldn't wink at them on the street, could you, or sidle up to them in bars? And if they winked at you, you were supposed to look haughtily in the other direction, weren't you? It was very puzzling, and a little sad.

She cashed the check, then walked slowly up Sixth Avenue toward the park. It would be nice, she thought, if on a day as sparkling as this she had a friend to lunch with, or even, she reflected ruefully, an enemy.

She passed the window of the pet shop, where usually there were some beguiling puppies or a kitten or two. Today the display consisted of some cross-eyed Siamese cats and a large red setter in a cage marked BARGAIN. He blinked at Miranda with melancholy amber eyes. He looked as if he had no one to lunch with either.

Miranda crossed Fifty-ninth Street and wandered into Central Park. On a green bench under a dogwood tree she spied a young man reading a newspaper—quite a

"Listen," said Miranda, "whatever it was you did to Terrence, you've got to undo it. Why, the way he is, he's no good to me at all!" "No?" Mr. Bryson said. "Why not?" "Why not? Why, I only bought him in the first place to attract—well, I mean—"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

Nice girls don't make pickups in the park,

personable young man. She hesitated. Then, blushing furiously, she sat down on the other end of the bench. He looked up, gave her a faint smile, went on reading.

Now what? thought Miranda. Do I whistle?

She had little time for reflection, because a girl came along, a tall brunette. She had a handsome Dalmatian on a leash, and Miranda saw with a kind of shock that she was dressed to match the dog, all in black and white.

The dog went straight up to the young man, sniffing and wagging his tail. "Oh, excuse us!" the girl said, tugging feebly on the leash.

"Quite all right," said the young man. "Say, that's a real dog you've got there! Hi, boy!"

"He's nice," the girl said, "but awfully strong. Why, at times I can hardly hold him."

"Let me walk along with you," said the young man. "I'll make him behave." And off they went.

Heavens! thought Miranda.

Four minutes later, she was back at the pet shop. A young man with merry eyes and a crew haircut came forward. "That setter in the window," panted Miranda. "How much is he?"

"Fifty dollars, miss," said the young man. And he added, "He's worth a great deal more."

"Would you show him to me, please?"

A shadow crossed the young man's face. "I'll ask Mr. Wilcox to serve you," he said.

MR. WILCOX, a dignified gentleman with silver hair, was glad to oblige. "Really, a fine specimen," he said as he let the big dog out of the cage. "Terrence of Fermanagh—that's his full name. He's got a pedigree a yard long."

"Aren't you selling him rather cheap?" asked Miranda.

"We are indeed," Mr. Wilcox said, "but we sold him once before when he was just a puppy, to a rich old lady on Park Avenue. She's rather an eccentric. She decided she didn't want Terrence and asked us to resell him, at a nominal price."

"He's not sick or anything, is he?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Wilcox. "He's in splendid health. Intelligent, too. Shake hands with the lady, Terrence."

Terrence offered a silky paw. Miranda took it and felt her heart melt. Besides, his coat exactly matched her hair. "I'll take him!" she said.

"A leash goes with him," said Mr. Wilcox, "and if you'll leave your address, I'll mail you his papers. You have a bargain."

Back toward the park went Miranda, feeling better already. Terrence paced gravely ahead of her, his coat shining like rubbed mahogany. Two young men hurrying along stared first at Terrence, then at Miranda. Their glances made her feel warm all over. Oh, this was an inspiration! Why hadn't she thought of it before?

At Fifty-ninth Street she hesitated, waiting for a break in the stream of traffic. She thought she saw one and started ahead, but a taxi hooted angrily. Instantly she felt a firm, restraining tug. Looking down, she saw Terrence holding the hem of her skirt and giving her a disapproving look. How sweet, thought Miranda; he doesn't want me to be killed. He loves me already!

She found a shade-dappled bench not far from the zoo, sat down on the sunny end, so that the golden light fell impartially on her hair and Terrence's coat, and waited. She didn't have to wait long. A debonair young man carrying a rolled umbrella came along, paused, smiled. "Do you know," he said, "that dog exactly matches your hair!"

"Does he?" Miranda said faintly.

"He certainly does," said the young man. "Hi, boy! Hi, fella!" He stretched out a hand and snatched it back just in time. With a sound like a bear trap closing, Terrence's jaws missed his fingers by perhaps an inch. "Gracious!" the young man gasped, turning pale. "Touchy, isn't he?" Not so debonairly, he hurried away.

"Terrence!" Miranda said, aghast. "What's wrong with you?"

Terrence wagged his tail to show that he did not include Miranda in his displeasure. Maybe, Miranda thought, this dog is psychic; maybe that young man was a bank robber, or something. She got up and walked to another bench, where an elderly gentleman was feeding some pompous-looking pigeons. Cautiously she sat down. So did Terrence. He looked at the pigeons with a benign and tolerant eye. When the old gentleman ventured to pat him, he offered no objection. But when a handsome young Marine came along and tried to make friends, Terrence nearly ate him alive.

"Terrence!" cried Miranda, as she watched the brave warrior vanish. "What are you *doing?*"

"Maybe he's protecting you," the old man said.

"But I don't want to be protected! And anyway, if that's it, why doesn't he protect me from you?"

"He knows I'm harmless, damn it!" said the old gentleman, and he stalked moodily away.

IN THE next hour Terrence made friendly overtures to several children, one middle-aged policeman, and one ancient park attendant. But he nearly devoured, in rapid succession, a sailor, a tree surgeon, and a prize fighter, who paused in his road work to admire Miranda.

It was a flushed and harassed Miranda who reappeared a little later in the pet shop. "This dog is crazy!" she said to Mr. Wilcox. "He hates every man he meets, every man under thirty-five, anyway! You've got to take him back!"

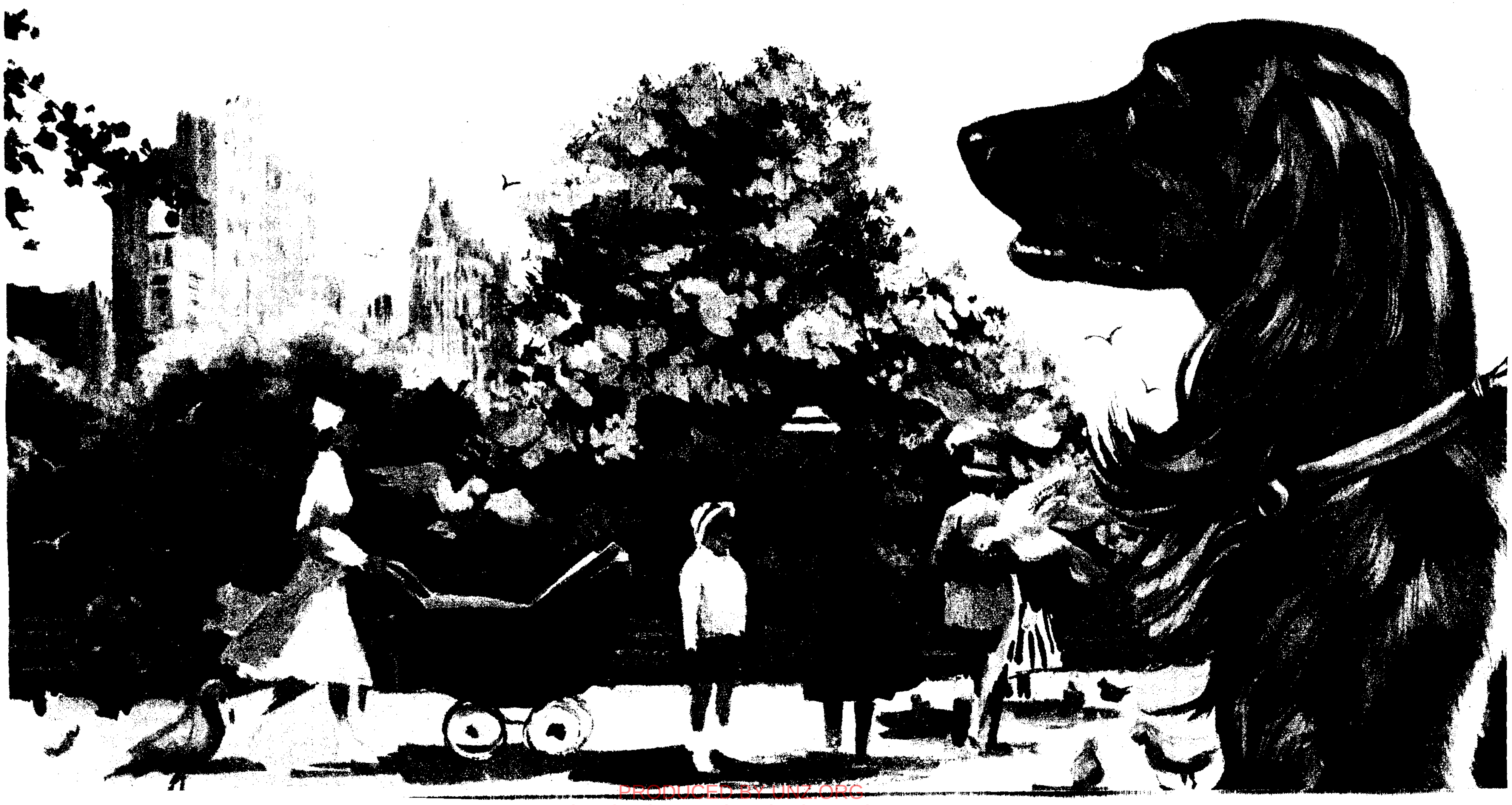
"I'm sorry, miss," said Mr. Wilcox, "but all sales are final. Oh, Mr. Belden! Will you attend to this—ah—complaint, please?"

Mr. Belden was the young man with the merry eyes and the crew haircut. He listened sympathetically, keeping a wary eye on Terrence. "I knew he didn't like *me,*" he said, "but I didn't know he hated everybody."

"Not everybody," Miranda snapped, "just young men. Also, he seems to think he has to escort me across every street we come to, by holding my skirt. I tell you, the dog is mad!"

"A mad dog?" said Mr. Belden with a shudder. "Oh, don't say that! Perhaps he just needs a good psychiatrist. Uh—by the way, you wouldn't consider having lunch with me, would you?"

"Lunch?" echoed Miranda, a strange light in her



but nice dogs do

eye. "No, I'm afraid not. But you've given me an idea. Thanks a lot."

Outside on the curb, with Terrence standing placidly beside her, she hailed a cab driven by an obvious septuagenarian. "The Bellinger Clinic," she said, and gave him the address.

She knew about the Bellinger Neurological Clinic because she passed it every time she took her reports to Constellation Films, Inc. There was a starched young woman at the reception desk.

"I'd like to see one of your doctors, please," Miranda said, while Terrence yawned hugely.

"Name and address?" asked the receptionist. "And could you tell me what the trouble is, please?"

"A neurosis, I think," said Miranda worriedly.

"If you'll just have a seat, I'll find out if Dr. Harrington can see you."

"He's not a very *young* doctor, is he?" asked Miranda anxiously.

The receptionist gave her an understanding smile. "He's a nice comfortable age," she said.

Dr. Harrington turned out to be fat and fortyish, with a quiet office and a long, leather-covered couch. He was somewhat startled when Miranda revealed the nature of her problem. But, as he admitted himself, a psychiatrist had to be ready for anything. He picked up a telephone and said, "Ask Dr. Merriwether to step in here, will you?"

Dr. Merriwether was a stalwart young man with jet-black hair and satanic eyebrows. "Try petting this dog, will you, Jim?" said Dr. Harrington.

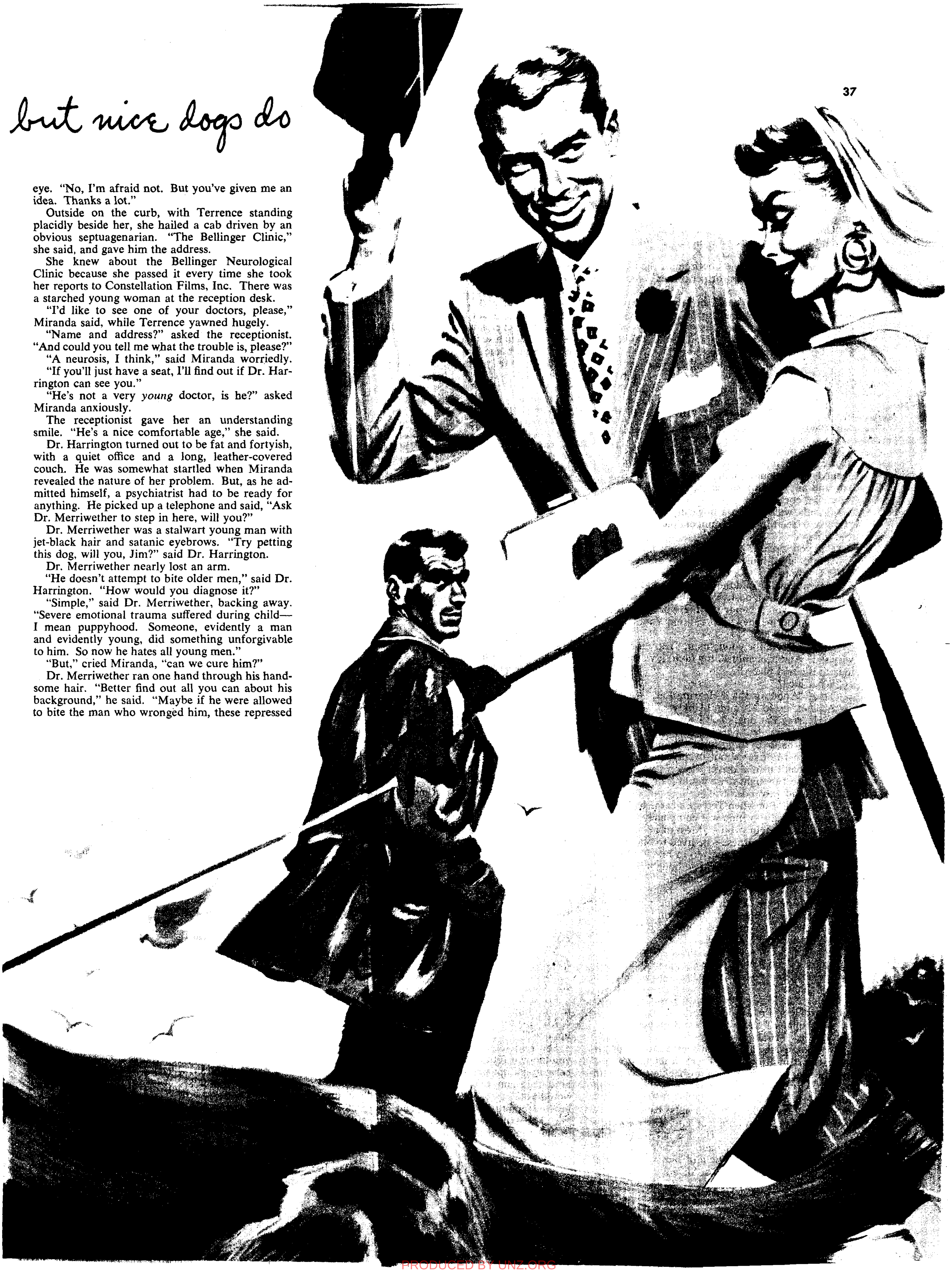
Dr. Merriwether nearly lost an arm.

"He doesn't attempt to bite older men," said Dr. Harrington. "How would you diagnose it?"

"Simple," said Dr. Merriwether, backing away. "Severe emotional trauma suffered during child—I mean puppyhood. Someone, evidently a man and evidently young, did something unforgivable to him. So now he hates all young men."

"But," cried Miranda, "can we cure him?"

Dr. Merriwether ran one hand through his handsome hair. "Better find out all you can about his background," he said. "Maybe if he were allowed to bite the man who wronged him, these repressed



emotions could be dissipated. Of course, there's always hypnosis"—*he looked doubtfully at Terrence*—"under the circumstances . . ."

"I'll do it!" said Miranda. "I'll find the man who was cruel to him, if it's the last thing I do. I'll bite him myself!"

"Good," said Dr. Merriwether, escorting her out into the hall, but staying carefully away from Terrence. "Ah—you're not free for dinner this evening, by any chance?"

"Until I get my dog straightened out," said Miranda, "I'm not free for anything. Thanks all the same. Come on, Terrence."

She found a telephone booth and called the pet shop. "Who is this dog's former owner?" she asked Mr. Belden.

"Why, it was Mrs. Van Campen," said Mr. Belden, "Mrs. Schuyler Van Campen, up on Park Avenue." And he gave the address.

"I've got to see her," Miranda said. "Will you keep Terrence while I go up there?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Belden, "if *you'll* put him back in his cage. By the way, aren't you getting hungry? We could still have a quick bite—"

"There have been enough quick bites already today," Miranda said. "Just have that cage ready."

FORTY minutes later she rang the bell of the Van Campen penthouse. The door was opened by a young man with sand-colored hair and an engaging smile. "Hello," he said, "come in, come in."

Miranda walked into a huge marble foyer. "I'd like to see Mrs. Van Campen, please," she told him.

"Can you scream?" asked the young man.

Miranda eyed him apprehensively and said, "Will I have to?"

"You sure will," said the young man. "Aunt Agatha is deaf as a post. Won't use a hearing aid. Maybe you'd better tell me what it's all about. I'm her nephew; just call me Van."

Miranda told him.

"Ah, yes," said the young man, "Terrence—very sad. And probably all my fault; it was my idea in the first place."

"What idea?"

"To get Aunt Agatha a Hearing Ear."

"A *what?*" said Miranda blankly.

"A Hearing Ear dog. You know, like a Seeing Eye, but for a deaf person," Van explained. "Aunt Agatha loves to go for walks, and she's almost been run over about twenty times, because she can't hear a driver blow his horn at her. And so I thought if we could train a dog . . ."

"Oh!" said Miranda.

"So we did. But when Terrence came back from the trainer, his disposition was completely changed. Liked to bite certain people. Most of all—I trust I say this without bitterness—he liked to bite me!"

"But what did this trainer do to him?" Miranda cried. "I've got to find out. I've bought Terrence, and now I'm stuck with him; anyway I love him!"

"It's easy to love a dog," the young man said severely, "when he bites only other people. I don't know what the trainer did. He's from Brooklyn."

"I'll have to go and see him," said Miranda. "Will you give me his address?"

"Glad to," said the young man, "if you'll give me yours. You know, it just so happens that I have two tickets for a concert tonight. You aren't free, by any chance?"

"Really," said Miranda, "until I solve this Terrence problem, I'm afraid . . ."

"Maybe later?" asked Mr. Van Campen.

"Maybe," Miranda said.

She took a subway to what seemed to be the remotest part of Brooklyn. There, after getting lost several times, she found a ramshackle house with a large yard and a sign saying, *Dogs Trained and Boarded—Thos. Bryson, Prop.*

She rang the bell, whereat a great barking arose inside the house. A moment later the door was opened by a young man. He was not particularly handsome. On the other hand, he didn't look particularly sadistic either. Behind him were several large dogs. They all looked at Miranda inquiringly.

"Are you the dog trainer?" she asked.

"Obviously," said the young man.

"May I talk to you?"

"Why not?" he said, opening the door wider and letting her into a room that was clearly bachelor quarters. He snapped his fingers and said, "Places, gentlemen." All the dogs arranged themselves in a circle and sat down. The young man pushed a chair toward Miranda. "Now then," he said, "what's on your mind?"

"I just bought a dog," said Miranda, "a dog named Terrence. He's got a terrible neurosis. And it's all your fault. I'm going to stay right here until I find out what horrible thing you did to him!"

"That would be nice," said Mr. Bryson, "because you'd stay for quite a while. We had lots of fun, Terrence and I. See this?" From the mantel he took a small horn. He pressed the bulb, and it hooted. "Never saw a dog learn so quickly. Trouble was, he had such a good time here that he didn't want to go home."

"But he bites people! Especially young men!"

Never had she met such
a conceited young man

"Naturally," said Mr. Bryson. "He's disappointed because they're not me."

Never, thought Miranda, had she met such a conceited man. "Listen," said Miranda, "whatever it was you did to Terrence, you've got to undo it. Why, the way he is, he's no good to me at all!"

"No?" Mr. Bryson said. "Why not?"

"Why not? Why, I only bought him in the first place to attract—I mean, when I go walking in the park, all I want is—" Miranda stamped her foot furiously. "What I mean is, I *like* young men, and Terrence—"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bryson. "Whatever is the world coming to?"

Miranda's face was as red as her hair. "You don't understand!" she said.

"Ah," said Mr. Bryson sympathetically, "but I *do!* I was in the Navy once myself."

Miranda felt as if she were on fire. "You've got to cure him!" she said.

Mr. Bryson sighed. "I can see that. Where is he now?"

She told him. "All right," he said. "I'll meet you there at four thirty. Door, Major." A big Doberman got up, went over to the door, stood on his hind legs and opened it. "You wouldn't think, would you," said Mr. Bryson, apparently addressing the empty air, "that anyone could stoop so low as to exploit a poor four-footed creature so as to make more pick-ups."

Every dog shook his head sadly. Miranda stamped out. . . .

She was *still* seething when she got back to her hotel. Not even the fact that there were two messages from Mr. Belden, three from Dr. Merriwether, and a dozen roses from Mr. Van Campen could soothe her. That oaf!—insulting her, when all she wanted was to help an unfortunate maladjusted dog. She'd show him! As soon as he got Terrence straightened out, she'd pick up the handsomest man in Central Park and walk out of Mr. Bryson's life forever. And then she went to the pet shop.

Mr. Bryson arrived at the same time. Terrence saw him from the window and almost tore his cage apart. When he was released, he jumped all over Mr. Bryson, yelping with joy. Mr. Bryson knelt down, scratched behind the dog's ears and called him all manner of appalling names.

Terrence closed his eyes with bliss.

"Go over and apologize to that gentleman," said Mr. Bryson, pointing to Mr. Belden, who was hovering nervously in the background.

Terrence bounded toward Mr. Belden, who looked as if he might faint. He took the man's limp hand in both paws and shook it.

"Well," said Mr. Bryson to Miranda, "I don't think you'll have any more trouble."

"I don't intend to," said Miranda grimly. "I will now go to the park with Terrence. You will follow at a discreet distance. If I need you, I'll call you, my good man."

She'd show him, all right.

Mr. Bryson shrugged his shoulders. "Just as you say. I've nothing else to do," he said.

Out into the park they went. Late sunlight gilded the grass and glinted on the leaves of the trees. Miranda walked regally beside Terrence. Mr. Bryson moped in the background.

Around a corner suddenly came a young man in a black Homburg and a gray flannel suit. He had a tiny blond mustache; he was really very pretty. He looked at Terrence, and he looked at Miranda. "Charming," he said, "but charming!"

"Thank you." Miranda fluttered her lashes.

"May I walk along with you?" the young man asked. "I *do* love dogs, especially setters."

"That would be nice," Miranda said.

MIRANDA kept a tight grip on the leash, but Terrence made no attempt to bite the young man. He merely looked at him with a certain disdain..

The young man took Miranda's arm. "Hasn't it been a wonderful day?" he said.

Miranda did not answer. She was discovering something odd. It had not distressed her in the least to say good-by to Mr. Belden; and parting from Dr. Merriwether, and even Mr. Van Campen, had left her quite cold. But something in her did not take kindly to the idea of leaving Mr. Bryson. Nevertheless she *was* leaving him—quite rapidly. The gap between them widened. Then, faintly but unmistakably, a horn blew.

Miranda stopped. She had to: Terrence was holding her skirt. The horn blew again. It sounded muffled, which was not surprising, since it was in Mr. Bryson's pocket. He came up to them and looked at Miranda's companion solicitously. "Is this lady annoying you, sir?" he said.

"Why, no!" said the young man. "Not at all!"

"I think she is," said Mr. Bryson firmly. "This dog will escort you to a safer place. Terrence!"

Terrence opened his jaws wide enough to frighten a shark. The young man gave him one stricken look and left.

"You know," said Mr. Bryson to Miranda, "I think you're a menace. I don't think you should be left at large. Besides, I have a wonderful idea."

"Idea?" Miranda said. Oh, she was thinking, how lucky I am to have a dog who's a Hearing Ear!

"We'll open a psychiatric clinic on Park Avenue for maladjusted dogs. We'll get Mrs. Van Campen to finance it. We'll be rich!"

"Why, Tommy!" cried Miranda, her eyes shining. "That's a marvelous idea! Let's go and look at the lake and talk about it. I'm starved!"

So off they went, hand in hand, with Terrence cavorting happily in front of them. He didn't so much as snap at a pigeon. —ARTHUR GORDON

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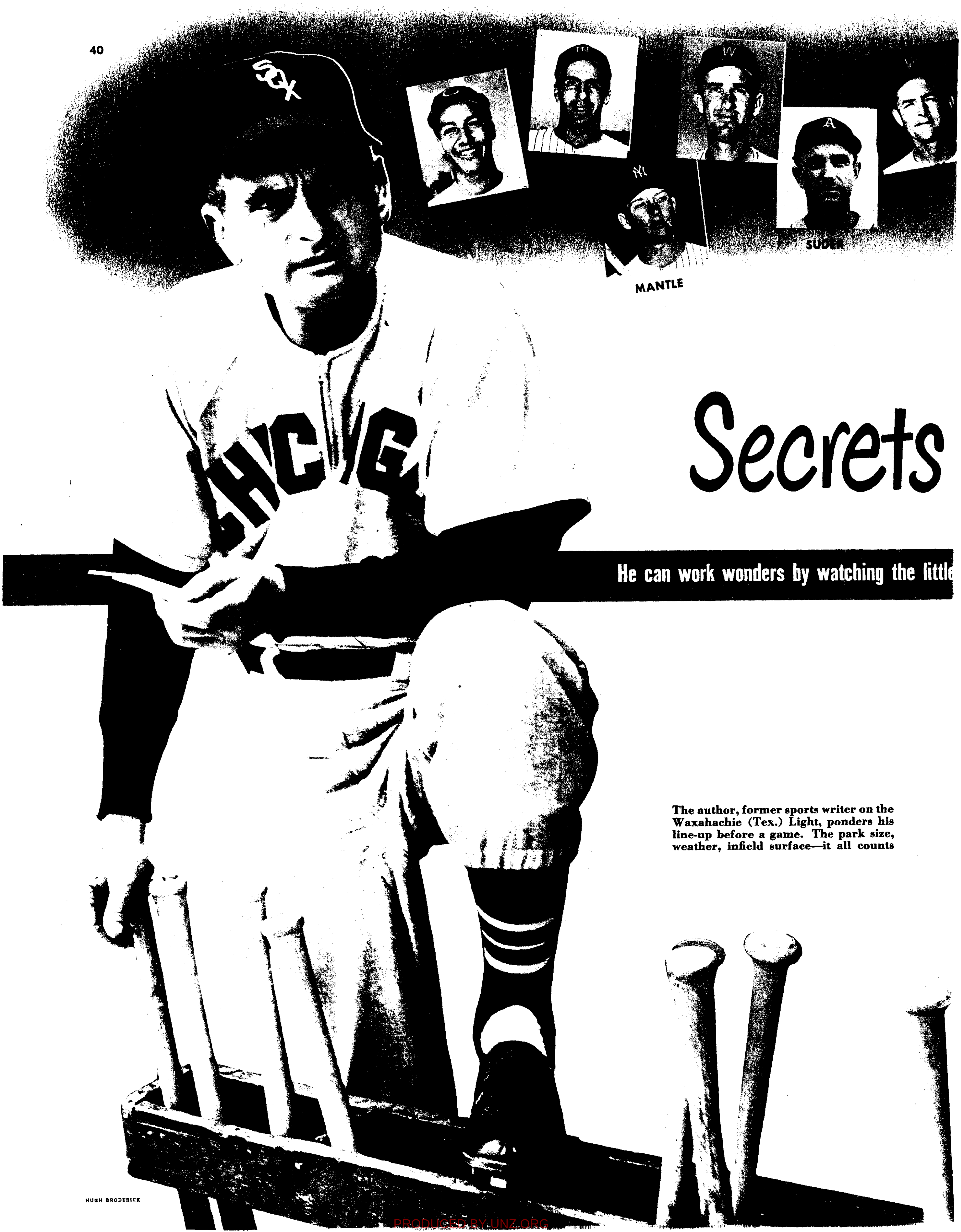


Secrets

He can work wonders by watching the littl

The author, former sports writer on the Waxahachie (Tex.) Light, ponders his line-up before a game. The park size, weather, infield surface—it all counts

HUGH BRODERICK

JENSEN
GOODMAN
KELL

# of a Baseball Manager

hings—neutralize Mantle's speed, make sluggers hit grounders, cut homers to doubles . . .

By PAUL RICHARDS

MANAGER, CHICAGO WHITE SOX

IT WAS one of those times when a baseball manager has to figure out all the angles. We were playing the Yanks at Chicago one day a few weeks ago, and leading them 6 to 5 in the ninth inning. But with one out, New York put two runners on base—and Mickey Mantle, one of the game's most dangerous hitters, was waiting to bat.

At that point, I saw a chance to put the law of averages to work for our side. I lifted our ace relief pitcher, Harry Dorish, and put in Saul Rogovin. To the fans, it must have looked like a simple move. But the mental gymnastics involved almost gave me a headache. See what I had to consider, all in the space of just a few seconds:

Ordinarily, Dorish is the man you want in there to protect a one-run lead. Harry throws a fast ball that's a natural sinker, and most hitters beat that sinker right into the ground. But not Mantle; Mickey's a great low-ball hitter. So I yanked Dorish.

Next problem: Rogovin and Gene Bearden were at work in the Chicago bull pen—the first a big right-hander with a good fast ball and a great curve, the second a smart southpaw with a good curve and an exasperating knuckle ball. Which one should I send against Mantle?

Well, Mickey's a switch hitter, batting about equally well from either side of the plate. Against the left-handed Bearden, Mantle would bat right-handed because that way Bearden's curve would break toward Mantle, making it easier to hit. Ordinarily, we'd have a slight edge with Mickey hitting righty because he'd be a step farther from first base—and a split second longer getting there. When Mantle hits right-handed there's a slim chance of getting him on a double play, but he's too fast to double up when he bats from the left side.

So there was a point in Bearden's favor.

But there was a point against Gene, too. Bearden's not fast enough to strike Mickey out; Mantle was sure to get his bat on the ball, and that might mean trouble. On the other hand, Rogovin has the speed to whiff Mickey—and a strike-out is always worth trying for when Mantle's at bat (last year he fanned 111 times, tying Larry Doby for the highest total in the league), particularly if you pitch high, fast and inside.

Then again, Yogi Berra, another tough hitter, would follow Mantle. Suppose Mickey got on—who had the best chance to stop Berra? Yogi's another left-handed batter, and Bearden's curve would break away from him. Fine. But Berra's weakness is a high pitch, and Rogovin had the control to put the ball where Yogi might go for it—and, perhaps, the speed to strike him out.

It all added up to Rogovin, so I put in Saul and crossed my fingers. A few minutes later, they were crossed so hard they hurt: Rogovin walked Mantle. But then the strategy paid off. Berra struck out, Billy Martin flied out to end the game, and we won, 6 to 5.

I was a genius, sure.

But suppose all that planning had misfired. Sometimes it happens that way and you do not feel like a genius.

You feel—well, the way Yankee manager Casey Stengel felt one unhappy afternoon during the 1935 season when he was managing the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Dodgers had been beaten by a ninth-inning home run before a stunned home-town crowd in Ebbets Field, and after the game Casey went straight to a barbershop for a shave. As the barber was stropping his razor, Stengel waved an admonishing finger.

"Friend," warned Casey, "take good care not to cut my throat. I may want to do that myself after dinner."

As that story indicates, managing a big-league ball club can be a worrisome occupation even when you're playing at home. But when you take a ball club on the road for a long trip, that's when your ulcers really start popping.

There's one axiom a manager never forgets: in baseball, it's the little things that count. If a manager can learn enough little things—about his own players and the 175 others in the league—he doesn't have to worry about the big decisions. They generally take care of themselves.

Right now we're starting a road trip that's a beaut. I'll be adding little things on my fingers until my knuckles ache. After leaving Chicago on July 27th, we make successive stops at Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland and Detroit. When, at last, we come back home for a double-header against the St. Louis Browns

In Washington, Chisox pitchers change undershirts in the sixth. There's a reason

on August 18th, we will have taken on every club in the league in 22 days. What if you were managing the White Sox on this trip in place of that fellow named Paul Richards? Here are some of the little things you'd have to think about:

First, and most important, you would set a rotation plan for your starting pitchers. Baseball's smartest managers have always insisted that pitching accounts for 75 per cent of a team's success. So you can figure on spending at least three fourths of your time worrying about your pitchers.

How Often Should They Pitch?

Some have stronger arms than others: three of your starters, Saul Rogovin, Joe Dobson and Virgil Trucks, need four full days of rest between assignments, while Billy Pierce and Gene Bearden and most of the younger hurlers can get by with only three days' rest.

But you don't want to pitch Rogovin in Philadelphia (Saul just isn't effective against the A's) and you don't want to use Dobson against the Yanks in New York (same reason). On the other hand, you want to have your left-handers—especially Pierce—ready for lots of work in New York because a left-hander has a better chance of checking the Yankees' predominantly left-handed power hitters—especially Gene Woodling, Yogi Berra, Joe Collins and Johnny Mize. A southpaw also will force switch hitter Mickey Mantle to bat right-handed; when he does that, he pulls toward left field, and in Yankee Stadium the left-field fence is a more difficult target for home runs than the one in right, which is a little closer.

But you will lean heavily on your right-handed pitchers for that opening series in Boston. They have a better chance of keeping the right-handed Red Sox sluggers like Hoot Evers, George Kell, Sammy White and Dick Gernert from lofting homers over that 315-foot left-field wall in Fenway Park, one of the easiest home-run targets in the league.

On the basis of all those considerations, you start figuring out your rotation of pitchers. But wait. How about night games?

Whenever possible, you want to work Rogovin and Trucks at night. Saul has a *straight overhand fast ball* which makes him especially tough under the lights. Bob Wilson, who usually catches Rogovin, says, "Saul's pitches seem to come right down out of the glare of the lights in deep center field. It's a tough pitch for the batters to follow, especially since Saul has a good change-up and varies speed cleverly."

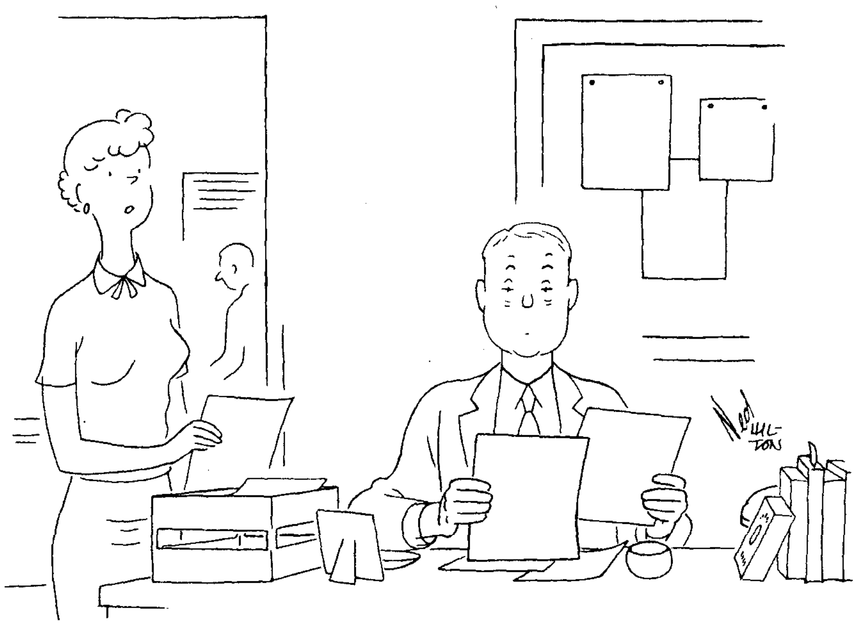
Trucks, who came to us last month along with third baseman Bob Elliott in the trade which sent pitcher Lou Kretlow and catcher Darrell Johnson to the St. Louis Browns, is another fine night pitcher. He's got tremendous speed. When he's also got control, he'll overpower any hitter. Nobody, absolutely nobody, can hit Trucks's high fast ball. The best the other clubs can do is wait him out and hope he'll either tire or lose control; then they start swinging when he has to come in lower with his fast ball.

There's one happy fact about Trucks: although he's right-handed, he likes to throw against the Yanks. He fired a no-hitter at them in New York last summer, and came through with a six-hit, 11 to 3 win over Allie Reynolds in a night game a few weeks ago on his first trip to New York with our ball club.

Besides keeping some of your pitchers ready for night games, you want to pick a pitcher with exceptionally good control to work the afternoon games *following* the night games. On our club, Mike Fornieles or Sandy Consuegra would be good choices.

Nobody ever explained the reason for this strategy better than Chico Carrasquel, our Venezuelan shortstop.

"After night game," says Chico, "hitters hungry. Eat big meal—then no sleep until maybe three o'clock in morning. They wake up almost noon and come out to park eyes half shut. Hard to hit in sunlight with eyes half shut. On afternoon after night game, other team lucky to make five-six hits. So smart manager no start wild man who give other team maybe six-eight walks. Six hits don't beat you if pitcher walks hardly nobody. But if other team make six hits and pitcher give eight walks, that's all. You beat."



COLLIER'S "Of course you don't smell bacon frying, you're at the office already" NED HILTON

BUTCH

"The other one is still thought to be lurking about the grounds. Search cautiously. He may be dangerous"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Actually, you plan at least a week ahead to get up a sound rotation for your starting pitchers. You start Rogovin against the Red Sox in Chicago on July 23d, so Saul will have four full days of rest before he throws against the Red Sox again in the night game opening the Eastern trip on July 28th.

Boston is a nightmare town for visiting managers. You never feel safe there, even when you've got a six-run lead. You never play safe there, either. In Boston, you gamble for the big inning—four runs or more.

The big-inning psychology is dictated by that high, short, left-field wall in Fenway Park, which runs across the field almost in a straight line, instead of falling back away from the foul line, as the fences do in most ball parks. The Red Sox line-up has always been loaded with right-handed sluggers who rattle extra-base hits off that wall.

Basically, you've got three hitting problems in Boston: infielders George Kell and Billy Goodman of the Red Sox—and left-fielder Minnie Minoso of your own White Sox.

Kell and Goodman are smart, poised veterans who get their share of hits off any pitcher. You can't stop them completely, but you can give them low breaking stuff and hope they'll hit into the dirt rather than over the fence.

As for Minoso, the trick is to make him forget he's in Boston. Minoso is our No. 1 right-handed slugger. You'd think Minnie would fatten his batting average in Boston, but he doesn't. And nobody knows what's wrong better than Minoso himself.

"Some right-handers pull hitters," says Minnie. "Pull every hit to left field. Me no pull hitter. Me just swing. Sometime hit goes to right field. Other times center field. Other times left field. In Boston, fence so close I almost throw bat and hit it, so I try pull ball over fence. I change swing. Instead home run, I pop up."

Hurlers for Red Sox Series

After spotting Rogovin at night in the opener of the series, you come back with Fornieles the next afternoon. With Fornieles' control, he won't walk too many Red Sox. In the third game, you probably start Trucks, a right-hander who can keep his fast ball pretty much out of home-run trouble.

The move from Boston to Washington on July 31st calls for a complete switch in strategy. Unlike the Red Sox the Senators are not a big-inning ball club. They don't score much, but then you don't score much on them, either. The reason is that they've got a tremendously fast trio of outfielders—Gil Coan, Jim Busby and Jackie Jensen—working in a commodious park. The left-field fence in Washington is 408 feet from home plate. I'd estimate that at least half of the high flies that bounce off the wall for extra bases in Boston would be easy put-outs in the Washington ball park.

So you play for one run in Washington. If your lead-off batter gets on base, you bunt him to second and hope for a single to drive him home.

The Senators most likely to give you trouble at the plate are Jensen and first baseman Mickey Vernon. Jensen has a great eye and good power: he hits all types of pitching hard. Vernon is a solid hitter and a deceptively efficient

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The unreasoning terror that may follow an A-bomb blast can do more damage than the bomb itself. The U.S. boss of Civil Defense tells why

SILVER ROCK

By LUKE SHORT

A modern-day action serial by America's favorite writer of Westerns—set against a raw mining-town background

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Flies are tougher and smarter than ever. Man needs new weapons to keep 'em at bay. Can we meet the challenge?

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You throw Pierce against Lemon—and get an extra advantage

base runner. Mickey doesn't try to steal often, and you're apt to forget about him. Then, when a stolen base means the ball game, he goes for it and generally gets it. I think he's the most underrated base runner in the league.

There's another Washington ballplayer who's widely overlooked: Pete Runnels, the Senators' young shortstop. He's a superb fielder—a quiet workman who seldom turns in a spectacular play because he studies the hitters and is always in the right spot at the right time.

In the night opener against the Senators, you start left-handed Billy Pierce. Like Rogovin, he is tough under the lights. He mixes a lively fast ball with a good change-of-pace pitch and a fast curve. This ability to change speed gives him an advantage at night, when the hitters' reactions are a bit slower.

You follow up, the next afternoon, with right-handed Sandy Consuegra, for sentimental and practical reasons. Consuegra is an ex-Senator with a burning desire to lick his former teammates. He's also a smart control pitcher who knows how to make those wide-open spaces in Griffith Stadium work for him. When Sandy's got good control, your outfielders have a busy and profitable afternoon running down long fly balls.

In the other two games of the series, if the weather's hot—as it usually is in Washington—you may start Rogovin and Fornieles. However, if the weather cools, you might switch a starting assignment to Dobson. Dobson's a fine pitcher in the spring or fall, but he wilts in summer heat.

Outwitting Washington Humidity

Speaking of heat, your pitchers will feel better if they change undershirts after working five innings against the Senators. On a humid day in Washington, an undershirt soaks up so much sweat that it actually gains enough extra weight to weary a pitcher. Also, if the temperature cools a bit in the late innings—as it may, especially at night—a pitcher wearing a sweat-soaked undershirt may suffer a chill resulting in a sore arm. White Sox pitchers change undershirts midway through all night games, but Washington and St. Louis are the only towns where our pitchers also do it during day games.

Next stop: Philadelphia. Again your strategy changes with the size of the ball park. In Washington, your pitchers throw lots of shoulder-high stuff, forcing the batters to loft long fly balls to your outfielders. However, you can't throw high stuff to the hard-hitting Athletics in their smaller Connie Mack Stadium. If you do, Gus Zernial, Eddie Robinson, Cass Michaels or Dave Philley will slam a high fly for a home run. So your pitchers must concentrate on low breaking stuff to minimize the home-run danger. Besides, the A's sluggers are slow-footed; if you make them hit into the ground, your infield can lay back deep and still throw them out.

There's one exception. Shortstop Eddie Joost is a good low-ball hitter, so pitch him above the belt, outside.

Incidentally, when the White Sox traded Robinson to the A's last winter, I predicted he'd be a much greater home-run threat than he ever was in Chicago. Robinson, a left-handed hitter, often pulls fly balls down the right-field foul line. Last year, at Chicago, at least 25 of those looping down-the-line drives stayed fair until just before they landed in foul territory in the right-field stands, about 350 feet from the plate. In Philadelphia, the foul-line pole is only about 330 feet from home; if Robinson had hit those 25 fly balls in Connie Mack Stadium, many of them might have been homers, or at least doubles. When the 1953 season was 10 weeks old, Robinson's home-run total was the same as his 1952 score for the same period, but he's a late starter, and that total should soar by the season's end.

While you're in Philadelphia, by the way, you caution your pitchers to work extra hard on the A's Pete Suder, who invariably hits well over his normal .250 average against the White Sox. (And if you can figure out the answer to that one, please tell *me* about it.)

Next you move into New York for a three-game series. You hear a lot about those big Yankee sluggers, but remember this: the Yankee who's most apt to beat you in any one ball game is little Phil Rizzuto. He'll beat you with clutch plays at shortstop, and he'll beat you with his hitting.

Sure, the others have more power than Rizzuto. But you've always got a good chance to strike Mantle out. Berra occasionally lunges for a high pitch and pops out. Mize is the best low-ball hitter in the game, but Johnny may not hurt you too much if you pitch him high, wide and fast.

Rizzuto doesn't strike out like Mantle; he doesn't pop up on bad pitches like Berra; he doesn't wait for that low pitch like Mize. If you put that ball over the plate, Phil will do enough to it to bring a runner home from third virtually every time. On a low pitch, Phil may bunt the runner home (he's the best bunter in the majors) or he may slash a hard grounder through the infield. If you pitch him high, he can drive a deep fly ball on which the runner can score after the catch.

Hitting power is only a part of the Yanks' success story. Primarily, they win because they have the strongest and deepest pitching staff in the American League, and good pitching can't be beaten except by better pitching.

To lick the Yanks, you've got to lick Allie Reynolds, baseball's top clutch pitcher; Whitey Ford, who may soon be the winningest southpaw since Lefty Grove; Vic Raschi and Johnny Sain, two strong right-handers; and Ed Lopat. Maybe you've read that Lopat throws nothing but slow junk, but don't you believe it. Lopat has a sneaky fast ball which keeps the hitters off stride for his exasperating variety of curves and half-speed pitches. If he didn't have that fast ball, he'd be ineffective, despite his world of slow stuff and pitching savvy.

Three Who Can Steal on Berra

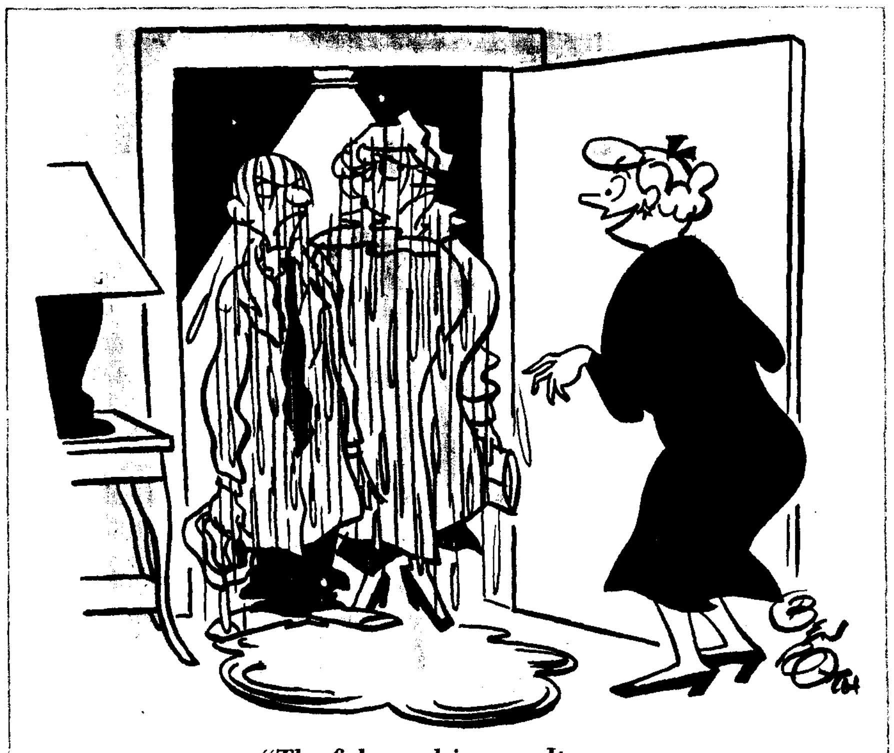
The best weapon the White Sox can employ against the Yanks is speed on the bases. Minoso and Jim Rivera can steal against Berra. So can Nellie Fox.

The schedule permits a day off before you move in on the Indians at Cleveland. Chances are you'll need the breather because your pitchers probably worked overtime in New York.

At this stage of the race, with Cleveland and Chicago battling for a top spot, you can depend on Cleveland manager Al Lopez to have his three top pitchers—Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia and Early Wynn—primed to start.

Of course, you started your aces—Rogovin, Trucks and Pierce—in the vital New York series, but you're forced to come right back with them against the Indians, even though Rogovin seldom hits peak performance unless he has at least four days between assignments. Also, you'll try to juggle your staff so that Pierce opposes Lemon. That's because of one of those little things you're always watching for: Lemon, who bats lefty, is a fine hitter for a pitcher—but he slumps against southpaws. If you can maneuver Pierce against him, you may, in effect, eliminate one good batter from the Cleveland line-up.

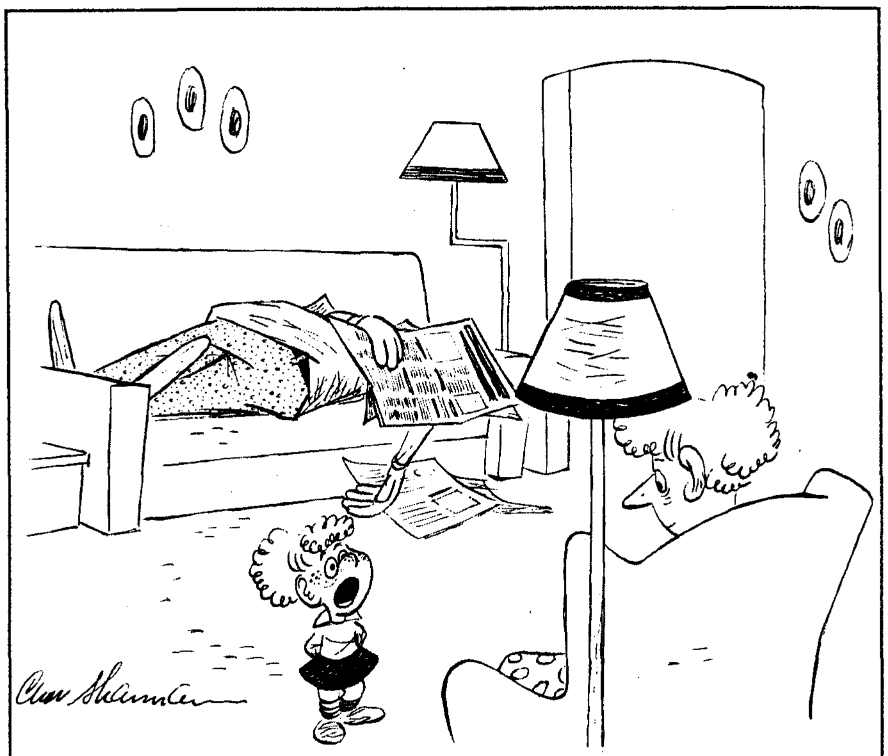
Cleveland's power is generated by Luke Easter, Larry Doby, Al Rosen and Bobby Avila. Easter and Doby are left-handed pull hitters, so you try to neu-



COLLIER'S

"The fish pond *is* new. It was nice of you folks to notice!"

BEN ROTH



"I told Daddy it wasn't good for him to read with the paper so close to his eyes, but he didn't pay any attention to me!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES SHARMAN

tralize their power with breaking stuff on the outside of the plate (which they'll have trouble pulling toward right field). Rosen and Avila are good right-handed hitters with no real weaknesses. You move the ball around on them—keep them from getting set for any one pitch. Rosen has remarkably sharp reflexes. You never give him a slow ball because he can check his swing at the last moment and clobber a change of pace. And here's a warning: Avila is almost as good a bunter as Rizzuto, so watch him. He'll even bunt with two outs.

From Cleveland, you hop over to Detroit, where the Tigers can be troublesome any time big Walt Dropo has a hot day at the plate. The way to handle Dropo, a right-handed slugger, is to prevent him from pulling the ball to left field. You've got to keep the ball on the outside of the plate for Dropo. But the big guy is smart. If you throw too many outside pitches, he'll crowd the plate and pull an outside pitch to left. So keep him loosened up and backed away from the plate with occasional fast-breaking curves, inside.

Finally you come back to Chicago for a twi-night double-header against the St. Louis Browns on August 18th. Like the A's, the Browns are long on power, but short on speed. So you pitch them low stuff, allowing your infielders to lay back, scoop up grounders and throw a lot of Brownies out at first base.

Outfielder Vic Wertz is the only Brown who can lift a low pitch off the ground with real power. You throw curves at Wertz and try to keep your fast stuff above his belt.

Incidentally, you're much better off playing the Browns in Chicago than in St. Louis, for several reasons. First, the Browns have more left-handed power hitters than the White Sox have. In Busch Stadium at St. Louis, where the right-field fence is only 310 feet away, the Brownie power hitters pose a constant home-run danger. But they're not a serious threat in Chicago's spacious Comiskey Park, where both the left- and right-field stands are 352 feet from home plate at the foul line.

Second, the baked and bumpy infield surface at Busch Stadium is the worst in the major leagues. Infielders must be alert for all sorts of weird hops, so your strategy of making the Browns hit grounders sometimes backfires.

Of course, you're always better off playing at home. The White Sox, like any other big-league team, have tried to obtain players who figure to operate most efficiently in the big Chicago ball park; after all, we play 77 games there every year, and only 11 in each of the other American League cities.

Fain Hits Better in Big Park

That's why we traded Robinson for first baseman Ferris Fain last winter. Fain is the kind of hitter who figures to do well in a big park. He slices sharp line drives to all parts of the field. If he slices a liner to right center or left center, the ball has a good chance of rolling between the fielders to the wall for extra bases.

Also, just as Robinson figures to hit more homers in the A's Connie Mack Stadium, Fain will hit more of them in Comiskey Park. Sure, he's never been rated a power hitter, and it's true that the Chicago field is larger than the one in Philly. But it's not as crazy as it sounds, and Fain has already proved it.

A few weeks ago, for example, Fain helped beat the Yankees with a ninth-inning three-run homer that would have been only a double in Philadelphia. Fain's homer was a line drive that went into the lower right-field stands, 375 feet away. In Philadelphia it would have bounced off the right-field fence, which is higher than ours, for a two-bagger. In the first ten weeks of this season, Ferris hit five home runs—compared with two for all of last year—and three of them were in Chicago.

Of course, you can't play at home all the time, but a team tailored for your own park means the percentages are working for you. If you can break a little better than even on the road, you may be able to pile up the victories when you return. So far as baseball managers are concerned, the adage that travel is broadening doesn't make much sense, but there's another saying that makes plenty: Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. ▲▲▲

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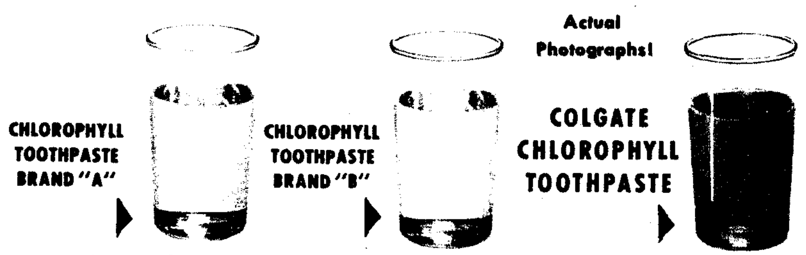
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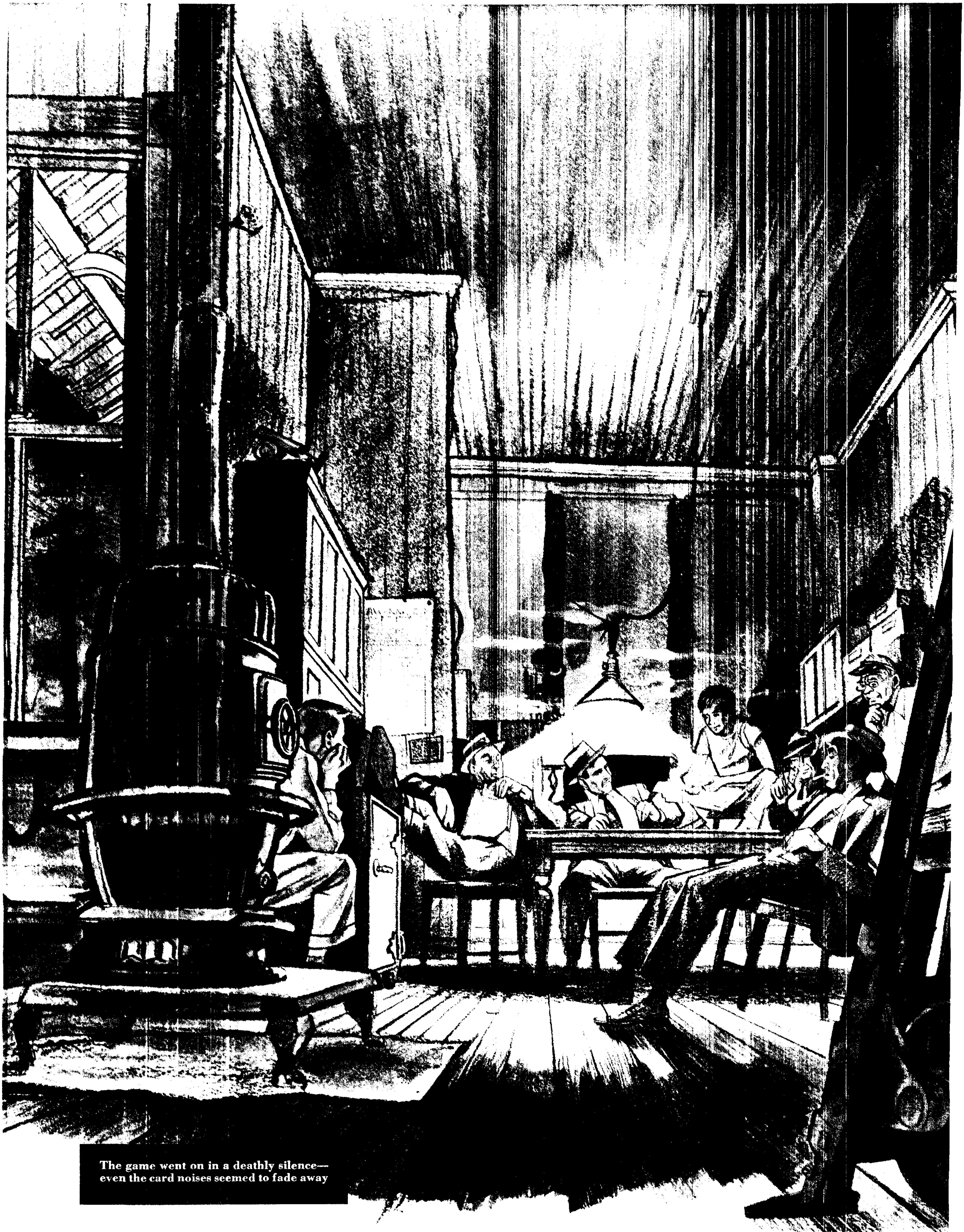


The game went on in a deathly silence—
even the card noises seemed to fade away

BLOOD MONEY

By DAVID KARP

I never expected to see Quaker alive after that poker game in the station seventeen years ago. But I did—he was still scared stiff

SEVENTEEN years ago the wildest card game I've ever seen took place in the railway station of a small town named Farragut in upstate New York. I had seen the game begin, but I had not seen it end; and so far as I knew there were only two people in the world who did know how it ended.

At the county courthouse a few weeks ago I saw one of the players—Quaker Ames.

Seeing Quaker walking down the marble corridor of the courthouse shocked me as thoroughly as if I had seen him walking briskly out of a cemetery, dusting his clothes off as he walked. You see, for seventeen years I had assumed that Quaker was dead, and I had good reason to assume it, damned good reason.

He was wearing a clean but frayed camel's-hair coat, and he looked taller and more dapper, in a sort of freshened, secondhand way, than I remembered him. But he was still the same skinny Quaker; beardless, sharp, with eyes that were half crazy, half cunning, and with all the alert intelligence of a blue-eyed loon.

"Hello, Quaker," I said, and his eyes darted at me.

"Hi, Hugh," he said, recognizing me at once and relaxing slightly. He gave my hand a curiously distinctive Quaker Ames handshake. There was no pressure, just the briefest contact of palms. He pulled his thin, hairless hand back quickly, and it went to a flower in his coat lapel.

"I thought you were dead, Quaker."

"Live and kicking, Hugh. Live and kicking."

"Want to drop in somewhere for a drink? We could talk," I said. It sounded foolish to my ears the moment it came out of my mouth. What on earth were we going to talk about? Farragut, New York? Nothing had ever happened there—nothing at all except the card game, a game in which one man had taken the bet on another man's life.

"Okay," Quaker said, after consulting his wrist watch. He turned sharply and stepped around on my left and grasped my elbow, as if he were taking me someplace.

In the bar across the street from the courthouse, Quaker made a particular point of getting a seat with his back to the wall, so that he could face the front door of the bar. He kept his coat buttoned and his hat on and looked at me strangely as he drew his flower up to his nostrils and sniffed deeply, luxuriously at it.

"You know, Quaker, I've often wondered what happened to you in that game in Farragut," I said, deciding to get to the point at once. Quaker's half-smile disappeared, and his lips came together for an instant. "Did Scolario ever try to collect, Quaker?" I asked. I brought out my cigarettes, and Quaker reached for one as casually as if the pack were his own. "Did he?" I persisted.

"That big bum," Quaker said, and lighted his cigarette. It was only the second time in my life that I had seen Quaker smoke a cigarette. The first time was on the night of the big game.

HE WAS only fifteen years old at the time, and I don't think he'd ever smoked a cigarette before that. That's why I was so surprised that night when he picked up a cigarette Scolario had lighted and put down in an ash tray. It was Scolario's cigarette, and picking it up was a supremely confident gesture, for a fifteen-year-old boy anyway. Thinking about it later I decided it was a supremely crazy gesture for anyone, fifteen years old or fifteen hundred years old. Scolario was as deadly-looking as a puff adder.

In 1936, Farragut, New York, existed purely because of an accidental confluence of the Lackawanna Railroad and a small river in the central part of the state. There was no other reason for the town. And since there was no other reason for

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

the town, reasonable people didn't live there. Except for the stationmaster, "Uncle" Ames, who was a white-haired old drunk, and my father, who was a doctor and not considered a reasonable man by anyone (particularly by my mother), and a few other shadowy people, there wasn't much more to the town than the station, the Railway Express office and a drugstore, where you used to be able to buy bootleg liquor.

It was bootleg liquor that kept Farragut going before repeal. There was a fashionable summer town twenty miles away, and people used to drive up all the time for liquor. When repeal came along, Farragut got respectable and died. My father and mother stayed on with the corpse.

No one knew where Quaker came from or when he first showed up, but everyone knew he got his name from gambling. Quaker was a skinny, ferret-faced child who knew more about craps, cards and gambling than any adult in town. He played constantly with a greasy deck of cards, with such immense authority that he used to scare people—grownups, that is.

UNCLE AMES took care of him, and he slept in the station on a cot behind the ticket window. When he played cards or craps he was terrifying—wild-eyed and shrill-voiced. When you drew a card in poker he'd flip it part way to you, *his eyes furious* with excitement, and he'd scream, "Draw and quake! Draw and quake!" In craps he used to harass the shooter with the cry, "Roll and quake! Roll and quake!" When Quaker and I played cards I invariably lost, because he was a wild, uncontrollable player who bluffed down to his last cent. The intensity with which he played rattled me. He could look as feverish over a pair as over a royal flush. I never knew what he had in his hand, because his face and body used to churn constantly with excitement, and he'd bet into anything.

It was odd to see him playing anyone and everyone who happened to pass along. He regularly broke the farm hands who passed through Farragut on their way to other places for Saturday-night amusement. Once Uncle Ames found him pale and crumpled under the station's loading platform. He was brought to my father's house with two broken ribs and forty dollar-sized bruises on his body, which indicated that he had been cold-bloodedly and systematically kicked senseless. My father discovered the reason for the beating when Quaker was stripped. Tightly held under one arm was a neat, flat bundle of stained, limp bills: one hundred and twenty dollars.

"I won 'em," he explained hoarsely to my father. "They wanted them back—the bums."

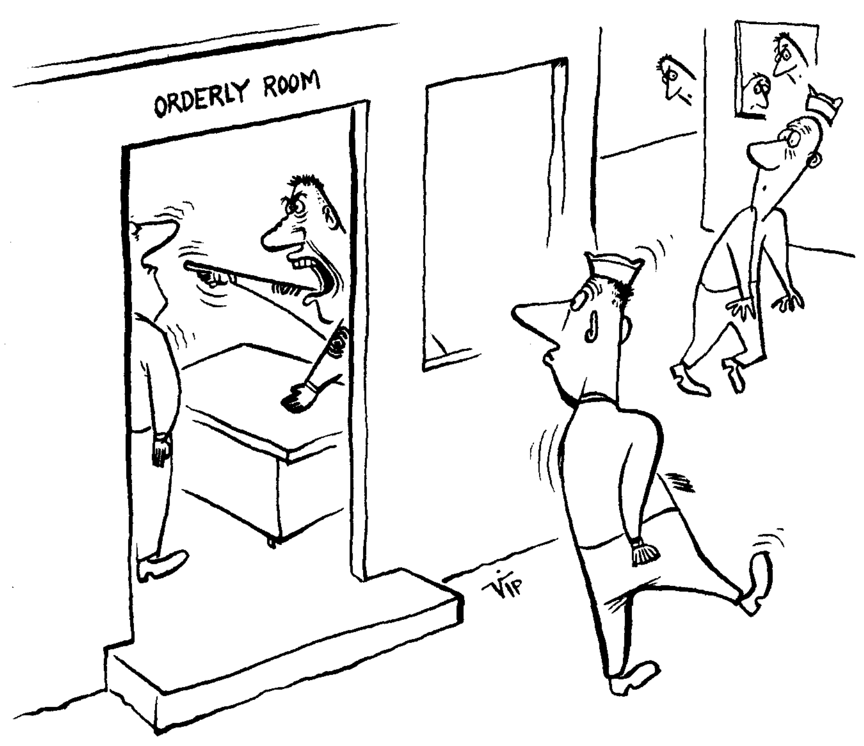
My father shook his head, and when he told Uncle Ames the reason for the beating, Uncle Ames craftily went out and had a three-thousand-dollar life insurance policy made out on Quaker's life, with himself as the beneficiary.

My mother, when she heard what he'd done, thought it was the most cold-blooded thing she had ever heard of in her life. But Uncle Ames defended himself with what my father thought were valid reasons. "After all, I fed and clothed the boy and raised him, and if anything should happen to him, I know he wouldn't want to go out of this world to his Maker as a plain, common ingrate."

Quaker himself was tremendously pleased when he learned about the policy. It finally arrived from Hartford, a heavy, beautifully embossed document that was intricately folded, and that measured a solid inch thick when all of its pleats were pressed together. The names of the insured and the beneficiary and the amount of the insurance were hand-lettered by someone who must have been the last Spencerian penman in Hartford. Quaker's last name was Ames on the policy, and that was Uncle Ames's only formal declaration of adoption.

Quaker couldn't get over the idea that he was worth three thousand dollars, and when he discovered that I had no insurance policy at all on my life, I think he began for the first time to feel important. "Three thousand bucks," he crowed, and his chest swelled visibly. His pride became a gorgeously insufferable thing after that. And I know it was his pride and his little, green-pea gambler's heart that got him into the big game just before Christmas of 1936.

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "You're fired!" VIRGIL PARTCH

For about a year before that Christmas, a car would show up at the Farragut station, and two, three, sometimes four men would get out. They all wore expensive clothes, and they all looked vaguely alike—swarthy, chunky and unfriendly. I had been away at college most of that year and I didn't know much about what was going on in the Farragut station. But my father knew.

THAT Friday night when the car showed up and the men got out, I remarked on it to my father, and he said, "That's been going on for nearly a year now. Uncle Ames's going to get his head shot off some night for it, too."

"Huh?"

My father shrugged his shoulders and lighted his pipe.

"But why?" I said.

"Those men are hoodlums. And when you have dealings with hoodlums, you're bound to get into trouble."

"Hoodlums? But what—"

"It's a game," my father explained. "They've been playing poker there once or twice a week every week—five-card stud and seven-card draw."

"You mean to say Uncle Ames runs the game?" I asked, shocked. Uncle Ames was never a gambler of any kind.

"Just a host. He gets fifty dollars a night for the station. Just imagine, those men drove nearly seventy-five miles to play poker."

I went to the window with new excitement. This was really something for Farragut—real New York gamblers playing in Uncle Ames's station.

My father knocked out his pipe against the fireplace. "Want to see it?" he asked. But he knew instantly from my face that that was a superfluous question.

"Can we?"

"Sure," he said, "as long as you sit quietly and don't open your mouth, even if you're surprised by something. Come on."

When we got to the station, what I saw exceeded my wildest expectations. There were four men, dressed in black suits, who looked like brothers. There weren't any guns laid out on the table, and when one of the men opened his coat I saw no evidence of a shoulder holster. But they *were* hoodlums. There was no doubt about that. Their very faces exuded a quiet air of deadly, sullen viciousness. Of the four only one greeted my father, with a hoarsely economical phrase.

The thing that shocked and stunned me was the sight of Quaker sitting at the table with the four men. He had a tall stool, so that he resembled a child brought to the dinner table on its own special high chair. There was a fresh, paper-wrapped deck of cards in front of him, and his hands were folded, almost ritualistically, on his lap. He was wearing an old, soiled T-shirt. His hair was freshly dampened, and his face seemed to be uncommonly clean. As usual, his eyes were the most arresting part of his face. They seemed to be more wild and hectic than I had ever seen them before.

The game began with the tearing of the wrapper on the deck of cards. This was done quickly by Quaker, with a kind of adult briskness. He balled up the paper in his slight, bony fingers and put it carefully in an ash tray on the table. The four players began to place stacks of money on the table in front of them, and I felt my collar getting too tight for my throat.

"Cards," Quaker said in a voice I had never heard him use before. It was frighteningly grown-up, and he began to deal the cards to the four men for five-card stud. I've never seen such dealing, either before or since. It was rhythmic, clean, precise and unbelievably fast. Cards slid exactly against one another, so that all any of the men had to do to stack them neatly was touch them with a finger on the edges. Quaker's hand whipped up the discards in the kind of swift, hooking motion that one makes to catch a fly.

IT SEEMED incredible that these men—all of them hardened hoods and gamblers—would let Quaker deal their game for them, but they did. And as the game progressed I saw why they did. Quaker did not play and probably never had, but his hot, crazy eyes missed nothing, from the cards dealt and discarded, to the amounts of money in the pot. He was so precise and exact in every detail of the game that it was frightening. Where, I wondered, did he ever learn to be such a perfect machine? Quaker seemed to be made expressly for the job of dealing cards.

Since I could see no one's hand, the game might well have been dull, but it wasn't. It was the most exciting thing I had ever seen. And the excitement was generated by Quaker—by his enormous concentration, by the constant, unrelenting intensity of his eyes and his breathing and his attention to the four men, the cards and the money played.

The game had gone on for four hours when my father nudged me and pointed to the flyspecked clock on the wall. It was midnight, but I couldn't leave. I didn't want to leave. I shook my head, and my father finally nodded, gave my shoulder a squeeze, and went out so quietly that I didn't hear him leave.

The game went on in a deathly silence, and even the slight slipping noises the cards made seemed to soften and fade away. One of the men had put his feet up on the station safe. Another had eased off his shoes and was playing in his black-silk-stockinged feet. But the player nearest Quaker, a heavy-set man with a slightly balding head, one I had heard spoken to as Scolario, sat as impassively and stolidly at one o'clock in the morning as he had sat at eight, when I first came into *the room. He had a* heavy, cruel face. If you were to meet a man like Scolario on a dark street and he looked as though he were going to walk through you if you didn't move, you'd move away and give him wide berth; I don't care how tough you think you are. There was more than mere toughness in Scolario's face. There was an imperishably gray look of bitter-end stubbornness that said: here was a man who would reach from the grave to pay off a promise.

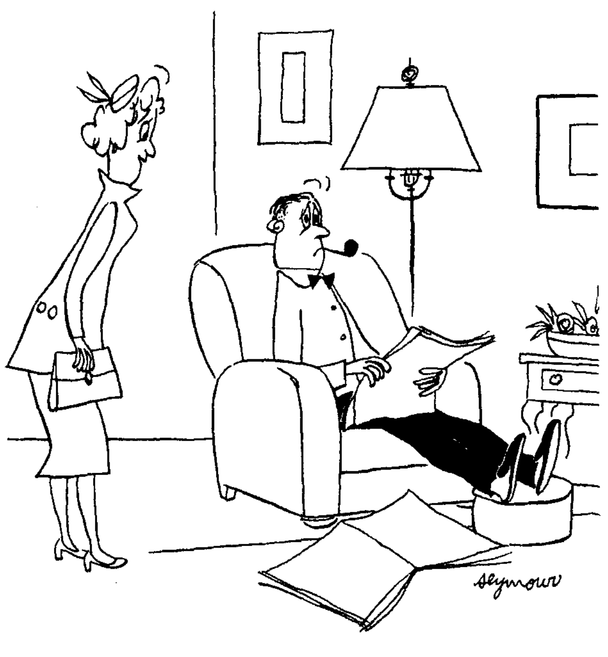
Uncle Ames came in at two o'clock with a nervous look in his eyes. "Any of you gentlemen hungry?" he said. "I got some sandwiches and coffee."

"I'll take some. Drop me out," said the player who had taken off his shoes.

"Yes, sir. Bring them right in," Uncle Ames said, and he shuffled out.

The player without shoes turned in his chair and, as if he had seen me for the first time, smiled a dim smile at me. It was the first human contact I had had all evening, and I smiled back gratefully. The tension had told on me, too. My body ached from the leaning-forward position I had taken in my chair and held for perhaps three hours.

"Here you are, sir," Ames said in



"Darling, will you give me ten dollars to tide me over until I need another ten dollars?"

COLLIER'S ARTHUR SEYMOUR

a deferential whisper, and he put the wax-paper-wrapped sandwiches and cardboard containers of coffee on a side table.

"I will take your hand," Quaker said in a tiny, far-off voice, and the man in his stocking feet turned his head quickly with amazement in his eyes. The other three men turned toward Quaker, as if they were seeing him for the first time. And in that instant the room seemed to fill with tension as thick as cold honey. I had been right, after all; Quaker had never played in the game, only dealt it.

Uncle Ames was standing at the desk, trembling a little, his watery, blue eyes fixed on Quaker. But he didn't look surprised, only anxious, fearfully anxious.

Quaker looked unnaturally tense and waiting. There was something desperate in his face, as though he were waiting to learn whether he would live or die. As I looked at Quaker the fact that he had been dealing all night disappeared from my mind, and all I saw was a painfully skinny fifteen-year-old with an old T-shirt, scared eyes and a half-smile on his thin mouth, offering to play table-stakes poker with three men who looked as though they would kill or be killed inside of a year.

SCOLARIO was the only one who spoke, and he spoke only after gliding his palm, with a sensual and evil gesture, across the smooth top of the table. "Where's your money, kid?" he asked, and it was a toneless question.

"I've got six hundred dollars," Quaker said, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw Uncle Ames twitch slightly. That twitch told me the whole story. Uncle Ames had a stake in Quaker's playing. The two of them must have hatched out the scheme together. Greedy Uncle Ames had probably been aching to get his hands on more than just those fifty dollars a night, but he didn't have the nerve to play with those men. Quaker had. It was Uncle Ames's money and greed, and Quaker's fever, that had paved the way to this moment.

"That ain't enough," Scolario said, as he looked down and then looked up obliquely at Ames. At that moment I knew that he understood the plot.

Quaker's eyes flickered with disappointment for just an instant, and then he said, "Three thousand more—is that enough?"

Scolario looked at Ames again and then at Quaker. Finally, slowly, he nodded.

"Get the policy, Uncle," Quaker said and reached into his pant pocket to bring out a fat roll of small bills. He put it down on the table in front of him. Scolario's cold, black eyes shifted from the money to Quaker's face and then back to the money again.

Ames shuffled in, bringing Quaker's insurance policy, thick and crisp-looking. "What's that?" Scolario said, nodding his head toward the policy.

"My life-insurance policy. It's worth three thousand dollars when I'm dead. It's made out to Uncle Ames. But we'll change the name to anyone who wins the pot," Quaker said. His lips were deathly pale, and his eyes looked curiously light and clear.

Scolario's eyes went to Ames and then to the policy and then to Quaker. "Okay," he agreed, "one hand. You play me—the whole thing in the pot, thirty-six hundred." Scolario paused and then added with soft viciousness, "Punk."

Then the other two men got up, and one took me by the elbow and led me to the door. The other took Ames's arm and led him out. My last glimpse of Quaker came as I turned to go out. Scolario had just lighted a cigarette and put it in an ash tray. Quaker appeared curiously, wildly exultant. He reached over and picked up Scolario's cigarette. He took a long, expert's drag on it and exhaled.

IT WAS seventeen years since I'd seen Quaker, or even heard of him. Uncle Ames was too frightened to call the police to look for him when he disappeared from Farragut that night. My father died while I was overseas, and my mother moved to her sister's house in Providence. Uncle Ames had died even before Pearl Harbor, so there was no one who knew much about the big game but the men who had stayed behind in the room. And now Quaker was sitting in front of me, very much alive.

"You know," I said to Quaker, while he was sipping his drink, "a thought has just occurred to me. I always figured you lost that hand to Scolario. And that's what Uncle Ames thought, too. But maybe you foxed us all and won that hand?"

Quaker looked at me for a long time and turned his glass around in his hands. "I lost to three eights," he said, with a crafty glint in his eyes.

"But Scolario never tried to collect on that insurance policy. After all, it's been seventeen years—"

"Seventeen years," he said, and then he reached across the table and took my hand and pulled it toward him. He pushed my hand under his camel's-hair coat and I felt something made of fabric but very stiff.

"What is it?" I said.

"Bulletproof vest," he said with that half-smile.

"Ah, forget it, Quaker. You don't think Scolario's been paying premiums on you for seventeen years, do you? Anyway, what's three thousand dollars? Not enough for him to murder you for."

"The premiums are all paid up—three times a year for seventeen years," Quaker said softly, and the half-smile was gone.

"Well, who . . ."

Quaker shrugged his shoulders. "Cashier's checks from different places, regular as clockwork—seventeen years. And it just happened again," he said, his eyes darkening, looking around me and through me.

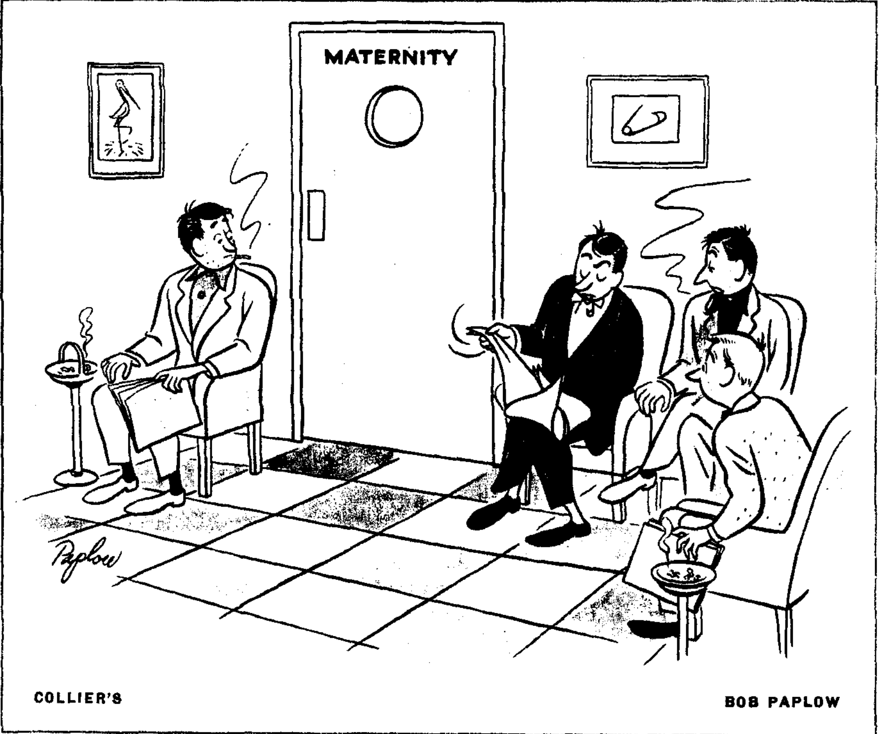
"What's happened again?"

"He raised the ante—the fifth time. I'm insured for seventy-five thousand dollars now," he said, and his voice sounded hollow and scared. I felt my insides grow cold, because when I looked at him again there were the eyes of a terrified child staring out at me.

"Oh," I said. "Well, don't let it get you down."

"No," he said, and his eyes stared past me helplessly, his face looking haggard in the blue shadows of the barroom. "No, I won't let it get me down."

—DAVID KARP



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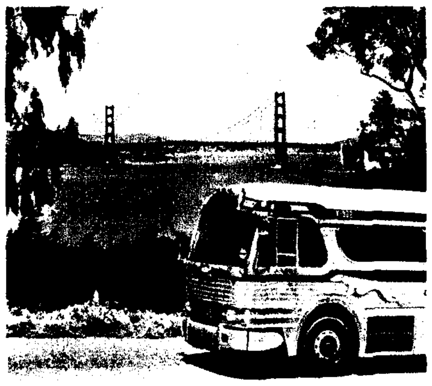

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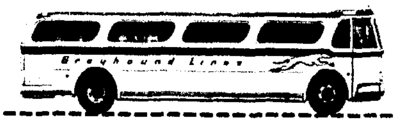

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A MIGHTY

During 5 years in the Senate,

WHEN Margaret Chase Smith moved up out of the House of Representatives into the Senate in 1949, her Congressional colleagues were fully aware that she wasn't going to sit around knitting mittens for winters back home in Maine. The freshman senator was as full of sparks as a blacksmith's shop and the words she spoke had the solid authority of a sledge hammer on steel. Today, as she nears the end of her fifth year in the Senate, Mrs. Smith is not only still giving off sparks, she has emerged as one of the nation's most able, sincere and clear-thinking legislators.

Her devotion to duty makes her the busiest woman in Washington. She's at her desk in the Senate Office Building six days a week at eight, and she doesn't pack her homework into her green canvas bag until seven—or later on nights when the Senate is in session until nine or ten. She is an active, energetic member of three major legislative committees, Appropriations, Armed Services and Government Operations.

Senator Smith hasn't missed a roll-call vote or a

Margaret Chase Smith handles as many phone calls a her day permits. Above, she works with her secretary Catherine Torre. She answers over 200 letters dail

Smith IS SHE...

the charming lady from Maine has become a legislative power

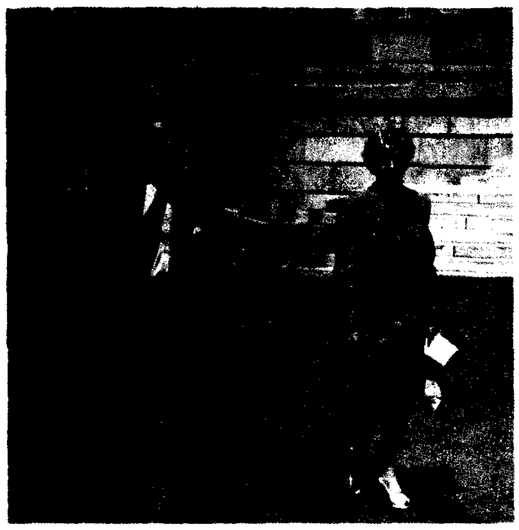
committee meeting this year, except when two have occurred at the same time. In addition to her regular duties, she manages to keep abreast of mail from her constituents (200-300 letters a day), and dozens of daily and weekly newspapers, periodicals, books and fat statistical government reports. During May and June, ex-schoolteacher Smith greeted 1,334 Maine school children in 36 separate groups; chatted with hundreds of folks from down home; attended to a vast number of public and personal errands for Maine kith and kin; wrote a syndicated newspaper column five days a week; and visited her home state on week ends to make speeches. In her spare time the vigorous widow played badminton with as much enthusiasm as a young coed, and came out of every game looking years younger than a lady going on fifty-six.

Washington has had repeated evidence of her persistent and vital efficiency. While many senators come to committee hearings simply hoping that right and bright questions will occur to them, Mrs. Smith usually arrives with a bag full of notes and a line of questioning well in mind. Yet she neither hounds nor bullies. Her attack is unprejudiced and she expects uncolored answers. "I am not," she says, " a rubber-stamp senator, and I will not surrender my responsibilities."

Mrs. Smith is as independent as a traffic cop. She has slugged it out with fellow Republicans. She crosses party lines when she thinks it necessary and she isn't afraid of a tussle with the press. Like the rock-bound coast of Maine, she accepts without a tremor the pommeling winds of oratory and the uncertain waves of public opinion.

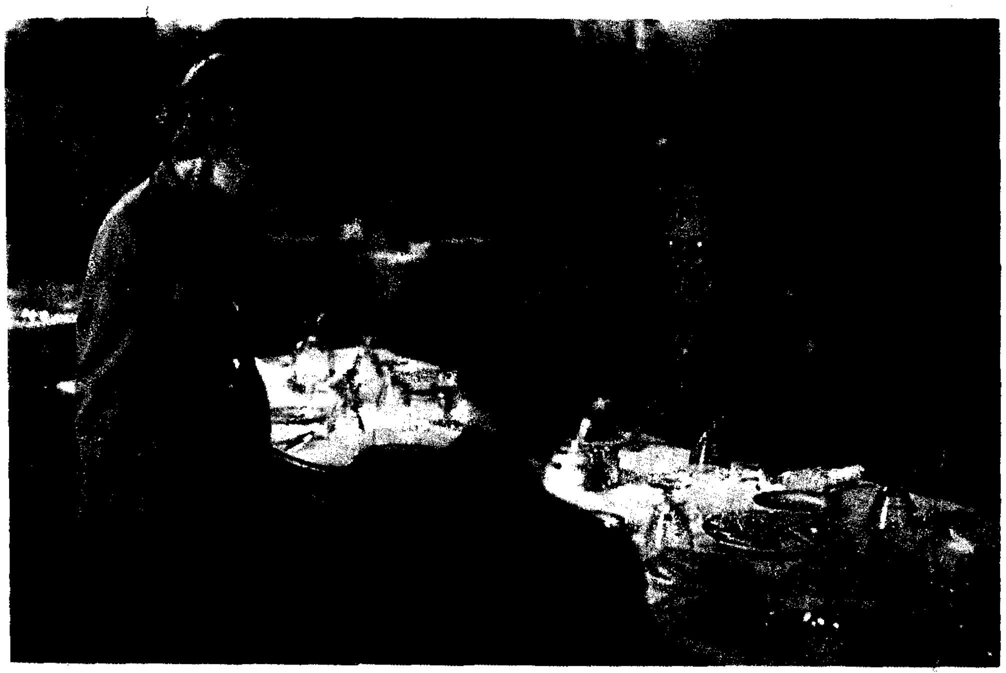
When a politician recently remarked to a group of senators that Mrs. Smith ought to be thinking about her re-election next year, he was told that "Mrs. Smith doesn't have to think about elections, she thinks about people."

By mid-August Congress will be closed up tight and, caught up on her correspondence, her files and her notes, Margaret Chase Smith will be back in Skowhegan in the state of Maine. But don't look for her in a hammock on the lawn. She'll probably be busy down the road—asking the neighbors how to run the country. ▲▲▲



Administrative assistant William Lewis joins his boss in a stroll. He assists her with the research which shows up in her informed quizzing of committee witnesses

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER



Mrs. Smith pauses in the Senate dining room to greet fellow G.O.P. senator, George D. Aiken of Vermont (facing her). The two often vote alike, but she has her own opinions and, like Aiken, refuses to be a rubber-stamp legislator

Washington officials find it typical that Senator Smith works while eating breakfast—at the office. Among her morning reading are Maine papers. She follows them closely to see what homefolks think

Glory Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

plays up to the rich ones. And what's an expensive watch or cuff links between pals? Nicky's mother was a scrub woman, but her little boy learned all the slick angles in his game fast."

"Dear me," Mrs. Hardesty said, and then she ended the discussion with her bustling little important air. "Now I'm going to put on the supper, since it's Sunday night and Maggie is out. You come and help me, Mac. It's been too long since Steve has been able to drag you away from your pool to come visit with us; we'll have a good talk."

It had started to rain, a hard, end-of-summer rain. Steve went over to close the windows. And as he stood looking out into the darkening day, all at once he could see that girl in the river, and the water, that polluted water, curling away from her arms, and the gulls screaming above her as she swam her solitary, impassioned race.

When he turned back to the room, Mac was standing there leafing through a magazine, pulling at his lip. "I keep thinking about that girl," he said abruptly, "the one in the river." Then he added defiantly, "Maybe I'm getting senile, but I've got this hunch about her: she's had some real coaching."

"Funny, I was just thinking about her too," Steve admitted. The wistful look on Mac's craggy face was both comic and touching. "Look, Mac," he said impulsively, "I'll find her for you."

"Yeah? How?"

"Well, she doesn't live in one of those big apartment houses, that's for sure. She wouldn't be swimming in the river if she did. She must have come from the tenements north of there. And I'll bet that redhead's known around the neighborhood."

Mac shrugged and said, "Needle in a haystack."

IT WAS steamy hot the next morning as Steve waited for Mac at the subway exit in front of a drugstore. He smoked a cigarette impatiently, feeling the challenge of the hunter who trails an elusive prey.

His idea had come to him in the night, when he had lain strangely sleepless, and he had telephoned Mac as soon as he got up. "Look, Mac, about that girl. If she's a real swimmer, she must swim somewhere besides the river. How about looking up the public pool nearest to where we saw her and maybe we can trace her from a description? You know—red hair, green eyes; she probably swims regularly."

"And has a temper," Mac added. "I dunno—it's a chance. But better let me go asking the questions. I'd get further than a young fellow like you. Wait around until you hear from me."

Two hours later Mac had called. "Think mebbe I'm on the track of her," he said in a tone of subdued excitement. And he had arranged for their meeting at this subway exit. A train came in and a stream of people came up the steps. Then Steve saw Mac, in his battered felt hat and his wrinkled suit.

"C'mon," Mac said briskly. "It's right around here."

"What is?" Steve asked.

"A toy and candy store. She works in it. Name's Jan—if she's the one." He continued his explanation as they crossed the street: the woman at the public pool's desk, where the girls lined up for suits, had said that a girl answering Mac's description came nearly every day at noon. "But last week the woman ordered her not to come back," Mac said. "Our girl got mad at her for asking her to step lively. Said *she* wouldn't be pushed around."

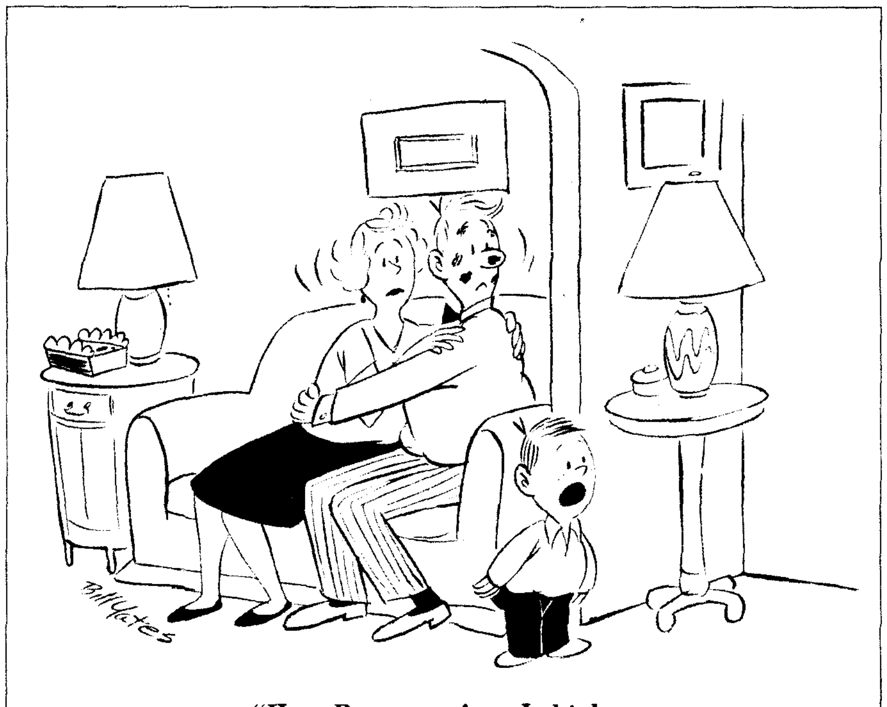
"Good for her," Steve said.

"Yeah. The woman didn't know who the girl was though. Then a girl who was waiting stepped out of line. She wanted to know why I was looking for this kid. Seemed satisfied when I told her. Then she said the girl's name was Jan, but she didn't know her last name. Said she took the subway with her once, and she got off back there where I did. Told her she worked for her aunt in a toy and candy store."

"There's no point in just walking," Steve said. "Let's ask someone where there is such a store."

"Okay," Mac said.

Just ahead of them was a fruit and vegetable stand with housewives in faded cotton dresses clustered about it. Steve stepped up and said politely, "Can you tell me where there's a toy and candy store near here? A woman owns it."



"Hey, Pop, come're. I think Mr. Baxter's got the measles"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

The buzz of conversation stopped. Hostile, suspicious eyes turned upon him, recognizing him as an alien by his speech and dress. Then one of the women said, "No such place around *here*," and turned her back belligerently.

"Let's try a side street," Mac suggested. "More likely location for a small shop. And let me ask the questions."

The side street seemed to be a lighter-skinned island in this neighborhood, which was once predominantly German and Irish but was now going Puerto Rican. They passed a row of brownstone tenements where children were squabbling and bouncing balls on the broken steps. Steve felt a sense of deep depression settling down on him—and something, as they skirted litter and garbage cans, that was like a personal guilt.

In a vacant lot at the corner, three boys were busily piling pieces of a broken crate together. Mac stepped up to them and asked about the store. Two pairs of eyes turned on them stonily, but the third pair gave one quick, involuntary glance up the street before the veil of secrecy dropped over them.

"No store like that around here, mister," the boy with the giveaway eyes said blandly. "You got any matches?"

Steve took a packet of matches from his pocket. The boy was perhaps eleven or twelve, with a dark, handsome, intelligent face. He reached for the matches with a grimy, but long and slender hand. "Thanks," he said.

"You got a nickel?" one of the other boys demanded.

"Sure," Steve said, and he reached into his pocket again and pulled out some change. The boy who had asked for the matches stuck his thumbs into the pockets of his faded jeans, in a scornful gesture, kicked at the pile of sticks, and deliberately walked away.

"Young Johnny's got pride," Mac said. "And I think we'll find that store in the next block."

The next block was better than the others, cleaner, quieter. Halfway down it they came to the store. It was in an old brick building that stood slightly back from the others and had an ailanthus jutting out beside it.

The shop's interior was dim and looked deserted. Then a woman's voice boomed, "Well, I'm going now. And let me tell you for the last time, Jan Kielski, if you sneak candy again to kids that haven't got a penny, I'll know it, and you'll pay for it! You think I'm running some kind of charity here?"

"No, nobody would ever think that!" The answering voice was young and contemptuous. A curtain at the rear of the store fell back in place as a shadowy bulk left the room.

Steve opened the screen door, and they went in. They had found their quarry. The tall girl behind the counter gave the impression of being all hair and eyes. The hair seemed to have a luminescence of its own, and it was the color of copper plate. As she stood arranging a row of plastic dolls, Steve saw that her hands were long and slender: all to the good for a swimmer; good levers for steering in the water.

Her face was rather pale and too thin, with full lips and a well-modeled nose. She was not exactly pretty, but you might look at her twice, if only because of that hair. There was something else about her too, as she turned toward them swiftly, startled by their quiet entry. It was an effect of held-in energy, almost like an emanation from her fine-grained skin.

The green eyes looked up questioningly at the two men, and then the girl's lips parted as an amazed recognition came into her eyes.

Steve spoke first, deciding on an offhand approach. "I came to apologize for nearly conking you."

She didn't return his grin. There was a long moment's suspicious silence, such as they had been encountering everywhere that morning. It reminded Steve of the way a small, hunted animal would sometimes "freeze" in the instinctive effort not to be seen. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the boy called Johnny at the store window. He, too, was very still, watching.

MAC stepped up to the counter and said to the girl, "I'm a swimming coach. Own a pool in the Bronx. I coached Betty Foster. That name mean anything to you?"

"Oh, yes!" Her voice was husky.

"You've had coaching," Mac stated it as a fact.

"Well, some," she said. "I went to a settlement-house camp two summers ago, and they had a swimming teacher who coached at a college in the winter. She showed me a lot. Last year I was second in the one-hundred-meter free style in a Parks Department meet."

Her diction was good. In fact, Steve observed, she wasn't at all what his mother would call "common."

"Anybody coaching you now?" Mac demanded.

"No. There was a coach at that meet who was going to make me into a real competitive swimmer, only he—" She stopped, her eyes suddenly hard.

"Nobody'll make a pass at you at my pool," Mac said. "Come up in the morning and I'll try you out."

"I—I can't pay for lessons."

"You won't have to pay—if you're any good."

"I don't want to be under obligation," she said. Her chin came up, a rounded, yet stubborn chin.

"You can wash swimming suits and towels for me," Mac said.

"And where do *you* come in?" The girl shifted her gaze abruptly. "Are you a coach too?"

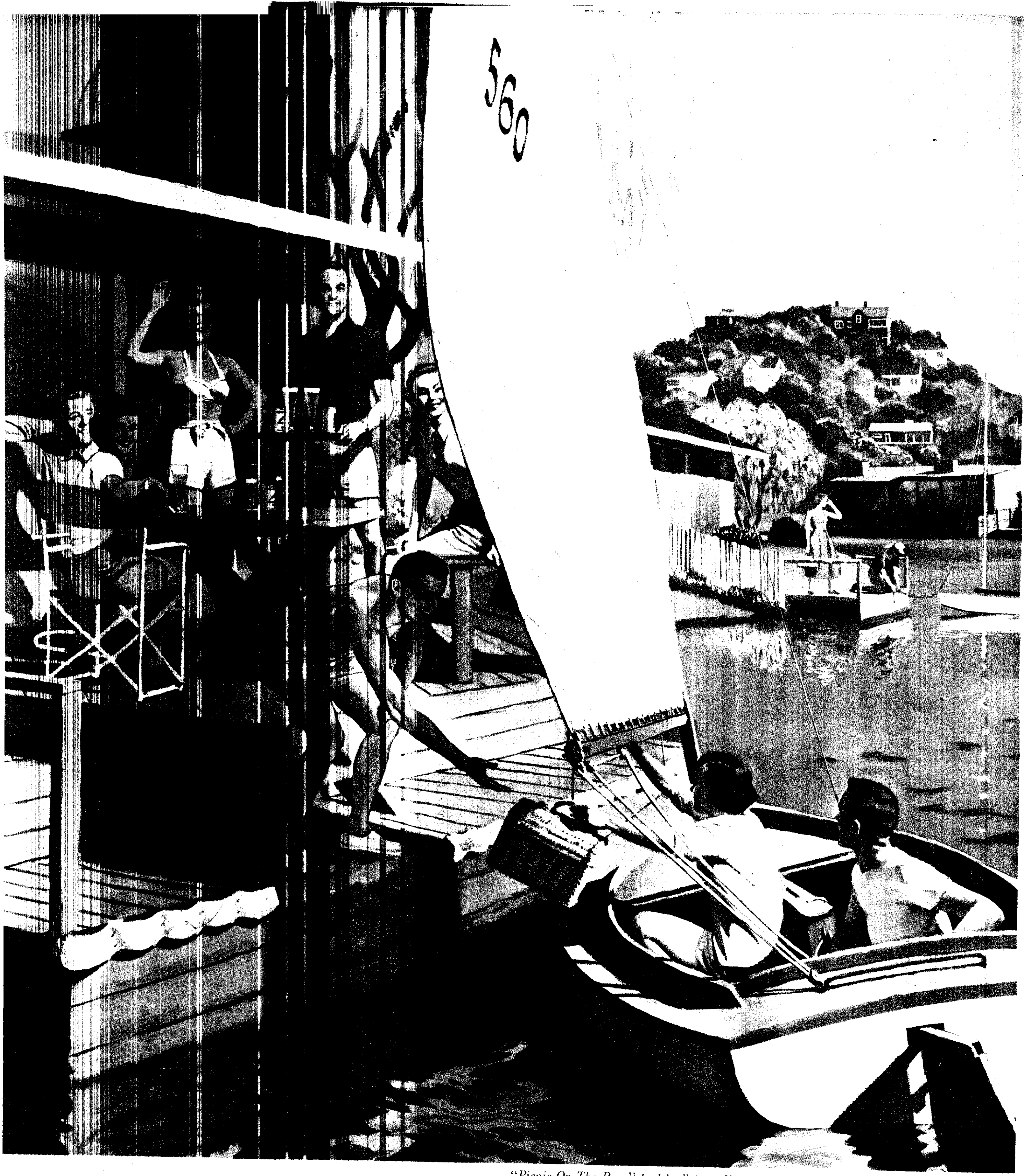
"I'm a friend of Mac's—Mr. Macomber's," Steve said. "He was my coach once. I came along to help him to find you."

"Oh." She turned to Mac again and said, "I think you ought to pay my subway fare to your pool. You're *asking* me to come."

A pleased smile touched the corners of Mac's mouth at this piece of outrageously assertive independence. "Okay. Guess it won't violate any A.A.U. rules," he said, and he took an old envelope and a stub of pencil from his pocket and scrawled The Blue Grotto's address. "Be there at nine o'clock."

She shrugged and moved one of the dolls with a show of indifference. But Steve noticed that her hands were unsteady.

The door opened, and young Johnny came in. There was a sudden light on



"Picnic On The Bay," by John Falter. Number 84 in the series "Home Life in America"

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Jan Kielski's face, and a flow of warmth came into her voice as she said, "This is my brother Johnny."

The resemblance between them was not in coloring or even in facial structure, but it was there. Perhaps it was in a certain slim pride of carriage, a quick expressiveness of eyes and hands and mouth. "Hello, Johnny," Steve said, and held out his hand.

THE boy put his thumbs into his pockets again, striking his own small individualistic pose. "Hello," he said. Then, as though he had satisfied himself that these strangers had brought no trouble to his sister, he darted out.

"Well, we'll see what we'll see," Mac said, when they were outside.

"She'll be a handful," Steve said. "Darnedest girl I ever saw!"

They parted then, Mac to take the subway, while Steve walked toward the river to pick up a cab to go downtown.

There was a breeze coming off the river. Cars sped down the drive, some of them chaffeur-driven, bearing smart matrons to a tough day at Saks and Bergdorf's. He turned south and came to clean streets and apartment buildings with liveried doormen. His lungs drew in fresher, cleaner air. Yet he had the strange feeling of not having escaped from that teeming world to the north at all. The odors and shrillness still seemed to follow him insistently; it was as though, by his once entering upon it, it had established some queer, insistent claim upon him.

Suddenly it occurred to him that the girl in the store had never asked how they had found her. Was it because she had been expecting something like this to happen to her, believing fiercely in it and waiting for it?—just as Mac had been waiting for his destined new star to appear? . . .

"He's going to make me a swimmer," Jan said to her aunt. "You were listening, weren't you?"

"Yeah, I heard," her aunt said. She stood with a dark expression on her broad, Irish face. "There ain't no money in it," she said flatly.

Jan knew there wasn't any use in answering her.

"You're like your father!" her aunt burst out. "Swimming-crazy, the way he was music-crazy."

"You hated him, didn't you?"

"I loved my sister! I saw what being so poor did to her, while he played his fiddle in—"

"His *violin!*"

"All right. His *violin*—in dumps in Yorkville, and mostly out of work. It killed her, that's what! She didn't have the strength to pull through with, after Johnny was born."

"She was proud of him," Jan said, and the antagonism between them was almost tangible in the musty store. "She was proud because he was—"

"Educated, used fine language, *different!* The way he made you different, so you've hardly got any friends here. And if you get these big ideas about swimming, it'll just be worse."

"What you're really worried about is that maybe I'll take time off from the store," Jan said. "You know you can't get anybody else to work so cheap, because I need a home for Johnny."

"Jan Katharine Kielski!" Her aunt put her hands on her broad hips. "When you started talking about making up that last year of high school by going to night school, and studying to be a stenographer, did I make any trouble about it? Well, what are you going to do about that plan now?"

"What am I going to do?" It was all clear now—clear and shining. "I'm going to be a big swimming star. Then I'll get a good coaching job and take Johnny to a decent neighborhood."

"You could take *him* sooner the other way."

"There's no hurry about Johnny; he's all right," she said. Of course Johnny was all right. "He doesn't pick up any bad habits. He promised me he'd never get into any gang. I'll take him away in time."

"Mebbe," her aunt said.

A woman came into the store to buy a windup train that was in the window, and Jan went to get it. It had been broken, but Johnny had fixed it. He had a gift for doing things like that.

The little train ran noisily but steadily along the counter. It stopped and she rewound it and set it down again.

"I said I'd take it," the woman said crossly. "Where's your mind at?"

Where was her mind? It was not in this dingy store. It was in blue shimmering water; in a long pool—and in a poverty-stricken room, beside a sick man with fine, worn features; in the room where she had cooked their meals and patched their clothes. ("Don't you worry about us, Father. I'll take care of Johnny.")

He had understood about the swimming. "It must be like music," he had once said. "I mean the rhythm of it . . ."

STEVE wouldn't have missed being at The Blue Grotto that morning. If this Jan really had something on the ball, it would be a thrill to see it, and if not, he'd be there to console Mac.

The pool had only just opened when he arrived, and Mac was on the stool at the entrance desk, counting money into the change drawer. He looked up and growled, "She hasn't showed yet. Mebbe she won't. Kind of smart of you to think of how to find her though."

"Smart? I guess you never saw my report card from the detective correspondence school. Why—" The main-entrance door, which he could see, opened, and he stopped and began to make mysterious motions in the air.

"What the heck are you doing?"

"Materializing her for you," Steve said. "It's one of my best tricks."

Jan Kielski came in hesitantly, carrying a small, gaudy canvas bag. She had tried to dress up for this occasion; she wore a flowered skirt and a ruffled, bare-shoulder blouse.

"Well, you came!" Steve said.

"Yes, but I can't stay long," she said. "I can't fool around." She obviously wasn't going to admit that any favor was being done her.

Mac cleared his throat. He never did know how to start a conversation. "What you got in that bag?" he said.

"My bathing suit."

"Coney Island, I'll bet," Mac said. "You'll wear one that I'll give you."

"Don't push her around," Steve warned cheerfully. "Remember, she doesn't like it."

"You mind your business," she said.

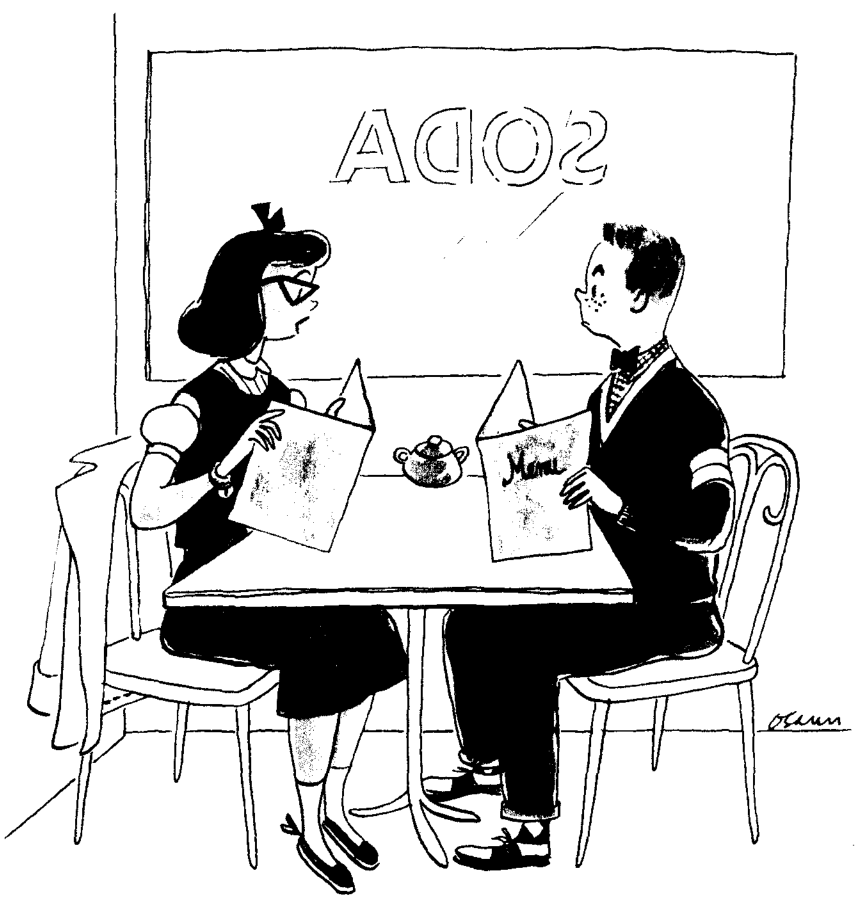
"Now that the social preliminaries are over," Mac said with grim amusement, "you come along with me."

There wasn't anyone in the pool yet when Jan emerged from the locker room, in a dark, unflattering tank suit. "All right," Mac said, we'll see what you can do. When I blow the whistle, in you go. And start off with a breast stroke. You can do one?"

The girl nodded. Her face was serious and tense as she took her position for the take-off. She leaned too far forward; in a race you could lose your balance that way. Mac blew the whistle and she dived.

The breast stroke was nothing much. The backstroke, when Mac barked for her to change, was only a little better. Then Mac blew his whistle once more. "Free style!"

TIZZY



"I see what I'd like but I'd also like to go out with you again"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

She flopped over, and now those slender arms drove like pistons, shooting her through the water. And time was suddenly standing still in the steamy old pool. Time was meeting a formidable competitor; seconds, tyrannical and inexorable, had encountered someone who could cut them, defeat them and use them. And the way the girl did this was beautiful, Steve thought, with excitement swelling in him. She was as beautiful as a young racing foal finding its legs and running wildly free.

Beside him, he heard Mac let out his breath in a long sigh.

Steve said, "Time her now!"

"No. Bad to start a competitive swimmer thinking too much about time. Everything ought to be form at first. She's got plenty to learn."

THE girl came to the end of the tank and pulled herself up. There was an expression on her face that was not meant for anyone else to see. It might have been exaltation. It came from the simple fact of knowing that what her body had done for her just now was good. Steve understood it, because once he had known that feeling himself, and in this brief moment, he was peculiarly one with her.

"Well," Mac was saying, "I'll take you. You'll practice here every day from seven thirty to nine and again from six to seven. Those are the times I can give you the best."

There was no wide-eyed "Oh, Mr. Macomber, I'll be *glad* to work hard" from the girl. She stood there silently, like a new private receiving first orders.

"Competitive swimming isn't like other sports," Mac went on. "You have to train muscles and tendons in a certain way, and they mustn't be used in any other way. No other sports. No dancing." And then, as though it was a casual thing to say to a girl: "And no dates. They'd keep you up late."

"Tell her about love and water, too," Steve said, and he grinned.

Mac ignored him. "I was noticing your kick, now—"

"I know," Jan said, "it isn't very good. There was a newsreel at a movie near us that showed Barbara Hobelmann in a meet, close-up. I went every night it was there, trying to study her kick, but I couldn't see much."

"You'll learn about that kick now," Mac said and wiped a damp palm on his shapeless slacks. "Sit down with your legs out and your feet pigeon-toed."

Jan did as she was told, and Mac bent forward. "Ankles not flexible enough. Do that at home until you can touch the floor with all your toes." He straightened and turned away. "She's got good back and stomach muscles, Steve. And long, narrow feet, and—"

"Stop!" Jan stood up, her eyes stormy. "Don't talk about me as though I was a—a piece of meat you're buying!"

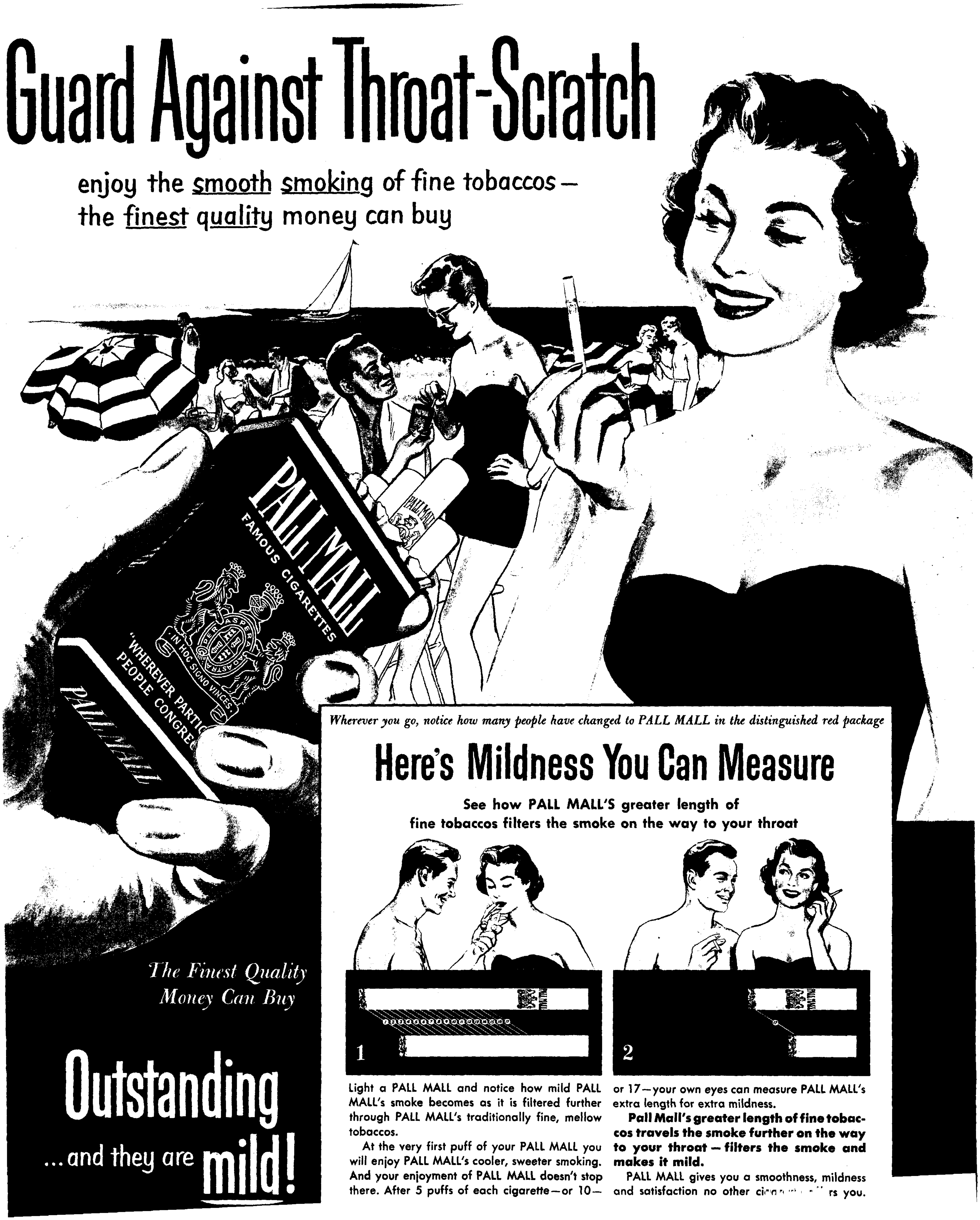
Mac beamed, as though his new protégée had said something delightful. "Fire and spirit. Those are the qualities for a sprint swimmer," he said. "She'll be best in the short sprints and—"

"And stop calling me she!" The girl jerked off her cap and her hair was like a red flag unfurled. "I've got a name. Jan Kielski!" She started toward the lockers, and then she turned around and her slim body was held rigidly. "I'll come here and I'll work. But you don't need to think you're going to *own* me. I'll quit any time I feel like *it!*"

"All right, kid," Mac said.

"My name's *Jan.* Jan Kielski!"

She had really worked herself up,



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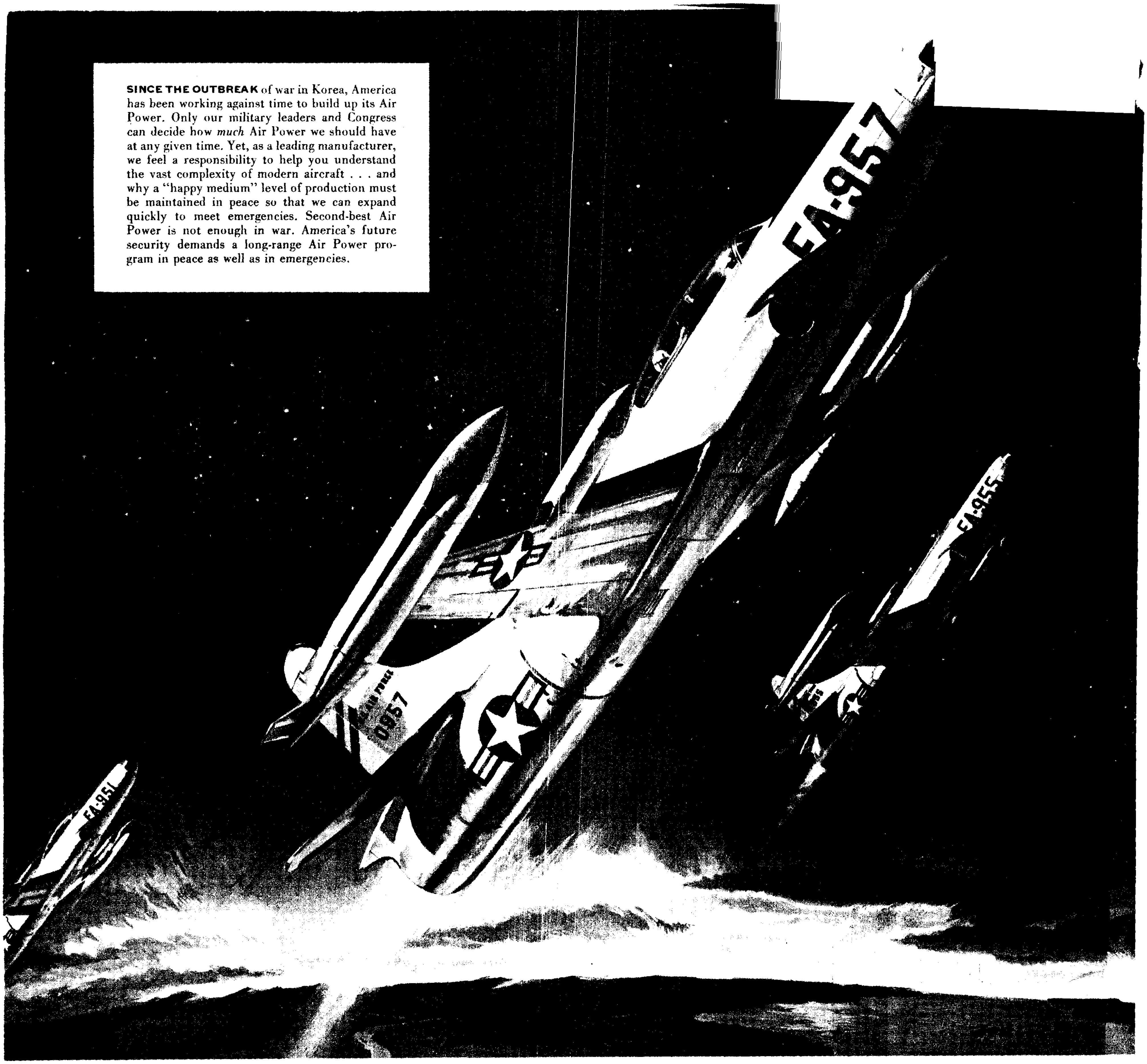
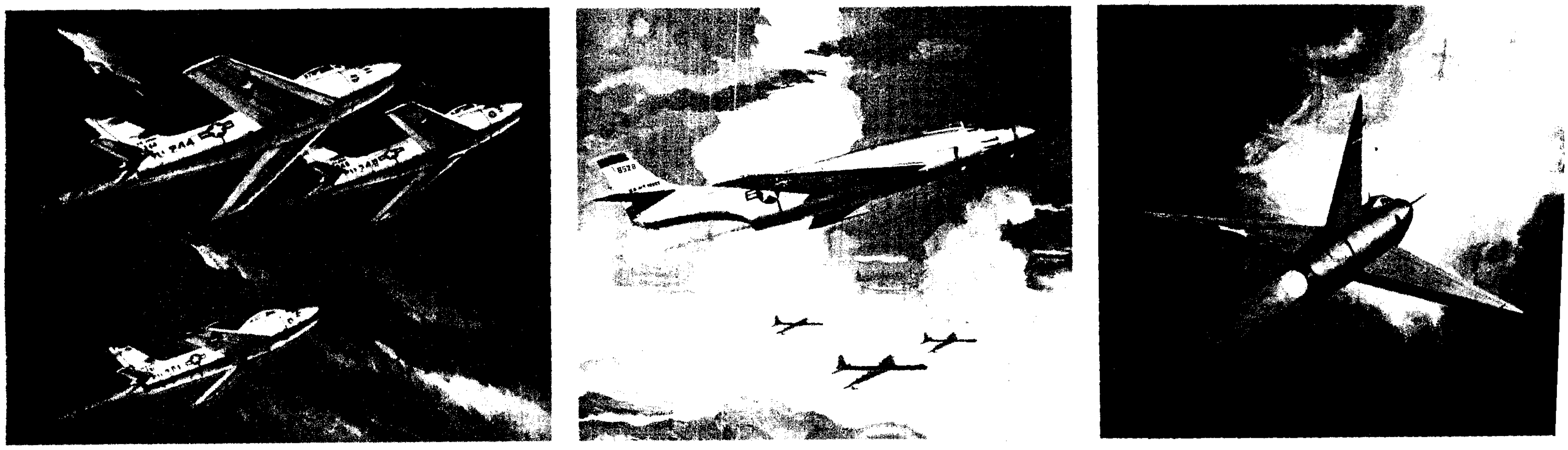


RADAR-GUIDED, NEAR-SONIC LOCKHEED F-94C INTERCEPTORS, POWERED BY MIGHTY PRATT & WHITNEY J-48 JET ENGINES, ARE ARMED WITH 48 AIR-TO-AIR ROCKETS.



SUPERSONIC AIR FORCE FIGHTERS OF THE FUTURE WILL INCLUDE NORTH AMERICAN F-100s, McDONNELL F-101s, AND CONVAIR F-102s, SHOWN IN THESE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION

300 M.P.H. FASTER

BUT 4 TIMES HARDER TO BUILD

A new generation of jet fighters now flies with your U.S. Air Force—8 years after design work began

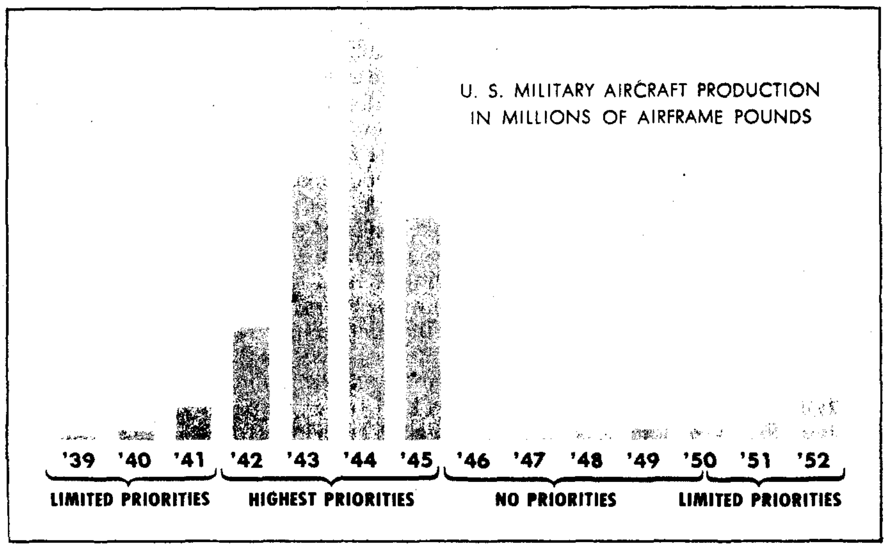
Two typical members of a new generation of Air Force jet fighters are the North American F-86 Sabre, *which has scored a blazing 11 to 1 ratio of wins over enemy jets in Korea*, and the potent Lockheed F-94C Starfire now on guard here at home.

Far brawnier and brainier than any fighter aircraft built during World War II, these and other American jets are unsurpassed in the world today. But building them has been a long, hard job.

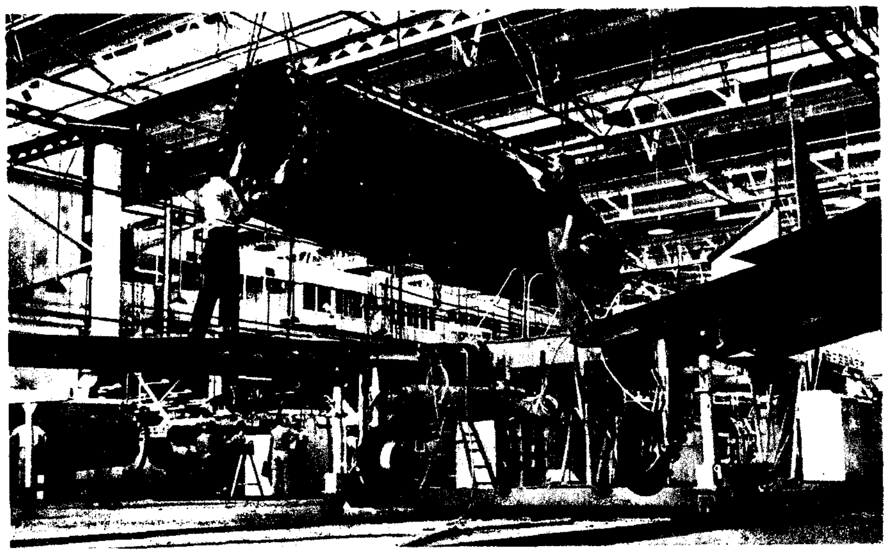
Few people realize the enormous technical effort needed to design and produce aircraft with blazing speed, with ability to climb like a rocket, and with weapons which are dependable under the severest conditions. For instance, ten years were required to develop parts of the Starfire's 1,200-pound electronics system, which costs more than a complete fighter of the last war. But this system, linked to rockets, can help find and track its target, then aim and fire a deadly barrage, even though the invader is hidden by night or storm.

Complex as the problems have been, production models are now rolling from assembly lines in quantity, and even more powerful aircraft have been ordered into production. America can be grateful that, even before World War II ended, basic design work on this new generation of fighters was well under way . . . and that the country's aircraft industry had the skill and capacity to develop and build them.

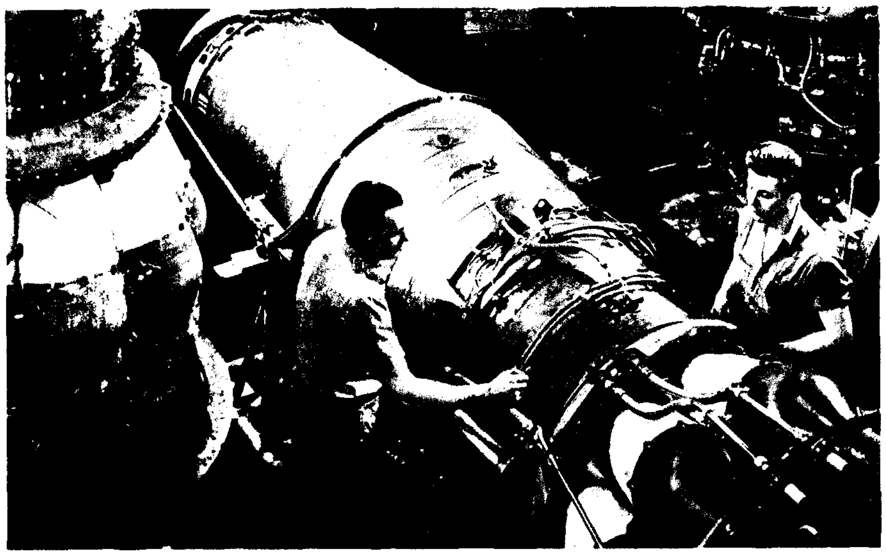
For today your Air Force fighters are bigger, better equipped, deadlier by far, and faster by nearly 300 m.p.h. than the best fighters of the last war. And in spite of the problems involved in designing and building these airplanes, and newer models yet to come, the aircraft industry has increased its production rate five times since war began in Korea in 1950.



AS YOU CAN SEE by the above graph, even with war raging, it took 5 years from 1939 to reach peak production of 96,369 planes. In 1946 output was cut to less than 2% of peak, and America's productive capacity was allowed to deteriorate. No one advocates all-out production in peace, but it is apparent that if the nation is to meet emergencies such as occurred in 1941 and 1950, it must have a sustained airpower program.



EVEN THOUGH assigned production rates have been reached, output of fighters is still only a fraction of the rate attained in World War II. Being better, today's jets cost more and are harder to build. For instance, the F-86D Sabre required 27 times the engineering man-hours needed to design its World War II counterpart, the famed P-51 Mustang. But it flies 2½ miles higher, and nearly 300 m.p.h. faster.



TOP PERFORMANCE of such aircraft as the F-94C is made possible by turbojet engines like the Pratt & Whitney J-48. This big jet produces 6,250 pounds of thrust—equivalent to about 11,000 h.p. at modern fighter speeds—and extra power is provided by an afterburner in which fuel is burned in the jet exhaust. Such complex, precision-made engines require more than 16,800 special tools, jigs, dies and fixtures to build.

COCKPITS GET unbearably hot from electronic equipment and air friction at low altitudes, and bitter cold at 40,000 feet. To meet these problems, Hamilton Standard's Air Cycle Refrigeration unit—weighing only 20 pounds—can deliver pressurized air to the cockpit at any temperature from 30° to 212°. This is only one example of the special equipment needed in high-performance combat planes like the F-94C.

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Steve thought, and there was a kind of magnificence about her. She whirled and ran to the locker room, but her last words still rang in the steel beams above the pool. And all at once it seemed to Steve that he could hear them echoing, thundered over loud-speakers: "And in the fifth lane: Jan Kielski."

FROM time to time at school that fall Steve got scrawled, pencil-written bulletins from The Blue Grotto. Jan's kick was coming along fine. Jan had got over that bad habit she'd developed of raising her head too high. Reading these, Steve thought affectionately that good old Mac was like a proud father, detailing his baby's first steps. And Steve wrote long letters in return. That trouble with her wrists, now—how about wrist splints?

When he joined his mother at her Florida cottage for the Christmas holidays, he found himself going time and again to a club pool there, where Alice Evans, free-style titlist, was training. He studied her style and made mental notes, because Mac had written, *I tell you, Jan will be ready for the A.A.U. National next summer.*

All through the next months—the rainy spring, the period of sweating out examinations and the flurry of his graduation—The Blue Grotto was never far from Steve's mind. Mac's obsession seemed to have taken a hold on him too. Yet when he returned to Lynwater, it was two weeks before he called the pool. For one thing, Mac's flow of correspondence had dried up, and Steve had an uneasy dread that something had gone wrong. For another, he had gone immediately to the desk waiting for him at Hardesty & Loring.

The firm name had been retained after his father's death, and the gold lettering on the door seemed like both a promise and an injunction. He wished, though, that there wasn't so much of the heir-apparent attitude around. It made it difficult to get along naturally with the others. And it wasn't easy to get the hang of things, either. And so it was late in the afternoon of his second Friday in the office before he called The Blue Grotto.

"So you're back," Mac's hard-bitten voice greeted him. "You know what? Jan's entered in a meet up in your neighborhood tomorrow night, at the Long Haven Country Club. You better be there!"

"Sure, I'll be there," Steve said. "Are you sure Jan's ready for a meet?"

"Ready? You just wait and see!" Mac said, and abruptly hung up.

When Steve arrived at the country club the next evening, people were already gathering, taking their places in the bright-colored metal chairs that surrounded the pool. It wasn't a nice night. The sky was overcast.

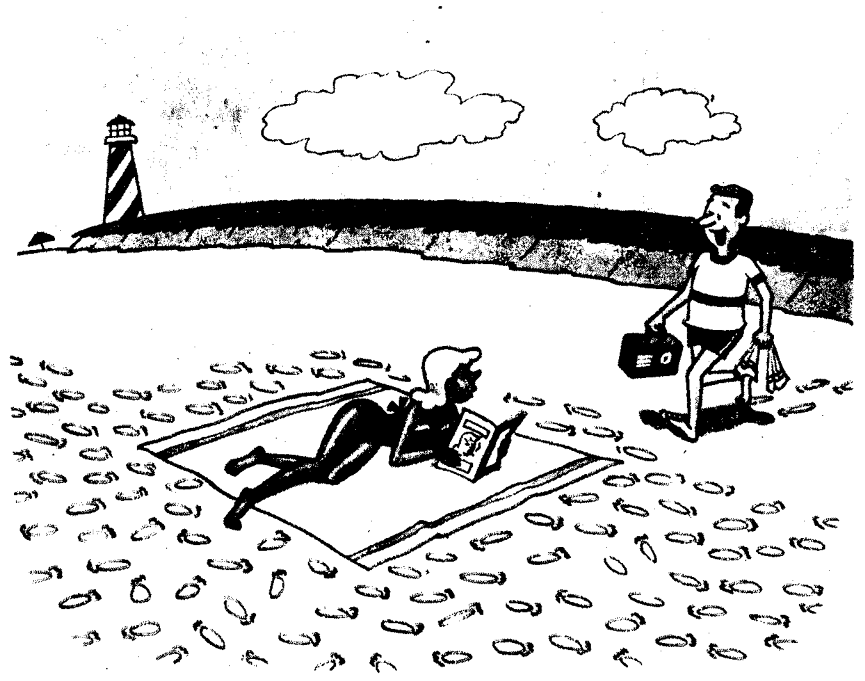
Mac and Jan were standing a little apart from the other contestants and coaches. Jan was wearing a warmup suit, with its zippered jacket and snug-fitting slacks, and nothing could have been more unbecoming to her. She swung her white cap back and forth by its strap as she gave him an absent-minded greeting. Mac began talking about the meet, about the swimming style of Helen Andrews, who was swimming for the local club and was expected to win; but Steve scarcely heard, because he was watching Jan. She was looking too intently at the imposing clubhouse, the dining veranda, and the women in the smart, bare-shouldered cotton dresses. In all her years, Steve realized, she had never seen anything like this, except at the movies.

Her glance swept over the pool and came to rest on a group of boys in their early teens. They were just an average group of nice, country-club kids, happy and sun-browned, arguing about a tennis match. Suddenly a wistfulness shadowed her young face. She was thinking of her brother.

"Hope it doesn't rain before they get to us," Mac fretted. "There's going to be diving first. The club's brought Nicky Tremaine in to make the dames squeal." He turned to Jan. "Sit down, relax. You can get in and warm up as soon as the diving's over."

She nodded and spread a towel on the ground.

Nicky Tremaine, at the announcer's call, climbed lithely up the ladder and walked out onto the springboard; he turned and stood poised with back to the water. He raised himself on his toes and lifted his arms; the muscles rippled across his back. He gave a spring and soared up and out and down in a beautiful backward somersault—and the women *did* squeal.



COLLIER'S "Sorry I'm late. . . . I'll bet you were getting lonesome" BILL HARRISON

It was completely dark when the diving finished. The floodlights and the lights in the decorative iron lanterns on striped poles came on. There was just a faint mist now, and the scene, with the women's bright dresses, was almost theatrically lovely. There was one incongruous note though—a stout woman who sat stiffly in a chair at the far end. She wore a black dress and a black straw hat and there was a black bag tightly clasped in her net-gloved hands.

STEVE, restless and growing tense now, left his chair to go and find Mac again. When he came up to them, Jan was stepping out of the slacks, and Mac was saying, in an easy voice, "Don't tighten up, now. And remember to push off *hard* on the turn."

"And save some speed for the finish," Steve added.

Jan's face had a naked, still look, as she turned and walked silently away.

The mist had become a drizzle by the time the swimmers lined up. The announcer's voice said, "And in the second lane, Jan Kielski, The Blue Grotto Swim Club."

This was the first time Mac had heard the name of his own pool over a loud-speaker, and Steve could see the great pride in his face.

The pistol cracked, and as the smoke drifted lazily in the air, the swimmers were in and away, almost in a straight line, like a chorus line at first, until one figure moved out in front.

"That's Jan Kielski leading," the announcer said. "Helen Andrews second."

Voices began calling anxiously, "Pick it up, Helen! Pick it up!"

From the end of the pool a woman's voice boomed defiantly, "You come on! Beat 'em, Jan!"

And Steve added his own shout, "Jan! Jan!" He was swimming every stroke with her. His own muscles pushed against the weight of water. "Let her use her mind now and *think* this race," he almost prayed. "Your muscles are trained, Jan. You can depend on them; they'll remember—"

Beside him Mac swore. His quick eye had seen what was going to happen in the split second before it occurred—before the loud crack as Jan, miscalculating her stroke, drove head on into the board across the pool for the twenty-five-yard turn.

"That wouldn't hurt her," Steve said quickly, but he felt a cold sweat rise on his forehead.

"It could rattle her," Mac said.

Jan lost some of her lead on the turn. The girl, Helen, was coming up fast.

"Look at her—watching the others too much now," Mac said angrily. "She'll lose her rhythm!"

The swimmers swept by them. And in that instant Steve caught a clear glimpse of Jan's face. It was agonized; he knew that expression: she was holding her breath too long. She was going to do everything wrong now.

Neither he nor Mac spoke again, for there was nothing to say. The other girls pulled past Jan, one by one, after the second turn. And then the rope was lowered for the finish. Someone asked, "Who was the girl who came in last?"

No one knew.

You wait, Steve thought fiercely, remembering that first length. Someday you'll know!

The rain was coming down hard now, and all but a few of the watchers were scurrying to shelter, not waiting for the relay, the next event.

Jan pulled herself up out of the water with a dragging, beaten movement. This was tough, heartbreakingly tough, Steve thought, and he and Mac must say just the right things to her. And there *were* things to say, such as reassuring her that she had shown the form of a champion in the first lap.

They moved forward to meet her. She was still breathing heavily, and she looked as though she had been half drowned. Mac started to speak to her, but before he could get out a word, Jan's voice came raspingly from her throat: "Well, I hope you're satisfied now. *I* am! I was going to be a champion, was I? Are you both crazy?"

Mac stared at her, stunned. "Now look, Jan," he began desperately.

"I don't want to talk about it," she said. "I just made a spectacle of myself before all these people, and I'm through with this sort of stuff. I was sold a bill of goods, that's what."

She whipped off her cap, and suddenly Steve saw her as she had been when she had pulled off her cap that first day at The Blue Grotto, proud, mad, crying out to them that she had a name, see; and her red hair had been like an unfurled battle flag.

He suddenly knew exactly what he must say to her. "It's the other way around, Jan Kielski." His voice was cold with calculated contempt. "Mac bought himself a bad bill of goods. I've kept telling him that he couldn't make a champion out of an East River wharf rat. It takes more than form to make the big time, sister. It takes courage and pride, the kind that were born and bred into the class of girls you came up against here tonight." He made a gesture that took in the clubhouse and the well-dressed people who had taken shelter under the trees, knowing that all of this must have made her feel alien and unsure, contributing to her downfall. "You got out of your element," he said, "and I'm not just talking about water."

She gasped, "Why, you—"

"And let's not have gutter talk," he said. "You're among ladies and gentlemen—for the first and last time."

MAC was speechless. So was Jan, but only for a second. Her eyes seemed to draw in all of the brilliance from the lights about them, and her body was as straight as a lance. "Ladies!" she said. She was shaking, and not with the cold. "I had those *ladies* beaten all the way until I banged my head and got nervous. And as for guts," she cried, "what do they know about it when they've never fought for anything but some pretty medals? I'll make those medals look like tin, see if I don't!"

She whirled around, grabbed up her jacket and jerked it on. "I'll show you," she said in an angry voice, "if I *die* trying!" And she rushed blindly away from them, running straight into one of the metal chairs.

Steve started forward to help her, but a man in swimming trunks stepped quickly from a passing group and caught her arm before she fell. "Hey, you can't be in *that* much of a hurry," Nicky Tremaine said.

Jan looked up at him dazedly, but still rubbing her thigh.

"Why, weren't you— Sure you were. In the free style just now," Tremaine said. "You had some tough luck but, believe me, you looked good in there."

"Coming in last?" she said. Her voice was still high and unsteady.

"Don't let *that* get you," he said, looking her over. "At my first meet I went wide to the right and splashed water all over one of the judges."

"This was *my* first meet," Jan said.

"No kidding!" he said with feigned enthusiasm. "Who're you swimming for—the club here?"

Steve watched them—and he saw Nicky Tremaine's easy familiarity as the diver played an accustomed part—and he was sure that Tremaine had heard The Blue Grotto announcement and knew that Jan was no club member. In fact, Tremaine had no doubt already placed her as a swimmer with a background similar to his own. But you could see the effect of this subtle flattery on Jan Kielski. She had been defeated; she had been insulted; and here was Sir Nicky to the rescue of her pride.

"No," she said. "I don't belong here."

"Bet the club coach is wishing you did. How about letting me buy you a Coke over there?" Tremaine said and put his hand lightly, easily, on her arm.

"Why not?" Jan said.

SHE looked up, straight into his frankly admiring blue eyes. The lantern was like a spotlight on their beautiful, shining-wet bodies; and Steve saw something that was like a swift, bold challenge in their faces.

"I'd sure hate to see Jan fall for *him,*" Steve heard Mac say beside him. "He's not her sort."

"Maybe he is. More than you think," Steve said. He was still watching the two of them, moving in graceful unison.

"You shouldn't have said what you did to her," Mac said, his voice sounding uncertain. "I know you did it to get her dander up. But—"

"She actually might have thrown the whole thing up," Steve said curtly. The emotions of this last half hour had left him exhausted.

"Yeah," Mac said. "But that girl will never forgive you. She'll make you pay—if ever there's a way she can." . . .

Early the next morning Steve was at The Blue Grotto. He had to see whether Jan showed up or not. If she didn't, he thought grimly, he was going down to that candy store and browbeat her, somehow, into returning to the pool. Mac had invested too much time and hope in her for her to be allowed to let him down now.

He found Mac in his office, with bills scattered over his desk. "Now what brings you here?" he said, looking up.

Steve told him, pushing aside papers and sitting on the edge of the battered desk. "She's worth working with, and you know it, Mac," he finished.

"Yeah? Well, she won't be working with me," Mac said and made a dispirited gesture toward the bills. "I'm selling this place. Can't swing it any longer. I can get a job—"

"Mac," Jan Kielski said. She was standing in the door in her swim suit. Steve stood up. He was quite prepared, after their scene at the country club last night, for another violent outburst when she saw him there. But she looked past him, as though he was invisible. "Come out to the pool, Mac. And bring your stop watch."

"Okay," Mac said. "But what—"

She had turned and vanished.

When they reached the pool she was already poised for her dive. She lifted her head. "Time me," she ordered in a fierce, determined voice.

Mac blew his whistle, holding the stop watch flat on his palm. She went into the water like a charging fury, swam down the tank, made a perfect turn, and ended in a final, great burst of speed.

She pulled herself out of the tank. "Now—tell me," she gasped. "Do I enter the National or don't I?"

"Do you—" Mac's words erupted into an excited roar. "Get back in that tank. And take the flutterboard, and work on your kick!"

Jan smiled at him, a slow, triumphant smile.

"Two seconds under the record, Mac!" Steve said, looking at Mac's watch. It was Betty Foster's record, which had stood for seven years. Oh, this girl was a swimmer. Lord, she was a swimmer!

"Yeah, two seconds," Mac said.

Would there be any more free lessons for her when the pool was sold, Steve wondered. Well, coaches were always looking for likely material, but there would never be another coach as exactly right for her as Mac was. Suddenly he knew what he had to do. . . .

"You mustn't throw away that money your father left you," Mac said flatly.

"I'm not throwing it away," Steve argued. "You've got a world-beater. She'll get all kinds of publicity. You'll have ladies in limousines bringing their young hopefuls to Jan Kielski's coach, and we'll soak them plenty. I'm just grabbing a good investment."

"Listen," Mac said, "I've known you for quite a spell. Don't feed me that. You want to help the old man out. Maybe you want to give that kid her chance. Or"—he smiled, a smile of peculiar, sudden gentleness—"or you belong to swimming, Steve. No one who does could let what you've just seen fail to get the best chance."

"You're an old sentimentalist," Steve said. "I told you—"

"I know what you told me," Mac said and walked over to the wall of the office. One by one he took down the clippings about Betty Foster. "I'm making room," he said gruffly. "You've just bought yourself a great combination, son: a beat-up pool, a has-been coach, and a crazy girl from the tenements. How can you lose?"

THEY had six weeks in which to prepare for the National. During those six weeks Steve advised old ladies on their investments, passing dreary hours until he could leave the office, eat a hasty dinner and go up to The Blue Grotto.

They weren't missing a trick, he and Mac, and whatever they proposed was all right with Jan. She swam the length of the pool with one arm only, and then the other. Mac had read that European coaches had successfully used that gimmick to develop the arms, and for further strengthening of the arms she swam with her ankles tied together. She practiced turns endlessly. Mac kept a weight chart on her, watching for signs of overwork, but you couldn't overwork Jan Kielski. And Steve got into the tank himself, night after night, to act as her pace setter.

"I ought to tell her why you talked so rough to her at the club," Mac had said worriedly at the beginning.

"No, don't," Steve had said. "If wanting to 'show me' is such a goad to her, let it ride. She'll work with me because she's in a mood to accept help from the devil himself."

"Matter of fact," Mac had said, but not very happily, "that's about the way she worded it when I told her we could make good use of you in there."

She was in that mood, all right. She had not forgiven him in the least. She never spoke to him or even looked at him directly if she could avoid it; for all the recognition she gave him, he might have been as mechanical an aid to her as the kicking board.

For his part he made no overtures toward her. He observed the armed truce she offered; she accepted his presence as a means to an end. But sometimes during those tense weeks, moving

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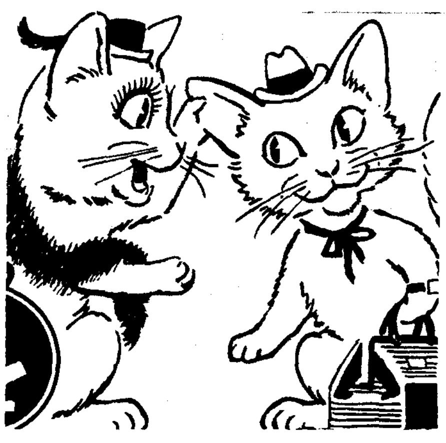

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rhythmically side by side, like a double shadow, their faces turning toward each other and away, the unison became almost a silent, involuntary communication between them. Once, lying back on the pool's apron after a training session, their wet bodies nearly touching and the odor of steamy chlorine rising about them, Steve felt a sudden, queer racing of his blood. He guessed he'd been pretty much out of condition and was a little dizzy from the hard swim.

The fourth week Steve wangled a diving helmet and an underwater camera from a friend who was a marine biologist, and he made pictures of Jan's swimming. When they were developed, he took his projector and screen to the Bronx.

Mac was working on the pumps when he arrived that night, and Jan was cooking something on the electric plate in the office, looking like a young boy in checked shirt and jeans and bare feet—like most swimmers she hated shoes.

Steve paused awkwardly in the doorway, unaccustomed to being alone with her. Then she looked up and saw him. "Go and get Mac, will you?" she said. "I'm making some Polish meatballs for him and they're ready."

"They smell good," he said. It was the first time she had spoken to him of her own accord. It must mean that some of her bitterness toward him was wearing away. Perhaps she had even begun to work out, in her own mind, the reason for his lashing out at her that night.

There was something else different about her tonight, Steve thought as he went off to find Mac. Then he realized that she was wearing her hair in the new short cut. It was the way the country-club girls wore theirs.

AFTER the practice session they ran the pictures off in Mac's office. They were like three conspirators in that darkened room, tense and hushed. "Let's have them again," Jan said. "I want to study that arm stroke." It was almost, Steve thought, as though it wasn't herself she saw on the screen, as though she had become one of three people determined on the creation of a fourth: a new, set-apart individual who would be labeled Champion.

When the light was switched on again, and Steve got up to light a cigarette, he saw with surprise that young Johnny Kielski was there, leaning against the door. "Hi, Johnny," he said.

"Hi," Johnny replied.

"Oh, you came, Johnny," Jan said, going to him. "Did you see the whole film?"

"Uh-huh." He pulled self-consciously away from her.

In a year the boy had grown taller and thinner. There was another change in him too, it seemed to Steve, something so subtle that someone who was with him daily might not be aware of it. That gesture of thrusting his thumbs in his pockets now had a swagger to it. The challenging expression in his handsome dark eyes appeared bold rather than merely proud and direct.

Well, perhaps this was only part of Johnny's growing up. Still, as the two Kielskis left, Johnny almost as tall as his sister and moving with the same slim-hipped grace, Steve looked after him and felt a certain uneasiness.

"Nice kid," Mac commented. "Bright too, Jan says."

"He looks smart," Steve said and began gathering up his apparatus. Probably he'd just had a touch of imagination. He was getting on edge as the time for that meet drew near. . . .

The National Outdoor, a joint meet that year for men and women, was a three-day event, and when Steve said he wanted time off from work in order to go, Mr. Loring was not pleased.

"I'll be away from the office just two days," Steve pointed out, "since I don't work on Saturdays anyway."

"Perhaps it isn't the *time* I'm concerned about," Mr. Loring said solemnly. "It may be a matter of your *interest*. We had a young man here who had been a fine tennis player—and sports seemed to remain his real world. I'm afraid office work seemed confining to him, and rather dull after all the excitement of national competition."

THERE had been a warning note in Mr. Loring's voice, and Steve prudently decided to take the Thursday-noon plane out so that he could keep some morning appointments at the office. He wouldn't be there to see Jan in the qualifying heats in the afternoon, but he would be there to watch her in the final—if she made it. Mac was to drive Jan out in his ancient car—there was nothing elegant about The Blue Grotto's entry.

At Steve's hotel, near the outdoor pool, there was a note waiting for him: *Mr. Macomber is at the Bellemore tourist court.*

The Bellemore was a row of depressing wooden shacks behind a filling station and a hamburger joint, and Mac and Jan had the two at the end. Steve knocked at the first one, and Mac opened the door. One look at Mac's face was enough.

"Steve!" he bellowed. "She made it!"

"I knew she would!" he said, but he hadn't known at all, and he pommeled Mac on the back.

"I didn't even have to really let myself go at the finish," Jan said. She was sitting at a rickety little table having her early supper. An electric plate stood on a box in the corner. "Alice Evans' time this afternoon was better than mine," she added, "but I'm not worried." And she didn't look it, sitting there in shorts and an open-throated shirt, her face devoid of make-up and her hair carelessly combed back.

"Come on in to our little home away from home," Mac said; he was as frisky as a kid. "We're making out fine. Jan even washed and ironed for us when we got in. She's handy." He reached for his pipe. "Next year, when she's defending her title, she'll get her expenses paid. She'll be at the best hotel."

"It won't be so cozy," Jan said. "Mac, I wish you'd eat this second chop. I can't swallow another bite."

"You've *got* to eat it. I told you I'm not hungry now. I'll go out and grab a big meal later, when you're resting."

Over Mac's head, Jan's eyes met Steve's in rueful eloquence, and in that moment of their mutual understanding there was a little bridge between them, a lowering of defenses. They both knew that Mac's big meal would be a hamburger and coffee. Lamb chops came high.

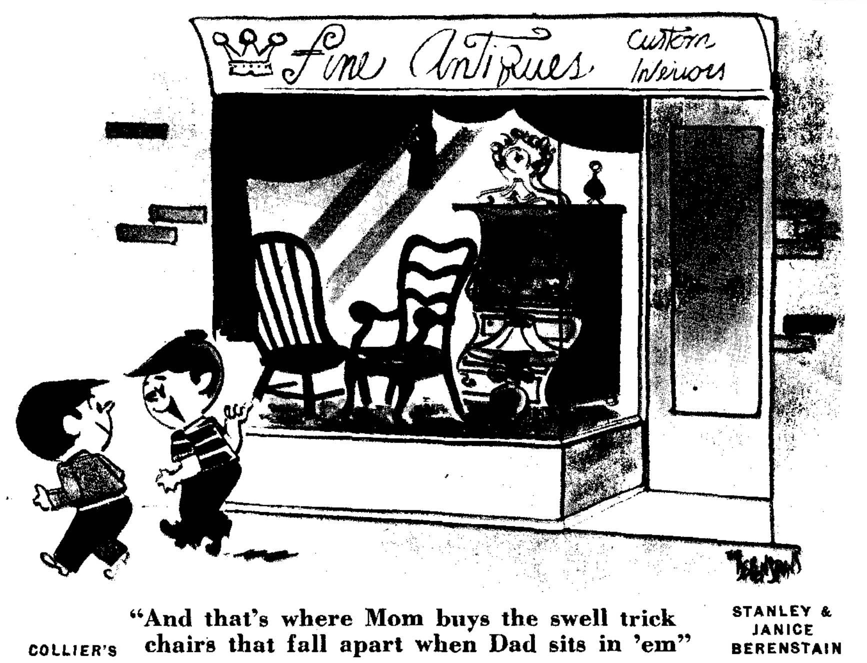
Steve thought of inviting Mac to go out to dinner with him, but he knew it wouldn't do. So he sat on the hard bed and listened while Mac told him all about the afternoon. Jan went on with her supper. Steve noticed that she wasn't having any trouble downing the second lamb chop.

When he got up to go, he turned to Jan again. "You can't stay behind Alice Evans and then jump her near the finish," he warned. Then, on a sudden impulse he reached into his pocket and got out an old Chinese coin. "Here," he said. "This is my good-luck piece. I always carried it to meets."

After dinner he took a cab out to the meet, looked around for Mac but didn't see him, so he found a seat in the stands. Tonight's event was the big deal in the swimming world: the bleachers were rapidly filling, and A.A.U. officials, sports writers and photographers were all over the place. The 100-meter free style for women was the sixth event, and it was preceded by a diving exhibition. Nicky Tremaine, of course, was the star. Steve sat through it, plowing his fingers into his hair, just like Mac at a meet.

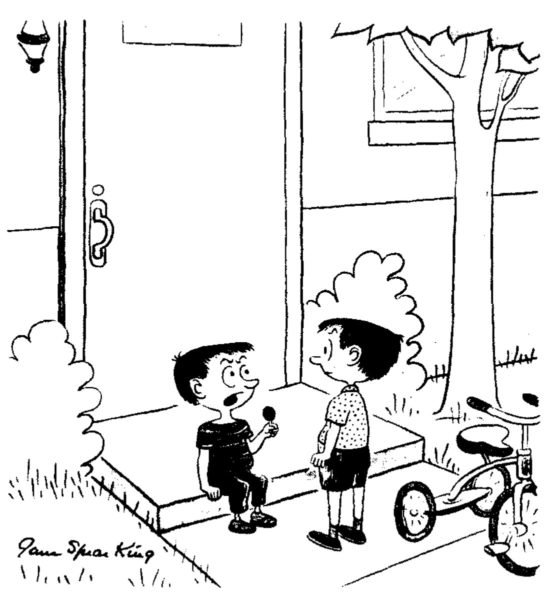
THE ropes to mark the lanes for the 100-meter were put in place. The loud-speaker began calling the girls' names, and Jan came to her starting platform, but he couldn't see her face clearly. He felt his hands beginning to sweat.

The girls dived into the water for a brief warmup; they swam lazily, their caps like floating water lilies. Then the race started, a race that was to make swimming history. Young Jan Kielski got off and away as though the pistol itself had propelled her, and at the turn Jan Kielski was still leading. And then Jan was coming into the finish, the water a rainbow mist in the floodlights, her slim arms displacing it as though it had no weight at all.



COLLIER'S "And that's where Mom buys the swell trick chairs that fall apart when Dad sits in 'em" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

One of her shoulder straps slipped off! Steve gasped with the crowd, but she made no instinctive gesture to right it. She came on. And he was calling to her crazily, through the rising tumult about him: "That's it! Whip it! *Whip* on the downstroke! Now—don't barrel in!" Jan Kielski came on, and because Steve had helped to make her this wonderful, stirring thing she was tonight, she seemed to be swimming straight to him, with her perfect balance of stroke and one bare shoulder shining in the light.



"I'd go out and seek my fortune if I wasn't needed so badly here at home as a dependent"

JANE SPEAR KING

COLLIER'S

THEN it was over, and his heart was pounding. He heard the announcer's tinny singsong: "The event was won by Jan Kielski of The Blue Grotto. In doing so, she broke the—"

People began to shout immediately, and so he didn't hear the time. It didn't matter. Whatever the record, she would only break it—again and again.

There was a brilliant flash of light near the end of the pool. The photographers had found the new sensation. . . .

Steve sat in his room watching a breeze billow the curtains. He didn't know why he hadn't stayed until the end of the meet, or why he hadn't gone to find Mac. Jan had won, and it was something greater than either he or Mac had dreamed, and so he had just got up and gone back to the hotel, as exhausted as though he had swum that race himself.

From the terrace below came the music of a rumba. Next year was an Olympic year. The Olympics! That was what he and Mac would really start training her for now. They must study the records of those Dutch and Hungarian stars.

He couldn't seem to stay in his room any more, and so he got dressed and went down to the terrace. He lighted a cigarette and stood smoking in the shadow of some exotic potted tree. Someone moved in the deeper shadows down the terrace from him. He didn't know how he knew at once who it was, but he did. "Hi, there," he said. "Well, you made it." Anything more than that would have sounded effusive.

"Yes, I made it," Jan said. She was wearing some sort of cotton dress that left her shoulders bare. All the swimming she had been doing had filled them out, and it crossed Steve's mind that she would be a beautiful girl now, in the proper evening dress. The shadows hollowed her cheeks, accentuating her high cheekbones and giving her face a distinctive, fined-down look.

"Is Mac around?" Steve asked.

"He brought me over. He wanted to see a friend of his for a few minutes. He's in the bar," she said, but her eyes were watching the couples on the floor. Steve thought of asking her to dance, because she seemed so alone on this, her big night, and then he remembered that she mustn't dance.

"You'll take the four-hundred-meter Saturday," he said, "and we'll have you in the Olympics next summer!"

She looked at him evenly and said, "I think Mac can give me all the coaching I need now."

It was such an outrageous, unexpected slap in the face that for a moment he didn't quite take it in.

"From here on," she went on, "everything I win is going to belong to *me*—and to my professional coach."

"Why, you little—"

"East River wharf rat?" She flung the words he had used at the country club at him in a sort of blazing triumph. "I *said* I'd show you and I did. And now you're not going to have the chance to go around boasting that you're coaching me!"

So all the time she had been only pretending to ease off toward him she had been just waiting for the right moment to retaliate. "Don't get too big for your rubber cap!" he said furiously. "You aren't an established world-beater in one race. You had a fast pool tonight with live water, and—"

"I'm never going to be beaten. You'll see—watch the papers." A sudden terrible passion vibrated in her husky voice as she went on. "I've never had anything of my own, not even a room of my own. *You* wouldn't know about things like that. But now I've *got* something—a new American record. *Mine.* And nobody's ever going to take it away from me as long as I'm in competition. The only one who'll ever break it will be *me!*"

SO THIS was what had happened to his confident prediction that once she was in the championship class, Jan would begin to be a different girl!

"Go ahead!" he said, shouting at her now. "Go ahead and turn yourself into a machine for breaking records. Keep on slugging it out with life. Keep that chip on your shoulder." He grabbed her arm in a wild desire to crack that protective wall she had so fiercely erected. "Are you proud of the fact that you have to be mad at someone or at the world to do your best? Why do you suppose I said those—"

"Let me go," she cried, trying to jerk away, but he held onto her, feeling the cool firm flesh under his fingers, maddened by its coolness, its resistance.

"Let me go!" Jan repeated, and then the expression on her face changed swiftly. "Nicky!"

Steve dropped her arm in surprise and turned. The diver was coming across the terrace toward them.

"He bothering you?"

"You keep out of this, Tremaine."

"Why don't you take on somebody your own size?" the diver asked in his lazy drawl, stepping to Jan's side.

"Okay. *You're* about my size," Steve said. There was nothing he would like better than to smash that arrogant face.

Tremaine's face darkened. He took a step forward. "Don't, Nicky," Jan cried. "If you get into a hotel brawl the A.A.U. might suspend you. Leave him alone. Please, Nicky."

So it was Nicky Tremaine—though Jan could have seen him only that once, at the country-club meet. Tremaine lived in Chicago. Tremaine, the white knight, always coming to her rescue. Steve felt the mist of rage clearing from his mind. What Jan had said was right. Let it go. He wasn't going to knock Tremaine out of competition.

The diver was looking at both of them appraisingly. Finally, he said to Jan, "Does he mean something to you?"

She raised that stubborn chin and said, "I hope I never *see* him again."

"It's a highly mutual feeling," Steve said. And he meant it.

Tremaine grinned and said, "Then maybe I can talk a new and beautiful champion into latching onto a sandwich with me before she has to hit the sack."

"You don't have to do any talking," Jan said.

"You know," Tremaine said, in that subtly intimate voice of his, "I have a feeling you and I ought to get along."

THEY made a pair, all right, Steve thought, as he watched them walk away. They knew what they wanted and where they were going. Jan Kielski and Nicky Tremaine. Come to think of it, they were a natural pair—the world their oyster, and crowbars to open it.

The master of ceremonies in the shell-like band stand was making an announcement. "Well, well," he said, "the swimming fans here—and I'm one—will recognize that great diver, my friend Nicky Tremaine."

The spotlight picked up Nicky, and there was a patter of hand clapping. He made a graceful, smiling bow, and then turned to Jan. "I'd like to introduce the young lady with me," he announced. "Jan Kielski, who broke a free-style record tonight. She's a girl you're going to be hearing a lot about."

Jan drew back. Then she lifted her head and smiled. In the brilliance of light her hair was glorious, her shoulders gleamed. She looked very lovely.

Lovely, Steve thought fiercely, and lost. She should have taken this new future of hers as a means of finding within herself humility and a trust in life itself, but she wasn't going to do that. He went back into the hotel with the sound of new applause following behind him. Well, Tremaine deserved her, if that was the way the land was going to lie. A girl such as she was becoming could only spell trouble for any man—even for a Tremaine.

His telephone was ringing as he entered his room. "Steve?" It was Mac's voice.

"Yes, Mac," he said. "It was—"

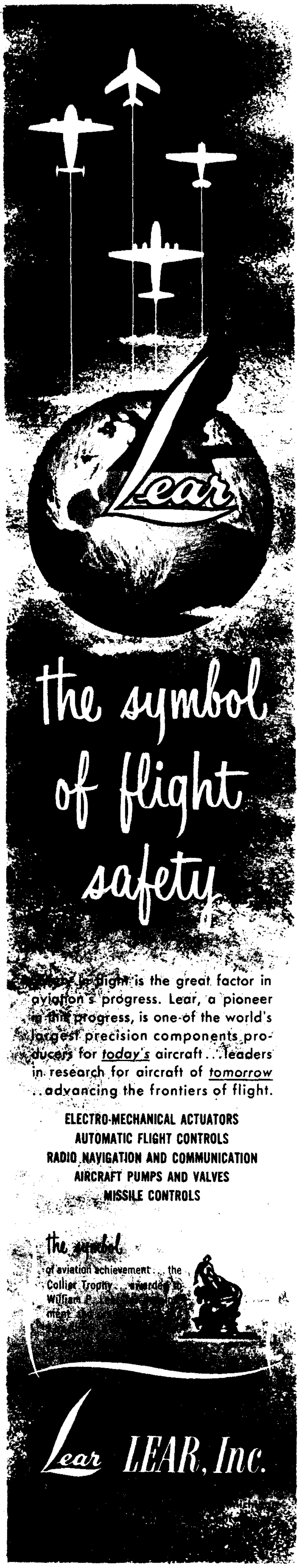
"Look, meet me in the lobby," Mac interrupted. His voice sounded urgent. "Got to talk to you. A telegram came for Jan. I opened it. Had one of my hunches that it was trouble. It was from her aunt, telling her to come home. Her brother's been arrested."

"Then she's out of the four-hundred meter!"

"No!" Mac snapped. "There's only one thing to do—and you've got to do it."

—THELMA STRABEL

(This is the first of two parts)



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The Truth about TB

WIDE WORLD

IT STARTED WITH FALSE HOPE . . .

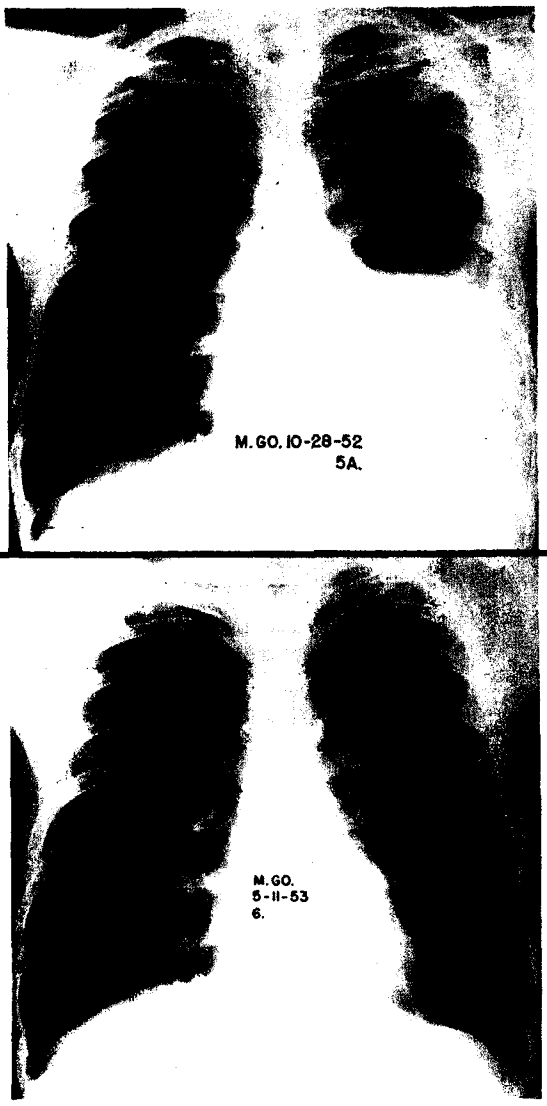
Here's one of the newspaper pictures that set off all the fuss. It shows some TB patients at New York City's Sea View tuberculosis hospital; formerly confined to beds, they were pictured dancing in the wards after they were treated with some new pills. As soon as the photographs were made public, *doctors became involved in a furious* scrap over the merits of the treatment

JACK MANNING

. . . AND ENDED WITH REAL HOPE

Today, nobody's dancing in the wards. But pill treatments are quietly being put to work in the hospitals. Though the results are less spectacular than the photograph above indicated, they are no less hopeful. Women at left, including some Puerto Ricans who got the disease on the island but showed no signs until they were pregnant, are waiting for pills in New York hospital

MIRACLE DRUGS



One patient's X rays, taken at a six-month interval, show how isoniazid cleared up a lung infection (foggy area in upper photo)

The new tuberculosis treatment was widely heralded as the most exciting medical news in years—but it touched off a doctors' fight of almost unparalleled bitterness. Why?

By BILL DAVIDSON

SECRECY was the watchword: doctors at a New York hospital were trying out a new family of drugs against tuberculosis and they were anxious to prevent premature publicity. But when dying patients suddenly regained strength and vitality, relatives were bound to talk. Before the talk could be stopped the newspapers were on to it and broke the story of isoniazid, latest in the long line of effective germ killers produced in our chemical laboratories.

For the nation's 1,200,000 TB victims the story was exciting, hopeful news. For the medical profession it was trouble with a capital T.

Before the year was out, respected doctors were calling one another irresponsible publicity seekers and promoters of personal self-interest. There were charges that press conferences were being rigged to present one-sided evaluations of the drug, and that newspapers were being fed stories throwing doubt on isoniazid's value. New York's capable Commissioner of Hospitals, a former U.S. Army Medical Corps colonel named Dr. Marcus D. Kogel, was openly called a quack for his part in isoniazid's development.

"Probably no good new drug ever had a more unfortunate history"; that was how an official of the National Tuberculosis Association summed it up for me. A champion of isoniazid, Dr. Walsh McDermott, editor of the NTA's American Review of Tuberculosis, the top medical journal in the field, said, "I have never seen such bitterness. It was just like the religious wars of the Middle Ages."

While the doctors squabbled, the public became so confused over the conflicting stories that some TB sufferers left hospitals and stopped going to clinics for isoniazid treatment. Elsewhere, patients awaiting TB surgery have demanded isoniazid pills instead of the surgeon's scalpel, even when their illnesses were too far advanced for the drug to help. Most serious of all, state and federal legislatures became so ensnarled in the maze of medical double talk that they didn't know whether to increase or cut funds for TB control. One veteran congressman told me, "I have never come across so many evasions in all my years in Washington."

Most of this strange behavior is on the record.

In May, for example, two TB specialists working on a U.S. Public Health Service project reported to the National Tuberculosis Association and to the American College of Chest Physicians on controlled isoniazid tests made on 1,500 patients throughout the country. The purpose of the tests was to compare isoniazid (used alone and in combination with streptomycin) with other anti-TB drug combinations.

Dr. Rufus Payne's paper read, "The combination of isoniazid and streptomycin was consistently superior throughout treatment." He pointed out that the new treatment was 28 per cent more effective than the older drugs in ridding the patient's sputum of tubercle bacilli—the main source of TB contagion. The second expert, Dr. Paul Chapman, also concluded, "Isoniazid and streptomycin (in combination) appears superior in nearly every respect."

When Statistics Contradict Themselves

The same month, drawing on the very same statistics, the Public Health Service's Dr. Robert J. Anderson made a statement which gave the impression that the new drug was all but useless. Appearing before a Congressional appropriations committee, Anderson said:

"Thus far, isoniazid gives no promise of being more effective in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis than anything we now have. Although it does provide another weapon against the disease, it does not come up to the high hopes many once held for it. Some of the patients who a year ago were pictured dancing in their wards have since died."

Dr. Anderson, who was trying to get federal funds for other important phases of the TB program, was technically correct: according to the government study, isoniazid alone is just as effective as the best-known drugs used previously to treat pulmonary tuberculosis—but, so far at least, no more effective. Used in combination with streptomycin, however, it seems to be markedly better than anything else.

Furthermore, *even when used alone* it has been remarkably successful against forms of tuberculosis other than pulmonary—such as miliary tuberculosis and tuberculous meningitis.

The Anderson quotation was swiftly picked up by the detractors of isoniazid and widely publicized, just as it stood. There was no attempt to call attention to the omissions—or to point out as Dr. Anderson did in his testimony that the patients at New York's Sea View tuberculosis hospital who had danced and died were in a group of 92 apparently hopeless lung cases. Most of those 92 had been expected to die of TB within three months. Seventeen did die, some from other causes, but nearly all lived at least nine months. Thirteen others were discharged from the hospital as arrested TB cases; 39 are still alive in the hospitals nearly two years later; 23 felt so good that they left the hospital against the doctors' advice.

In speaking with the top men in the TB field, I could not find anyone who would say openly that isoniazid is no good. Some experts waxed ecstatic over the drug.

Denver's Dr. Gardner Middlebrook wrote, "It is our conviction that this drug, isoniazid, deserves to be considered the most remarkable chemotherapeutic agent yet discovered for an infectious disease of man."

The most anybody would say against the drug is that when used alone, it is about equal in effectiveness with streptomycin combined with PAS (para-amino-salicylic acid)—an already proven anti-TB combination. All were agreed that isoniazid is cheaper than the other drugs, that it is much easier to administer (patients take it in pill form instead of by injection), that it has greater patient accept-

The treatment is simple and inexpensive

ance, and that it produces far fewer dangerous effects (like the deafness sometimes caused by streptomycin). For these reasons, it is being used in nearly every hospital in the country today, including the vast networks run by the Army, the Navy and the Veterans Administration.

Why, then, the bitter debates, the name calling, the angry charges and countercharges? The answer lies in the nature of the disease and in the history of medical efforts to combat it.

Ravages of a Killer Bacillus

Tuberculosis is caused by a bacillus, or germ, which breaks down human tissue and creates abscessed cavities when it strikes areas like the lung, brain, glands or bone. On the skin and membranes, it causes horrible ulcers. In humans, it most often attacks the lung—the first point of settlement for the bacillus after it's breathed in by the victim.

The tubercle bacillus was first isolated by Robert Koch in Germany in 1882, and almost immediately doctors realized that the disease would be more difficult to fight than most: the tough little bacillus had a wax content which made it almost invulnerable to drugs. Since the medicines of the day were ineffective, the treatment of TB became largely a process of building up the strength of the patient, so the body itself could produce enough weapons to kill off the invaders. The TB sufferer was rushed to a hospital or sanatorium—preferably in the country—and given plenty of bed-rest, good food, light and air.

Effective surgical techniques were developed later, but in the main, TB doctors leaned heavily on the sanatorium. Other diseases fell, one by one, before the onslaught of new drugs, but the tubercle bacillus remained unassailable, and treatment remained essentially the same for decades.

Suddenly, with the advent of streptomycin, a revolution hit the TB doctors. Overnight, they had a weapon that could penetrate and attack the tubercle bacillus. The weapon was imperfect, but doctors no longer had to sit by passively and let the patient's own body do the fighting. Soon some specialists were asking questions which challenged everything TB doctors had been doing for years.

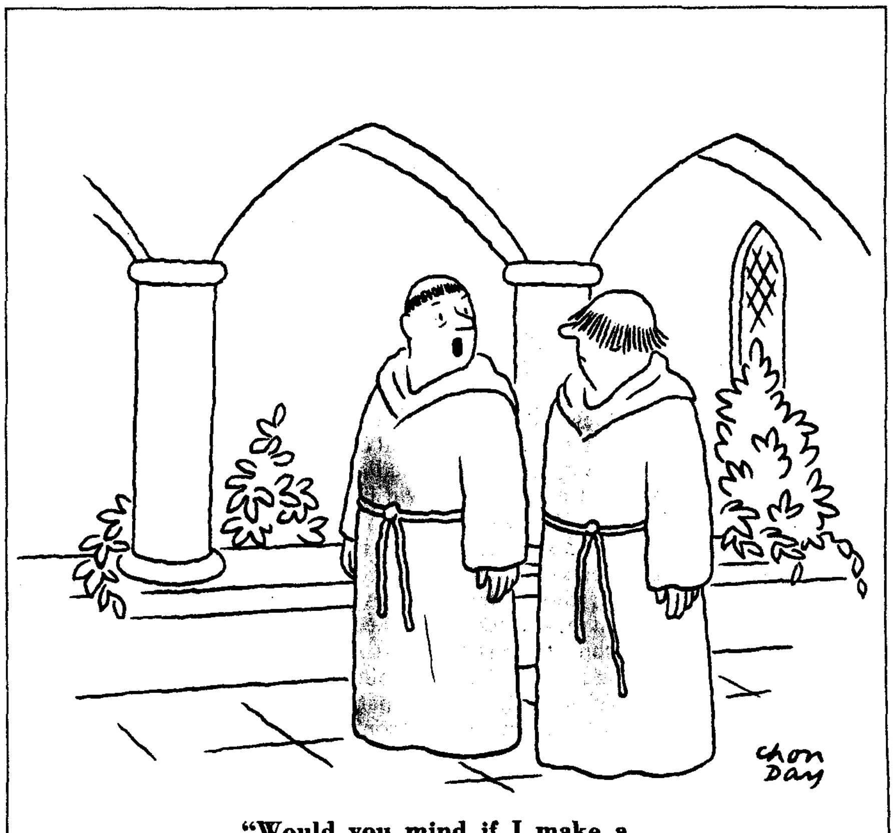
At Sunmount, New York, the Veterans Administration's Dr. Nicholas D'Esopo suggested, "If we were able to discard serum in pneumonia cases after penicillin was discovered, maybe someday we won't need bed-rest and long treatment in sanatoriums in certain TB cases." A top TB man recently told me: "You couldn't ask that question five years ago without running the risk of being accused of malpractice by certain other TB men."

Then isoniazid unexpectedly hove into view in 1952.

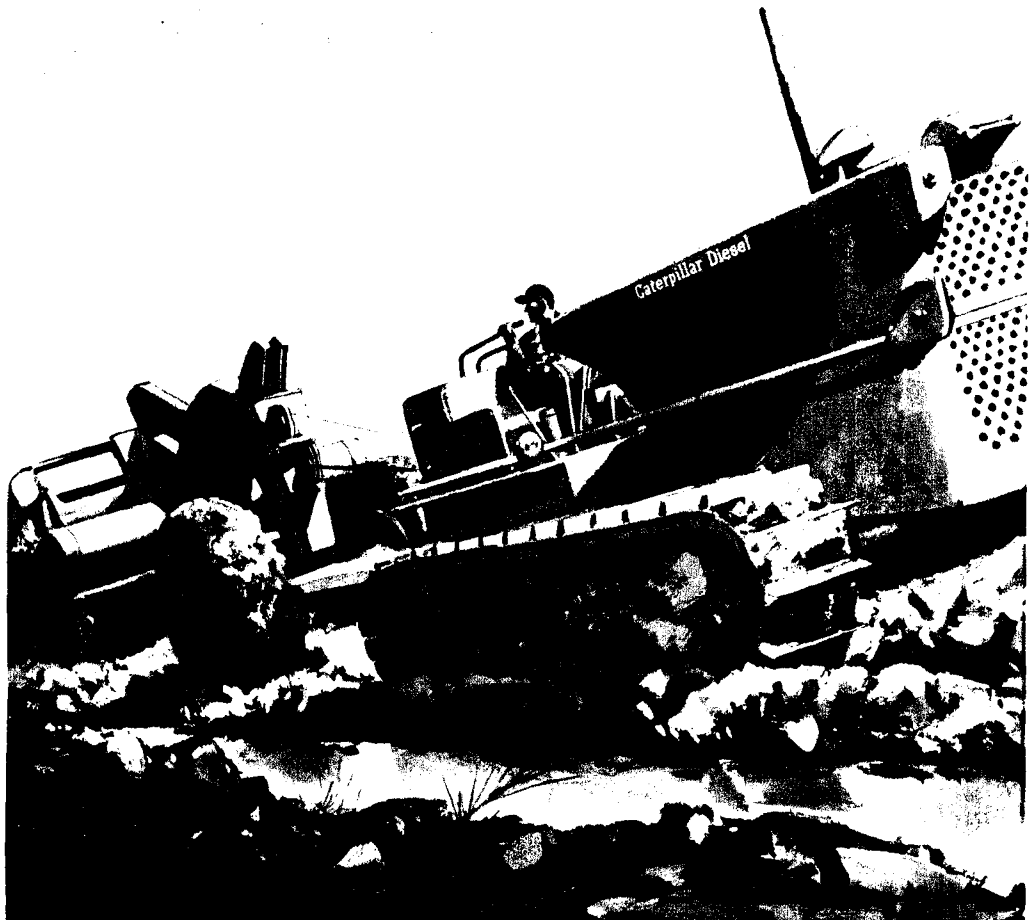
The drug had been several years in developing. In one of those strange coincidences of medicine, at least three major drug firms—E. R. Squibb & Sons, Hoffmann-LaRoche, Inc., and the Bayer Company—all synthesized it practically simultaneously, without the others' knowledge.

Isoniazid and several sister drugs (many of which also were tried on TB but later discarded) were derived by a simple process from coal tar. After their discovery came the drudgery that always precedes a major medical advance—the weeks and months of tests on animals to make sure the coal-tar derivatives were safe. By the summer of 1951, the drug companies, still working separately, deemed several of the drugs ready for the first clinical tests on human patients.

Squibb selected Dr. Walsh McDermott and Dr. Carl Muschenheim of New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, both well-known, highly respected TB investigators. Hoffmann



COLLIER'S "Would you mind if I make a suggestion, Brother Francesco?" CHON DAY



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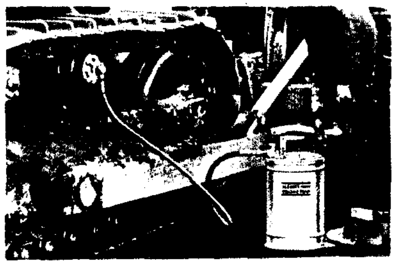

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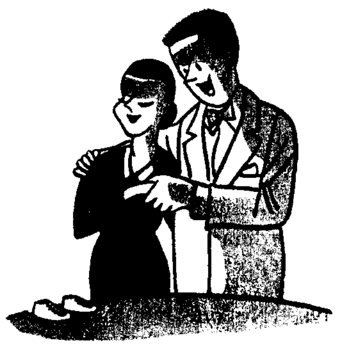
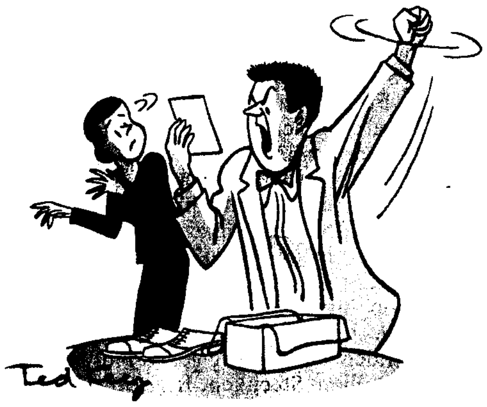


"We'll cast one in bronze, and the other, we'll . . ."

Baby's Twenty-First Pair



"Fourteen fifty!"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

LaRoche's Dr. Roger A. Lewis picked a relatively little-known research team—thirty-nine-year-old Dr. Edward H. Robitzek and thirty-seven-year-old Dr. Irving J. Selikoff—two dedicated young New York specialists who had labored without pay for years among the tuberculosis cases at Sea View.

Spectacular Gains in Weight

Robitzek and Selikoff did much of their early work with iproniazid, the coal-tar derivative which had worked best in animals. Later they found iproniazid more toxic than isoniazid in humans. Iproniazid did, however, have one surprising characteristic, never fully explained: it made some patients feel better almost immediately. It brought the temperature down and it caused wasted tuberculosis victims to gain weight spectacularly. Hopeless cases who had faded away down to 85 pounds or less suddenly would put on 40 or 50 pounds under the influence of iproniazid.

And that's where the trouble started: it was the story of iproniazid which leaked out to the press—after the two doctors had already started to turn from it to the less dramatic but more satisfactory isoniazid!

Three thousand visitors go to Sea View to see relatives and friends every week, and early in 1952 the hospital began buzzing with tales of human skeletons who looked hale and hearty again, and of near corpses with "feverish cemetery roses" in their cheeks who had come back from the dead. The story made the front pages of the newspapers on February 21, 1952—a date to which Dr. Robitzek refers as Black Thursday.

Sometime earlier, Drs. Robitzek and Selikoff had learned that Dr. Walsh McDermott had had good results with isoniazid, too, and in friendly fashion the investigators agreed to announce their results simultaneously in three medical journals on April 1, 1952. When the Sea View story exploded in the public prints six weeks ahead of time, the New York City Commissioner of Hospitals, Dr. Marcus D. Kogel, called a press conference in which he urged caution. He pointed out that the results were still tentative, that the drug did not heal lesions, and that it had to be tried on thousands of patients before any definite statements of its value could be made. He would not even name the drug, and he warned, "It is much too early to assume that the conquest of tuberculosis is at hand."

Nevertheless, the stampede was on. TB patients were pictured as dancing in their wards and referring to the drug as "God's gift to humanity." Most damaging of all was the inclusion in most stories of a months-old statement by Kogel from his annual report, in which he said, "The present trend in modern TB treatment justifies the hope that the need for TB beds may, in the not too distant future, decline in New York City." Actually, when he wrote that, Dr. Kogel was not referring to isoniazid at all, but to the cut in hospitalization time wrought by streptomycin-PAS and by improved surgery.

The reaction of conservative TB specialists was instantaneous. They expressed real fear that the premature announcement would discourage state and federal grants and wreck the sale of Christmas seals—the main nongovernmental source of revenue for fighting tuberculosis—and they lashed out at Kogel as "a publicity-seeking bureaucrat." Robitzek and Selikoff were attacked as "inexperienced investigators of no background," and there were hints that the whole isoniazid story was a plot to drive the private sanatoriums out of business.

Then questions were raised about the value of the drug itself. Investigators rushed to try isoniazid on patients, and when they did not obtain the spectacular weight-gaining results which Robitzek and Selikoff got (with iproniazid), they denounced *all* the coal-tar TB drugs to the newspapers.

The peak of this tragicomedy developed at the annual meeting of the National Tuberculosis Association in Boston on May 26, 1952.

Dr. George G. Ornstein, TB chief of Sea View Hospital, was to read a scientific paper reporting the complete results of the hospital's isoniazid investigation. On the afternoon of Dr. Ornstein's scheduled appearance, there was so much clamor from the newspapers for the latest story on isoniazid that a press

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35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

Bed-rest? It's still required for most cases. But when hospital beds aren't

conference was called. Somehow, everyone got to it but Ornstein. Convention officials said later that they couldn't find Ornstein, but Ornstein says he was in his hotel room all the time and that the room number was registered with the convention officials.

Dr. Walsh McDermott, an isoniazid expert who did attend the conference, found himself greatly outnumbered and unable to make his views prevail against the drug's detractors—most of whom had had only a few weeks' experience with isoniazid on patients. Many newspapers next day ran headlines like "Doctors Discount Effectiveness of New TB Drug." One Boston paper began its story, "Almost unanimously, a panel of research physicians last night agreed that early reports of the new tuberculosis drug, isoniazid, were 'overoptimistic,' 'not sufficiently documented,' and 'misleading.' "

Drug's Defenders Fight Back

Stung to fury by what they called a "below-the-belt attack," the isoniazid champions began to fight back. In the process, they unleashed a furious barrage against the National Tuberculosis Association, which they felt was favoring the conservative bloc by showing a marked disinterest in new ideas. They pointed out that of the $21,717,953 in contributions received by the association in 1951, mostly through the sale of Christmas seals, only $308,130 was spent on medical research—compared with the $2,581,824 spent on research by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis out of $29,343,000 in 1951 receipts, and the $4,008,757 spent by the American Cancer Society out of $14,974,514 collected.

The NTA pointed out in reply that most of the money of the TB associations is spent in the communities where the money is collected—educating people to recognize and guard against TB, and finding new cases so they can be treated.

Actually, the association's distinguished executive director, Dr. James E. Perkins, had stated as early as May, 1952, that "isoniazid gives promise of being another very helpful tool in the treatment of tuberculosis." Nevertheless, he got dragged into the isoniazid battle. For years, Dr. Perkins had campaigned to get the city of New York to build more TB hospitals. When isoniazid came along, he protested at implications that the new drug would make additional hospitals unnecessary—and suddenly he found himself embroiled in a blistering skirmish with Dr. Kogel.

In an exchange of open letters, Dr. Perkins commented that Dr. Kogel—who had described some of the new drugs' detractors as "nonscientific and highly emotional"—might be similarly described himself for having "prematurely issued statements to the press concerning the new drugs"; he also accused Kogel of "using the new drugs as an excuse . . . to reduce, or at least not increase his budget" for TB hospital construction.

Dr. Kogel lashed back: "I owe it to future medical historians to indicate . . . that the era which marked the introduction of these new compounds bristled with resistance. I respect the conservative approach to all new therapeutic agents and techniques, but when such an approach includes possible elements of (personal) interest, I begin to suspect it."

At this point, the whole isoniazid battle had reached such heights of fury that it looked as if the doctors were about to abandon words and have at one another with surgical shears and scalpels. Then suddenly it was all over. It was as if the last outburst shocked the medical men into realizing how dangerously far they might be going in their public squabbling. Peace emissaries were dispatched and misunderstandings were smoothed over. There have been occasional minor eruptions by extremists (some of which, unfortunately, continue to get into the press) but on the whole, quiet returned to the TB field for the first time in more than a year.

When the dust had settled, it was generally acknowledged that enough work had been done while the battle was in progress to prove that isoniazid was, as Dr. Kogel put it, "an important addition to the armamentarium against TB."

In New York City, the TB rate had dropped no less than 24.6 per cent since the drug was introduced in February, 1952; isoniazid was the only apparent explanation for much of the decrease.

At the Army's Fitzsimons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado, Colonel Carl W. Tempel had given the isoniazid-streptomycin combination to Army patients, many of whom had picked up TB from the natives in Korea, and he reported quick recoveries in more than 90 per cent of his cases.

The drug was more than holding its own in more advanced cases in the U.S. Public Health Service study of 2,000 patients.

At the Veterans Administration—although isoniazid had happened, by sheer chance, to be assigned to an inordinately high percentage of far-advanced cases—Dr. Arthur M. Walker wrote in an official report, "Our findings were in substantial agreement with those reported by the U.S. Public Health Service."

In Montgomery, Alabama, a man tried to commit suicide by swallowing 100 isoniazid tablets. The drug proved to be so safe that he didn't even get an upset stomach. And at the University of Chicago, a group of investigators headed by Dr. W. R. Barclay used radioactive carbon to trace the penetration power of isoniazid in humans. They confirmed what already had been shown in animals—that there is widespread diffusion throughout the body, with high concentrations in the lung, where it is needed most.

In New York City, Dr. David M. Bosworth of St. Luke's Hospital and Sea View received the Gold Medal of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons for demonstrating dramatic results with the new TB drugs in treating tuberculosis of the bone, a painful disease in which streptomycin had only fair effects. Also, at the recent meeting of the National Tuberculosis Association in Los Angeles, a number of experienced investigators agreed that isoniazid had increased the chances of surviving tuberculous meningitis by perhaps 60 per cent, a spectacular gain.

Probably the most important development of all was the work of Drs. Walsh McDermott and Carl Muschenheim in miliary tuberculosis, a terrible disease in which the tubercle bacilli run riot throughout the entire body until the victim dies, often of meningitis. Working at New York Hospital and among the Navajo Indians of Arizona, Dr. McDermott observed phenomena which left no doubt in his mind that isoniazid is more powerful than streptomycin.

"When you use streptomycin in miliary tuberculosis," Dr. McDermott says, "about one third of the cases will develop meningitis and at least half of these will die. Also, five out of 12 of our patients who did not have meningitis suffered relapses and died after streptomycin apparently had halted the disease. With isoniazid, however, there hasn't been *a single reported case* of the development of meningitis. I've had no relapses in 15 isoniazid-treated miliary-tuberculosis cases, which now are a year to 18 months old. And, remember—we're talking about a disease that ordinarily is 100 per cent fatal!"

A representative of the once-embattled National Tuberculosis Association says, "No one but the worst die-hard would say today that isoniazid is not an effective drug." The association's executive director, the equally embattled Dr. Perkins, told me, "My opinion of isoniazid hasn't changed from the very beginning. I always said it had great potentialities—and our hopes have been justified. There is no one method that is going to solve the TB problem overnight—but cheap, easy-to-administer isoniazid certainly is a valuable additional tool."

Dr. Perkins points out that there are two mysteries concerning the drug which still must be fathomed.

First, it has been established that the tubercle bacilli soon become resistant to isoniazid, which should cause the drug to lose its effectiveness. But for some reason, it apparently doesn't. Even after the isoniazid-resistant bacilli appear in a patient's sputum, he continues to improve. (With streptomycin, soon after the drug-resistant bacilli show up, a patient who was entirely dependent on the drug gets rapidly worse.)

William Steenken, Jr., of the Trudeau Sanatorium in Saranac Lake, New York, may be on the way to solving the mystery. He found that in guinea pigs some strains of the isoniazid-resistant bacilli seem to have lost their virulence: they no longer can attack the lung and other parts of the body. This finding has not yet been confirmed in human beings, but Dr. Gardner Middlebrook of National Jewish Hospital in Denver thinks it might be. He reports that of 57 patients with isoniazid-resistant bacilli in their sputum, there has not been "a single clear-cut episode of spread of their tuberculosis disease into new areas of the lung."

Another Mystery to Be Solved

The second major isoniazid mystery is considerably more explosive: Will the easily administered new drug render bed-rest and hospitalization—the old standbys of the conservatives—unnecessary in some TB cases?

The question first arose with streptomycin-PAS. In Cleveland, Dr. Joseph Stocklen, using that combination, had considerable success with patients who were put to bed at home (isolated from other people to avoid spreading the disease) while awaiting admission to the overcrowded local TB hospitals. He found that 75 out of 131 patients definitely showed improvement during this home treatment, 45 of them to such an extent that they didn't require hospitalization at all when beds finally became available. Only five cases definitely worsened during outpatient treatment.

In New York City, where there are 9,000 active TB cases for whom there is no room in the hospitals, the Health Department's Dr. A. B. Robins instituted a similar study with isoniazid. He tried the new drug in small doses on 110 walking cases, many of them elderly persons who had refused to go to or re-

COLLIER'S "Let's try it again from the 'Two and one half cups of sifted flour' " BARNEY TOBEY

vailable, the new pills may do the trick

main in hospitals. Eighty-eight of them showed up dutifully at the clinics for their weekly supply of pills; by the end of the study, 46.6 per cent showed definite improvement. Although they were walking around during the treatment, there were three persons whose lung cavities closed and 16 whose sputum became completely free of bacilli and who, therefore, no longer were public-health menaces. Here, too, a few grew worse.

But as a result of these preliminary findings, New York has instituted a city-wide program to try giving isoniazid to those of its 9,000 unhospitalized cases who aren't under private care. Dr. Robins will use much larger doses than in the preliminary study. He will give isoniazid (with streptomycin or PAS) to patients before hospitalization, after hospitalization (so that the few scarce beds can be evacuated more quickly), and to the recalcitrants who refuse to go to hospitals.

Such programs (there are similar ones in other large cities) have caused considerable unrest among the sanatorium-minded doctors, but the National Tuberculosis Association forestalled any explosion by recommending outpatient drug therapy only as an emergency measure, where there is a shortage of hospital beds.

Many specialists have gone beyond simple emergency outpatient treatment. The Veterans Administration has begun a series of studies in its hospitals to determine whether *any* bed-rest is necessary in certain cases. Younger patients with mild cases are to be divided into groups which will receive isoniazid and PAS, isoniazid and streptomycin, and streptomycin and PAS. Some of each group will be allowed to stay out of bed, work on hobbies, do anything they please. They will go to bed only when they want to. Their rate of improvement will be compared with the other half of each group, which will get the traditional bed-rest treatment.

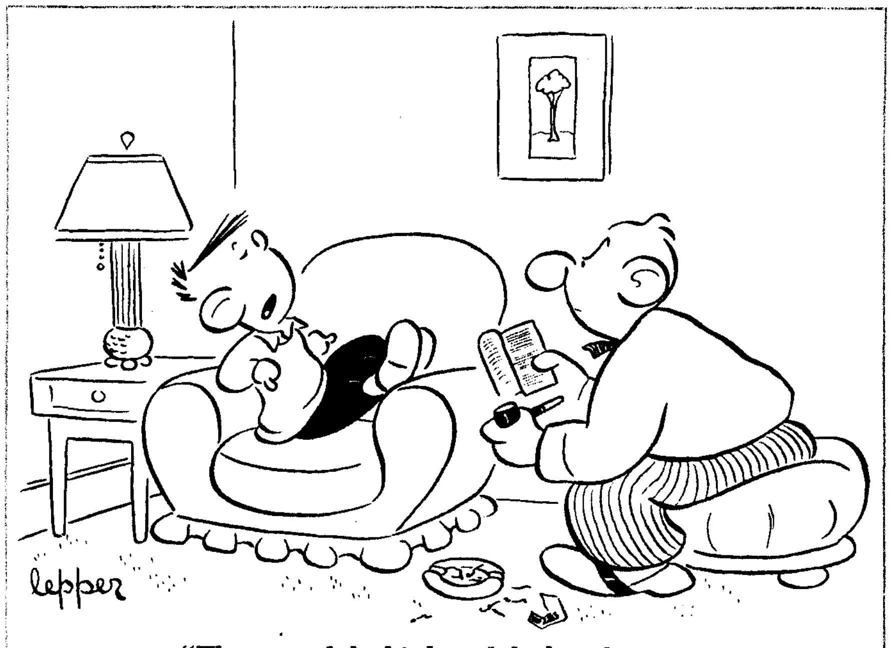
Most revolutionary of all is the outpatient work of Drs. Edward Robitzek and Irving Selikoff, two of the original investigators of isoniazid. Dr. Selikoff, working with Drs. Coleman B. Rabin, Henry Dorfman and Alan Guttmacher at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, is applying isoniazid to the age-old problem of tuberculosis as a complication in pregnancy. Among their patients are a number of New York City's many Puerto Rican women, who often have picked up tuberculosis as children on the island, where the TB incidence is high. The disease often lies dormant in these women until just after pregnancy and childbirth, when it erupts in particularly violent form.

Now if even the slightest signs of dormant TB show up on X-ray plates in Mount Sinai's obstetrical department, the woman is given isoniazid or isoniazid-streptomycin for one month before childbirth and for two months afterward. "So far," says Dr. Selikoff, "we have reason to believe that this treatment may be of decisive aid in the solution to the problem."

In addition, Drs. Selikoff and Robitzek recently reported to the medical profession on their studies with 83 private TB patients who are allowed to remain home—and in some cases, even to keep working—while being treated with isoniazid or isoniazid-streptomycin. In 86 per cent of the cases (few of them very far advanced), the patient's sputum had become germ-free.

"We had 19 people on light activity," Dr. Selikoff says "—just coming to the office for treatment—and in 15 of the 19, the sputum became negative. We had 26 on moderate activity—light housework, and so on—and in this group, 21 of the 26 became negative. All of our third group of 24 patients were allowed full activity—in many cases an eight-hour workday—and 21 of the 24 became negative. In other words, it didn't make much difference how much work they did during treatment—and I don't think confinement in a hospital would have hastened their recovery much."

Admittedly, many problems remain before such outpatient methods are safe from the standpoint of contagion. However, picking random cases out of Dr. Selikoff's files, I found it difficult to believe that the problems cannot be worked out. One patient, a laundry engineer, had been in a sanatorium, where part of one lung had been removed. He had left the sanatorium because he couldn't face surgery on the



COLLIER'S "We covered the birds and the bees last time. I thought this was going to be about girls" EDWIN LEPPER

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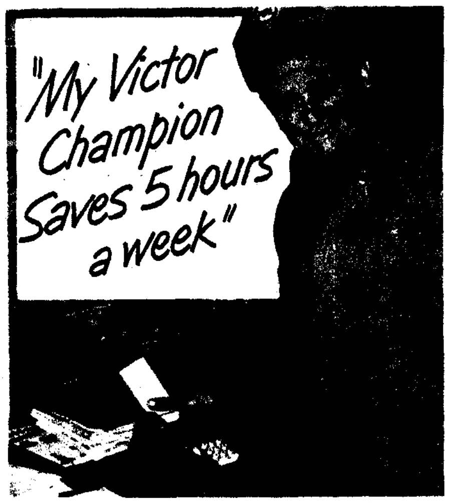

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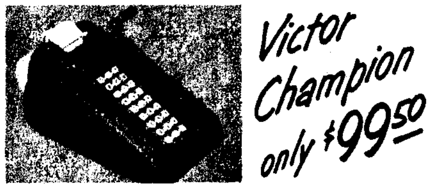

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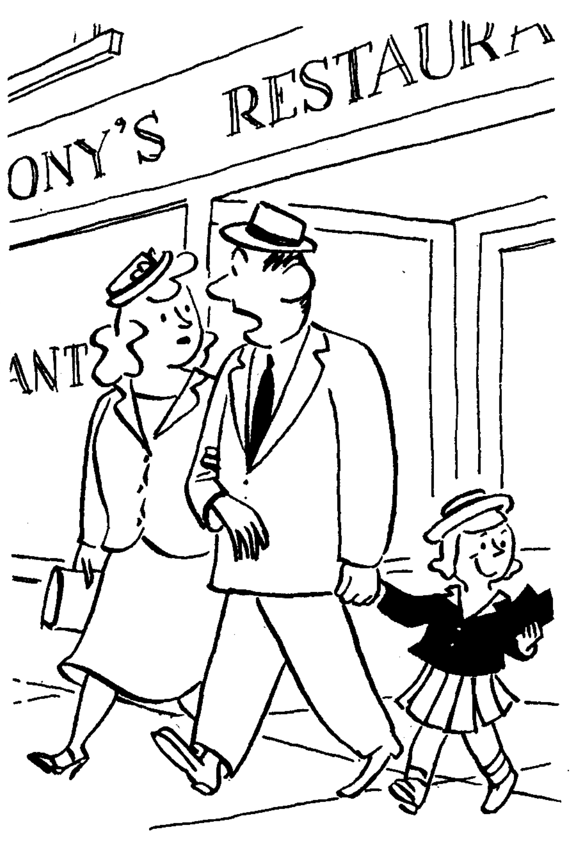
other lung, a small section of which also had become infected. He went to Dr. Selikoff on March 10, 1952.

Dr. Selikoff gave him a two-week supply of isoniazid pills and told him to remain at home, where his bacilli-laden sputum could not infect other people with the disease. The engineer gave up his job, and his wife went to work to support them during his isolation period. Although the man kept to his apartment, he did not stay in bed. Every two weeks he traveled to Dr. Selikoff's office for examinations and for a fresh supply of pills. By the end of the first month, his sputum showed no sign of bacilli, and Dr. Selikoff allowed him to leave his apartment. Five months later he was back at work. Dr. Selikoff still has the man on the drug because isoniazid is so new that no one knows how long it must be administered for a complete cure without relapse.

I saw dozens of case histories like that one. I spoke to one man, Morris Goodman, a forty-year-old Paterson, New Jersey, waiter, whose sputum became negative on isoniazid-streptomycin after only two weeks of isolation in his furnished room. He had had fluid and a cavity in his left lung; with older forms of therapy, he would have been flat on his back for months. When I saw him, less than six months after he had begun the ambulatory treatment, X rays indicated that his body had eliminated the fluid and closed the cavity. He was holding two jobs—working as a waiter at night and in a real-estate office in the daytime.



"She caused the waiter so much trouble I left him a two-dollar tip"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

Seals Sell Better Than Ever

What effect will such ambulatory treatment have on the long-established methods of treating TB? Nobody knows. When isoniazid was first announced, it was widely predicted that the public would think TB was licked and would stop buying Christmas seals. Actually, the isoniazid publicity made people more conscious than ever of the necessity for fighting TB, and Christmas seal sales broke all records in 1952, with a $23,200,000 peak.

There also was some fear that excessive optimism about isoniazid might cause a cut in federal and state funds for fighting TB—and some specialists say this fear has been realized. But nearly all the research into the new drugs has shown that they work most effectively when the disease is caught early—which gives the TB people a good argument to use before lawmakers and the public, who must provide funds for X-ray and casefinding programs. It is more important than ever now to find and treat TB in its early stages; the longer a case goes undetected, the more expensive becomes the cost of treatment to the state and federal governments when it finally comes to light.

Today, even the most partisan champions of isoniazid emphasize that most advanced cases still need surgery, lung-collapse therapy, bed-rest and sanatoriums. Sometimes the drug can improve the condition of a far-advanced TB case enough so surgery can be attempted; but that's all. As Dr. Selikoff puts it, "A drug can destroy microbes. But it can't cure a big hole in a lung any more than it can cure an amputated leg. When the cavity is too extensive for the body itself to heal, it must be eliminated by artificial means. Thus, surgery and lung-collapse and hospitals and sanatoriums are going to be with us for a long time."

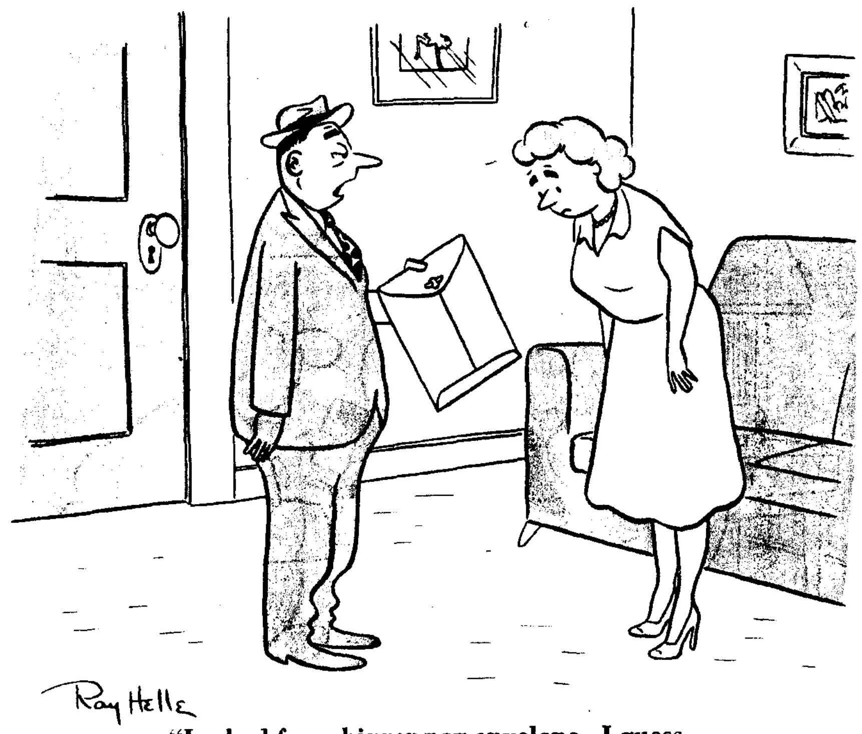
The question is, how long? Dr. Perkins thinks it will be many, many decades; but Dr. Robitzek foresees a sharp drop in the incidence of TB in about 20 years. "Tuberculosis is planted in children when they're very young," he says, "and often it does not erupt into active disease until they're adults. Because of isoniazid and streptomycin and surgery, there are far fewer TB victims walking around to infect today's crop of children. So 20 years from now we'll reap the benefits of the work we're doing today. If we spend money on case-finding and on research to find even more effective new drugs, we may, in time, be able to convert many of our TB hospital beds to the treatment of other diseases."

To Dr. Kogel, such a dream is not beyond the realm of probability. "In my lifetime," he told me, "I have seen wards crowded with scarlet fever and typhoid victims—but there are interns working in hospitals today who have never seen a single case of either disease. They hardly ever see a pneumonia case any more, and mastoid and syphilis specialists have all but disappeared.

"I can foresee the time when tuberculosis, too, will be under effective control. I don't think we'll ever eliminate it, but I'm certain we have the weapons now to control it—isoniazid, streptomycin, surgery, and all the other techniques. The most important thing today is to find the cases. Treatment is easy now, and cheap. It can be given to everyone."

As Dr. Kogel talked, the severe strain of the isoniazid battle showed on his face.

"If we forget our squabbles and concentrate on the job," he said, "maybe I'll live to see the day when tuberculosis will be like pneumonia—and the terror of it will be gone." ▲▲▲



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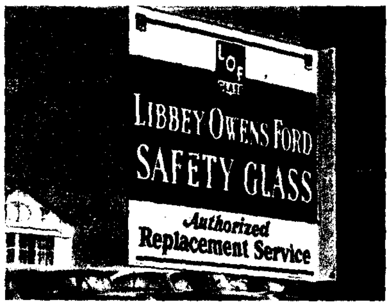

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The Adventure of the DEMON ANGELS

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

Sherlock Holmes knew he was too late to save the terrified man who had received three hideous warnings of death, but perhaps he could still catch the killer

I AM AFRAID, Watson, that the Nordic temperament offers little scope for the student of crime. It tends toward an altogether deplorable banality," remarked Holmes, as he turned from Oxford Street onto the less crowded pavements of Baker Street. It was a clear, crisp morning in May of 1901, and the spring day contrasted with the somber uniforms of the lean, bronzed men who were flocking the streets on leave from the South African war front.

"I can remind you, Holmes, of a dozen instances among your own cases that disprove your assertion," I replied, noting with some satisfaction that our morning walk had brought a touch of color to my friend's sallow cheeks.

"For instance?" he asked.

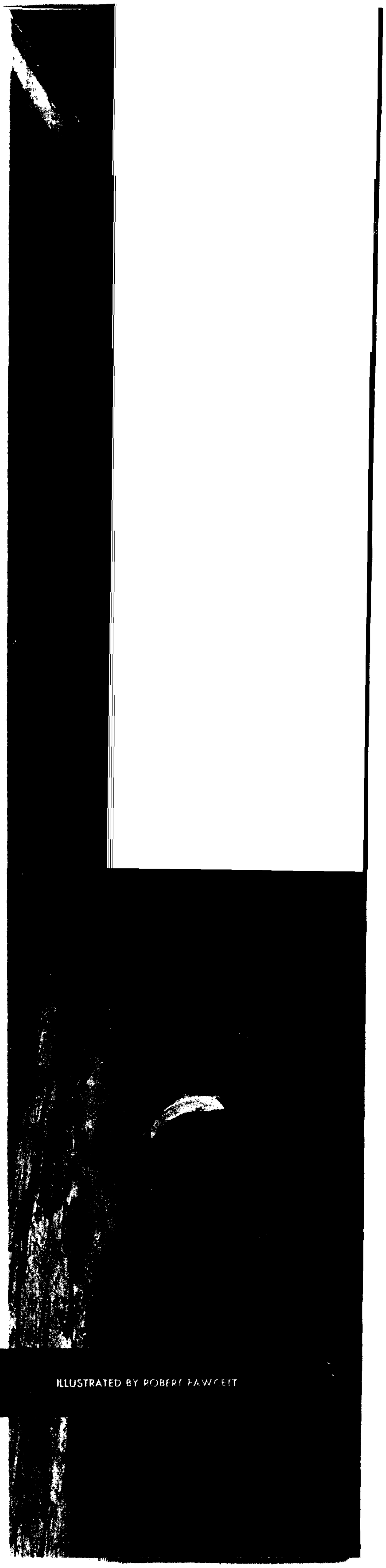
"Dr. Grimesby Roylott of infamous memory. Using a tame snake for the purpose of murder cannot be lightly dismissed as a banality."

"My dear fellow, your example proves my contention. From some fifty cases, we recall Dr. Roylott, 'Holy' Peters, and one or two others merely for the reason that they employed an imaginative approach to crime which was startlingly at variance with the normal practice. Indeed, I am sometimes tempted to think that, just as Cuvier could reconstruct the complete animal from one bone, so the logical reasoner could tell from a nation's cooking the prevailing characteristics of that nation's criminals."

"I can observe no parallel," I said.

"Think it over, Watson. There, incidentally," he added, gesturing

Another New Sherlock Holmes Story



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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Holmes studied the grass around the dead man—like some lean, eager foxhound casting for its scent. Once he peered at the ground very closely with his stick at a chocolate-colored omnibus which, with a grinding of brakes and a merry jingle from the horses' harness, had drawn up on the opposite side of the street, "you have a good example. It is one of the French omnibuses. Look at the driver, Watson, all fire and nerves and concentrated emotion, as he argues with the petty officer on long leave from a naval shore station. It is the difference between the subtle and the positive—French sauce and English gravy. How could two such men approach crime from the same angle?"

"Be that as it may," I replied, "I fail to see how you can tell that the man in the checkered coat is a petty officer on long leave."

"Tut, Watson, when a man who is too old for active service wears a Crimea ribbon on his waistcoat and is shod in comparatively new naval boots, it is surely obvious that he has been recalled from retirement. His air of authority is above that of the ordinary sailor, and yet his complexion is no more bronzed or wind-roughened than that of the bus driver. The man is a naval petty officer."

"And the long leave?"

"He is in civilian clothes and yet has not been discharged, for you will observe that he is filling his pipe from a plug of regulation naval twist, which is unobtainable at tobacconists'. But here we are at 221 B, and in time, I trust, to catch the visitor who has called during our absence."

I surveyed the blank door of the house. "Really, Holmes!" I protested. "You go a little too far."

"Very seldom, Watson. The wheels of most public carriages are repainted at this time of the year, and if you will bother to glance at the curb, you will perceive a long green mark where a wheel has scraped the edge. It was not there when we departed an hour ago. The cab was kept waiting for some time, for the driver has twice knocked out the dottle from his pipe. We can but hope that the fare decided to await our return after dismissing the vehicle."

AS WE mounted the stairs, Mrs. Hudson appeared from the lower regions. "There's been a visitor here nigh on an hour, Mr. Holmes," she said. "She is waiting in your sitting room, and that tired she looked—the poor pretty creature—that I took the liberty of bringing her a nice strong cup of tea."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hudson. You did very well." My friend glanced at me and smiled, but there was a gleam in his deep-set eyes. "The game's afoot, Watson," he said quietly.

Upon our entering the sitting room, our visitor rose to meet us. She was a fair-haired young lady, still in her early twenties, slim and dainty, and with a delicate complexion and large blue eyes that contained a hint of violet in their depths. She was plainly but neatly dressed in a fawn-colored traveling costume with a hat of the same color relieved by a small mauve feather. I noted these details almost unconsciously for, as a medical man, my attention was arrested at once by the dark shadows lurking beneath her eyes, and the quiver of her lips, that betrayed an intensity of nervous tension perilously near the breaking point.

With an apology for his absence, Holmes ushered her to a chair before the fireplace and then, sinking into his own, surveyed her searchingly from beneath his heavy lids. "I perceive that you are deeply troubled," he said kindly. "Rest assured that Dr. Watson and I are here to serve you, Miss . . ."

"My name is Daphne Ferrers," supplied our visitor. Then, leaning forward suddenly in her chair, she stared into Holmes's face with a singular intensity. "Would you say that the heralds of death are dark angels?" she whispered.

Holmes shot me a swift glance. And then he said, "You have no objection to my pipe, I trust, Miss Ferrers," and he stretched out an arm toward the mantelpiece. "Now, young lady, we have all to meet a dark angel eventually, but that is hardly an adequate reason for consulting two middle-aged gentlemen in Baker Street. You would do far better to start at the beginning."

"How foolish you must think me," cried Miss Ferrers, the pallor of her cheeks giving place to a faint but becoming blush. "And yet, when you have heard my story, when you have heard the very facts that are slowly driving me mad with fear, you may laugh."

"Rest assured that I shall not," Holmes said.

Our visitor paused for a moment, as though marshaling her thoughts, and then plunged forthwith into her strange narrative. "You must know, then, that I am the daughter and only child of Oliver Ferrers of Abbotstanding in Hampshire," she began. "My father's cousin is Sir Robert Norburton of Shoscombe Old Place, with whom you were acquainted some years ago, and it was on his recommendation that I have rushed to you at the climax of my troubles."

Holmes, who had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, took his pipe from his mouth and said, "Why, then, did you not come to me last night when you arrived in town, instead of waiting until this morning?"

Miss Ferrers started visibly. "It was only when I dined with Sir Robert last night that he advised me to see you. But how you could know, Mr. Holmes—"

"Tut, young lady, it is simple enough. The right cuff and elbow of your jacket bear slight but unmistakable traces of a sooty dust commonly found on a window seat in a railway carriage. Your shoes, on the other hand, are perfectly clean, and burnished to that high degree that is characteristic of a good hotel."

"All I know is, when *I* was young it wouldn't have been safe to let her go out with *me*, dressed like that"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Do you not think, Holmes," I suggested, "that we should listen without further ado to Miss Ferrers' story. Speaking as a medical man, it is high time that her troubles were lifted from her shoulders."

OUR fair visitor thanked me prettily with a glance from her blue eyes. "As you should know by now, Watson, I have my methods," said Holmes with some asperity. "However, Miss Ferrers, pray continue."

"I should explain," she went on, "that the earlier part of my father's life was spent in Sicily, where he had inherited large interests in vineyards and olive groves. Following my mother's death, he seemed to tire of the country and, having amassed a considerable fortune, he sold his interests and retired to England. For more than a year, we moved from county to county in search of a house that should suit my father's somewhat peculiar requirements, before deciding at length on Abbotstanding near Beaulieu in the New Forest."

"Pray enumerate these peculiar requirements."

"My father is of a singularly retiring disposition, Mr. Holmes. Above all else, he insisted on a sparsely populated locality, and an estate that should be situated some miles distant from the nearest railway station. In Abbotstanding, an almost ruinous castellated mansion of great antiquity—once the hunting lodge of the Abbots of Beaulieu—he found what he sought and, certain necessary repairs having been effected, we settled finally into our home. That, Mr. Holmes, was five years ago, and from that day to this we have lived under the shadow of a nameless, shapeless dread."

"If nameless and shapeless, then how were you aware of its existence?"

"Through the circumstances governing our lives. My father would permit no social contact with our few neighbors, and even our household needs were supplied not from the nearest village but by carrier's van from Lyndhurst. The staff consists of the butler McKinney, a surly, morose man whom my father hired in Glasgow, and his wife and her sister, who share the domestic work between them."

"And the outside staff?"

"There is none. The grounds were permitted to become a wilderness."

"I see nothing alarming in these circumstances, Miss Ferrers," remarked Holmes. "Indeed, if I lived in the country, I should probably create around me very similar conditions, to discourage unprofitable intercourse with my neighbors. The household consists, then, of yourself and your father and the three servants?"

"The household, yes. But there is a cottage on the estate occupied by Mr. James Tonston, who managed our Sicilian vineyards for many years before accompanying my father on his return to England. He acts as bailiff."

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "Indeed," said he, "an estate that is allowed to grow into a wilderness, no tenants, and yet a bailiff. Surely a somewhat curious irregularity?"

"It is a nominal appointment only, Mr. Holmes. Mr. Tonston enjoys my father's confidence, and he occupies his position at Abbotstanding in recognition of the earlier years spent in servic in Sicily."

"Ah, quite so."

"My father himself seldom leaves the house, and on the few occasions when he does, he never goes beyond the confines of his own park walls. Where there is love and understanding and mutual interest, such a life might be tolerable. But, alas, such is not the case at Abbotstanding. My father's character, though God-fearing, is not of a type to encourage affection, and as time went on, his disposition, always severe and retiring, began to pass through periods of gloomy, savage brooding, when he would lock himself in his study for days on end. As you can imagine, Mr. Holmes, there was little of interest and less of happiness for a young woman isolated from friends of her own age, deprived of all social contacts, and foredoomed to spend the best years of her life in the desolate magnificence of a half-ruinous medieval hunting lodge. Our existence was one of absolute monotony and then, some four months ago, occurred an incident which, insignificant enough in itself, formed the first of that singular chain of events which have brought me to seek your aid.

"I was returning from an early-morning walk in the park and, on entering the avenue from the lodge gates to the house, I observed that there was something nailed to the bole of an oak tree. On closer examination I discovered the object to be an ordinary, colored print of the type used for illustrating Christmas carols or cheap books on religious art. But the theme of the picture was unusual, even arresting.

"It consisted of a night sky broken by a barren hilltop, on the brow of which—in two separate groups of six and three—stood nine winged angels. As I stared at the picture, I was puzzled to explain the note of incongruity that jarred through my senses until, in an instant, I perceived the reason. It was the first time that I had beheld the angels portrayed not in radiance, but in robes of funereal darkness. Across the lower part of the print was scrawled, in figures: six plus three."

AS OUR visitor paused, I glanced across at Sherlock Holmes. His brows were drawn down and his eyes closed, but I could tell from the quick spirals of smoke rising from his pipe that his interest had been deeply stirred.

"My first reaction," our visitor went on, "was that it was a curious way for the carrier man from Lyndhurst to deliver some newfangled calendar and so, plucking it down, I took it in with me, and was on my way upstairs to my room, when I met my father.

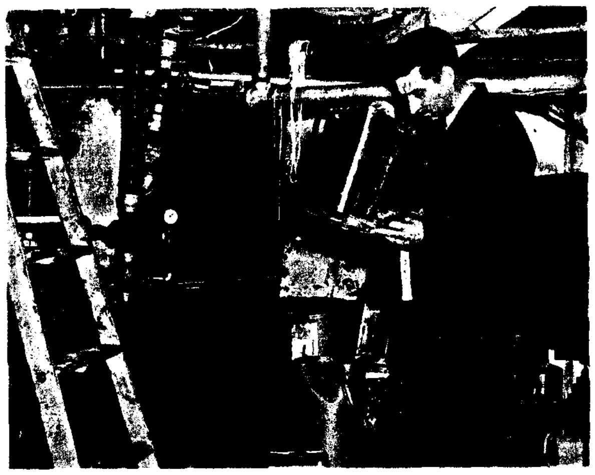
"'This was on a tree in the avenue,' I said. 'I think McKinney should tell the Lyndhurst carrier to deliver at the tradesman's entrance instead of pinning things in odd places. I prefer angels in white, don't you, Papa?'

"The words were hardly out of my mouth before he had snatched the print from me. For a moment, he stood speechless, glaring down at the piece of paper in his shaking hands while the color ebbed from his face.

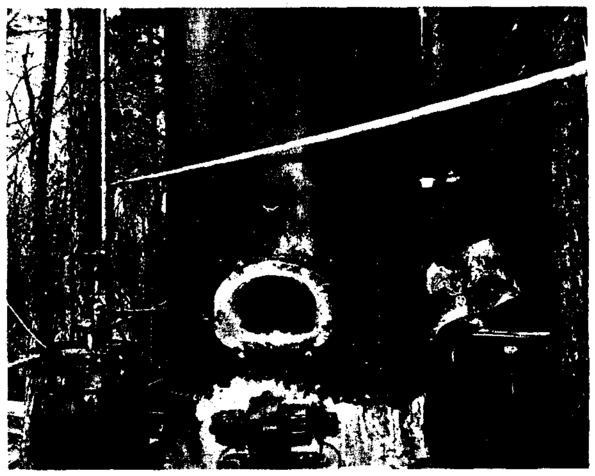
"'What is it, Papa?' I cried, clutching him by the arm.

"'The dark angels,' he whispered. Then, with a gesture of horror, he shook off my hand and rushed into his study, locking the door behind him.

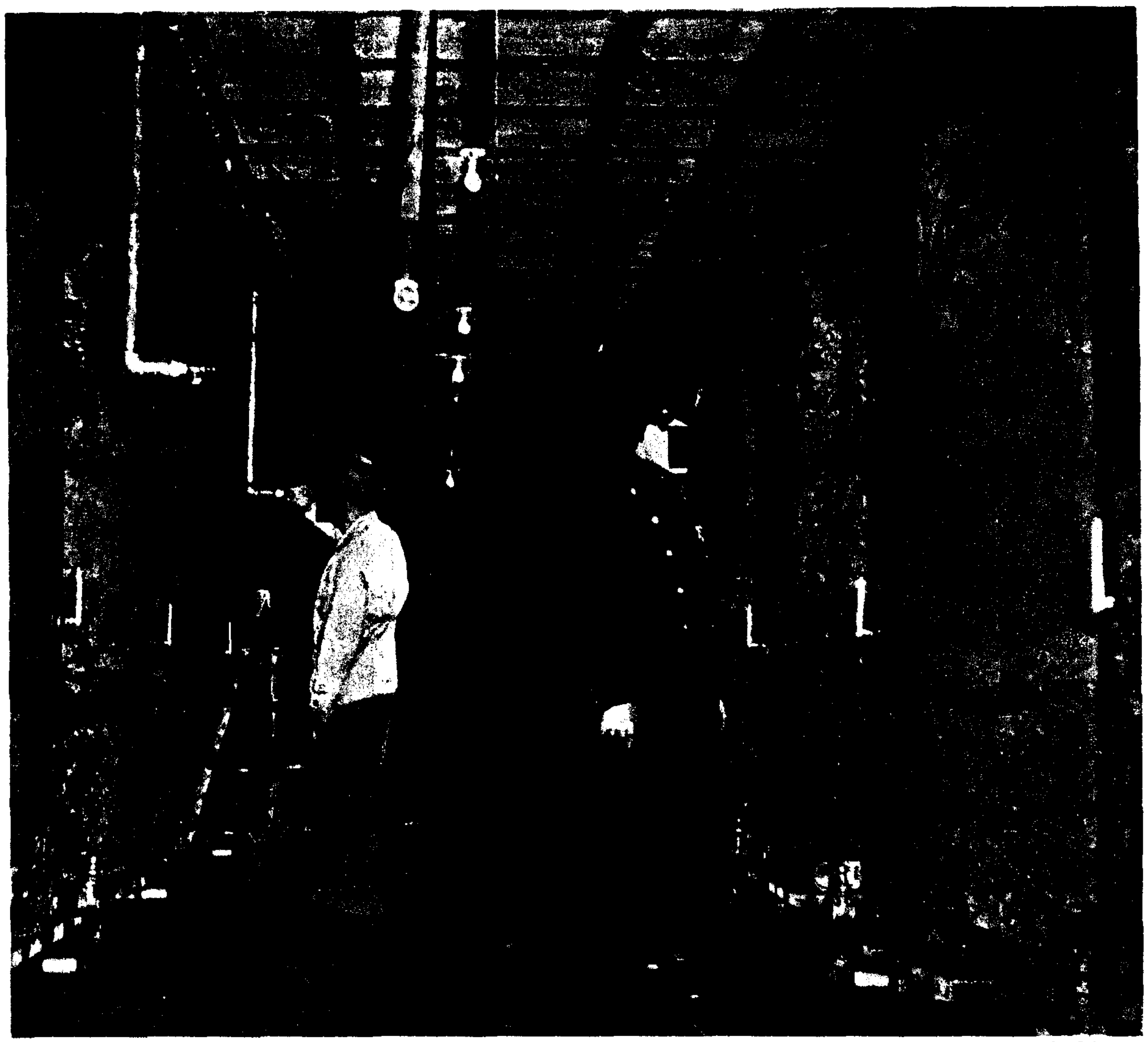
"From that day on, my father has never left the house. His time is spent reading and writing in his study, or in long conferences with James Tonston, whose gloomy and severe character is



TAX LOSS: $12,000 A DAY. This illegal still was seized in April, 1953 in an apartment building in Oceanport, N. J. Law enforcement officials estimated it was "easily capable of costing the government $12,000 a day in alcohol taxes." Above, Police Chief Robert Berry checks 5-gal. cans found near the big mash "cooker" in the cellar.



TAX LOSS: $28,350 DAILY. An oil-fired boiler supplied heat to the cooking unit of a 1500 gallons-a-day still, seized in April, 1953 at Vineland, N. J. Police estimated the Federal tax loss at $28,350 for every day of full operation.



TAX LOSS: $47,250 A DAY. When Federal and city authorities raided this illegal still in Brooklyn, N. Y., in March, 1953, they captured equipment valued at an estimated $100,000, 10,000 lbs. of sugar and 700 five-gallon cans ready for filling. They calculated that the equipment could make 4,500 gallons of "bootleg" every day, representing a daily tax loss of $47,250 to the Federal government alone. Nine out of ten stills seized are filthy and vermin-ridden.

A $6 Tax Will Reduce Bootlegging

. . . and give you legal beverages at fair prices

The pictures above show one of the main reasons why the legal distilling industry is asking that the Federal excise tax on distilled spirits be adjusted from today's $10.50 per gallon to the 1942 rate of $6.

Bootlegging today is big business . . . *an organized outlaw empire built on the difference between $6 and $10.50.* It is a vicious business. It breeds graft, corruption, defiance of law and order. Sickness, blindness, sometimes death itself, come from the bootleg bottle.

Bootlegging feeds on high liquor taxes. In 1944, when the rate jumped from $6 to $9 a gallon, it was the signal for big-city criminals to move in. And since November 1951, with the added advantage of a $10.50 Federal tax, this particular kind of crime has been more profitable than ever.

These last two increases were supposedly "temporary." They have long outlived their usefulness, defeated their revenue purpose and—what's worse—brought a decaying racket back to life.

Today the bootlegger really fears only one weapon . . . *the return of a fair tax that would bring prices of the legal product down to average-income levels.*

A $6 tax will take most of the "gravy" out of illegal distilling . . . will make mass-production installations like those pictured above too expensive a risk.

A $6 tax will recover some of the tax millions now being stolen from Federal, state and local governments.

A $6 tax will give *you* good legal beverages at fair prices.

These benefits are not wishful thinking. They are based on the record.

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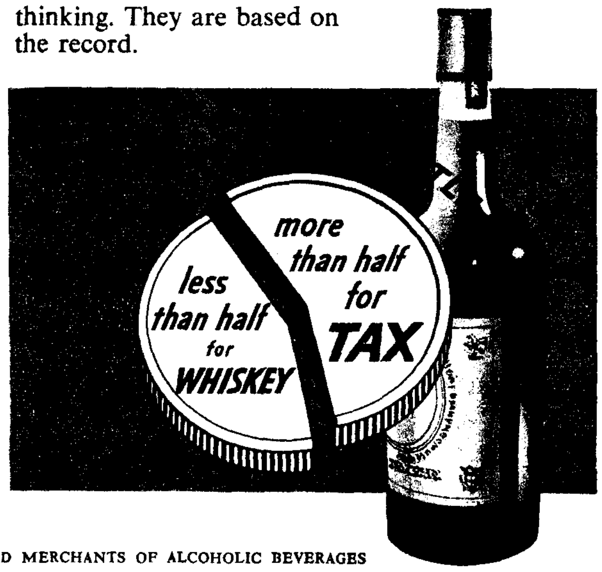
In spite of general increases in costs since 1942, the average distillery price of legal whiskey itself has not risen appreciably. Today over half of every dollar you spend for whiskey goes for Federal, state and local taxes!


more than half for TAX
less than half for WHISKEY

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Pick 'em up, perk 'em up

with this livelier catsup

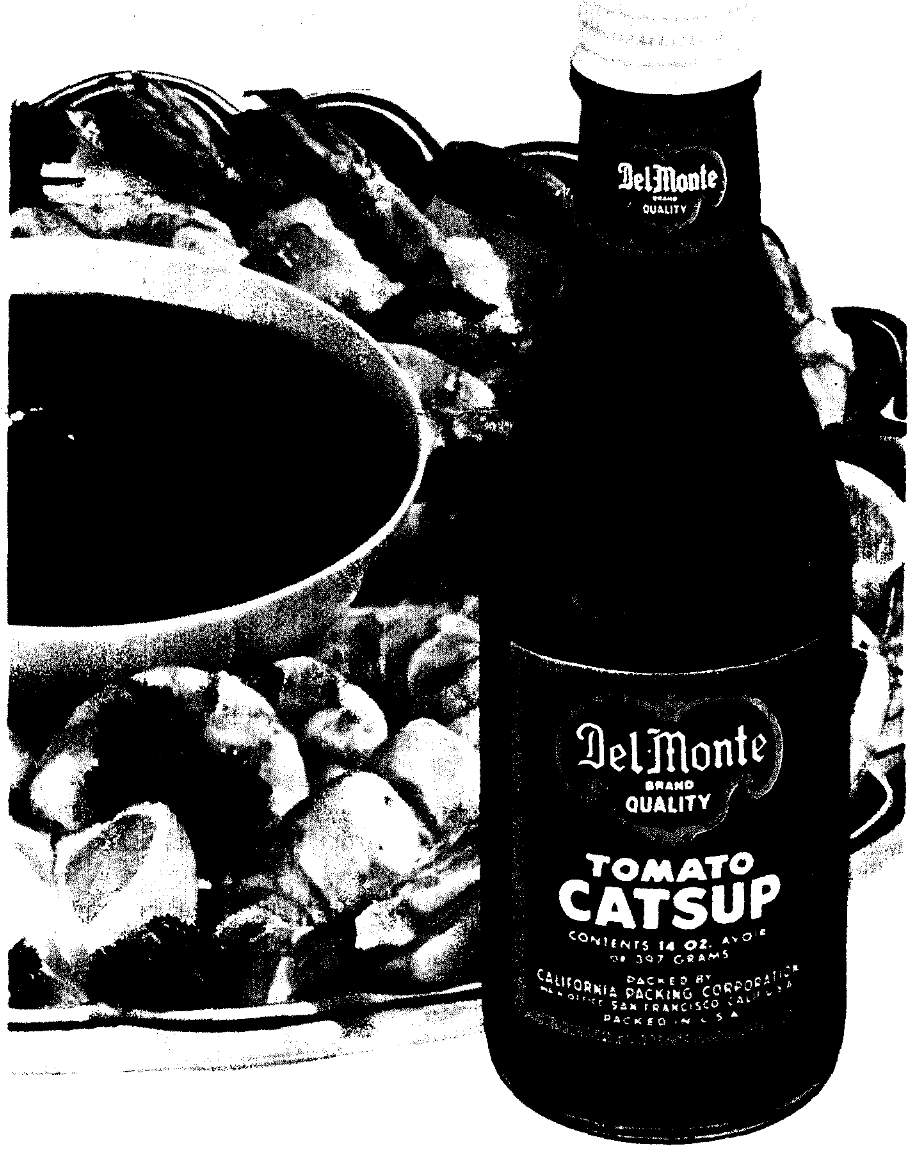
Del Monte BRAND Catsup

the only catsup made with

Pineapple Vinegar

the superlative vinegar that brings out the best in catsup flavor

You'll like the handy screw cap —easier to open, a cinch to close



Such a friendly, spirited catsup is too *good* to miss.

DEL MONTE Catsup, you know, is the *only* catsup made with sparkling-clear Pineapple Vinegar...the vinegar with a pure genius for bringing out the likeable flavor of vine-ripe tomatoes and fine spices.

Compare it with any other brand. Have you ever met a bigger bargain in flavor?

your favorite brand for flavor makes a marvelous catsup

somewhat akin to his own. I saw him seldom, save at mealtimes, and it would have been unbearable for me were it not for the fact that I had the friendship of one noblehearted woman, Mrs. Nordham, the wife of the Beaulieu doctor. She, perceiving the desolation of my life, had persisted in calling to see me two or three times a week, despite my father's open hostility to what he considered an unwarranted intrusion.

"IT WAS some weeks later, on February 11th, to be precise, that our manservant came to me just after breakfast with a most curious expression on his face. 'It's not the Lyndhurst carrier this time,' he announced sourly, 'and I don't like it, miss.'

" 'What is the matter, McKinney?'

" 'Ask the front door,' said he, and went away mumbling.

"I hastened to the entrance and there, nailed to the front door, was a print similar to that which I had found on the oak tree in the avenue. This print differed in that this time the angels were only six in number, and only the figure 'six' was marked on the bottom of the page. I tore it down and was gazing at it, with an inexplicable chill in my heart, when a hand reached out and took it from my fingers. Turning around I found Mr. Tonston standing behind me. 'It is not for you, Miss Ferrers,' he said gravely, 'and for that you can thank your Maker.'

" 'But what does it mean?' I cried wildly. 'If there is danger to my father, why does he not summon the police?'

" 'Because we do not need the police,' he replied. 'Believe me, your father and I are quite capable of dealing with the situation, my dear young lady.' And turning on his heel, he vanished into the house. He must have taken the picture to my father, for he kept to his room for a week afterward."

"One moment," interrupted Holmes. "Can you recall the exact date when you found the picture on the oak tree?"

"It was December 29th."

"And the second appeared on the front door on February 11th, you say. Thank you, Miss Ferrers, pray proceed with your interesting narrative."

"One evening, it would be about a fortnight later," continued our client, "my father and I were sitting together at the dinner table. It was a wild tempestuous night with driving rains and a wind that sobbed and howled like a lost soul down the great, yawning chimneys of the ancient mansion. The meal was over, and my father was moodily drinking his port by the light of the heavy candle-branches that illumined the dining table when, raising his eyes to mine, he was seized with some reflection of the utter horror that was at that very instant freezing the blood in my veins. Immediately in front of me, and behind him, there was a window, the curtains of which were not fully drawn, leaving a space of rain-splashed glass that threw back a dim glow from the candlelight.

"Peering through this glass was a man's face.

"The lower part of his features was covered with his hand, but beneath the rim of a shapeless hat a pair of eyes, wild and baleful, glared into my own.

"My father must have realized instinctively that the danger lay behind him, for, seizing a heavy candelabrum from the table, in one movement he turned and flung it at the window.

"There was an appalling crash of glass, and I caught a glimpse of the curtains streaming like great crimson bat wings in the wind that howled through the shattered casement. The flames of the remaining candles blew dim, and then I must have fainted.

"When I came to myself, I was lying on my bed. The next day my father made no reference to the incident, and the window was repaired by a man from the village. And now, Mr. Holmes, my story draws to its close.

"On March 24th, exactly six weeks and three days ago, when my father and I took our places for breakfast, there upon the table lay the print of the demon angels, six and three. But this time there was no number scrawled across the lower portion."

"And your father?" asked Holmes.

"My father has resigned himself with the calm of a man who waits upon an inescapable destiny. For the first time in many years, he looked at me gently. 'It has come,' said he, 'and it is well.'

"I threw myself on my knees beside him, imploring him to call in the police, to put an end to this mystery that threw its chill shadow over our desolate lives. 'The shadow is nearly lifted, my child,' he replied.

"Then, after a moment's hesitation, he laid his hand upon my head. 'If anybody, any stranger, should communicate with you,' said he, 'say only that your father kept you always in ignorance of his affairs, and that he bade you state that the name of the maker is in the butt of the gun. Remember those words and forget all else, if you value that happier, better life that will shortly commence for you.' With that he rose and left the room.

"Since that time I have seen little of him, and at last taking my courage in both hands, I wrote to Sir Robert that I was in deep trouble and wished to meet him. Then, inventing an excuse, I slipped away yesterday and came up to London, where Sir Robert, having heard a little of the story from my lips, advised me to consult you."

I HAVE never seen my friend more grave. His brows were drawn down, and he shook his head despondently. "It is kindest in the long run that I should be frank with you," he said at last. "You must plan a new life for yourself, preferably in London, where you will quickly make new friends."

"But my father?"

Holmes rose to his feet. He said, "Dr. Watson and I will accompany you at once to Hampshire. If I cannot prevent, at least I may be able to avenge."

"Holmes!" I cried, horror-struck.

"It's no good, Watson," he said, laying his hand gently on Miss Ferrers' shoulder. "It would be the basest treachery to this brave young lady to arouse hopes that I cannot share. It is better that we face the facts."

"The facts!" I replied. "Why, Holmes, a man may have a foot in the grave and yet live."

Holmes looked at me curiously for a moment. "True, Watson," he said thoughtfully. "But we must waste no further time. Unless my memory belies me there is a train to Hampshire within the hour."

I was hastily gathering my things together when Holmes came into my bedroom. "It might be advisable to take your revolver," he said softly.

"Then there is danger?"

"Deadly danger, Watson." He smote his forehead with his hand and said, "My God, what irony. She has come just a day too late!"

As we accompanied Miss Ferrers from the sitting room, Holmes paused at the bookshelf to slip a slim calf-bound volume into the pocket of his Inverness cape. In the hallway he stopped to scribble a telegram, and he handed the form to Mrs. Hudson. "Kindly see that it is dispatched immediately," said he.

A four-wheeler carried us to Waterloo, where we were just in time to catch a train that would stop at Lyndhurst.

It was a melancholy journey. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his corner seat, his ear-flapped traveling cap drawn down over his eyes, and his long thin fingers tapping restlessly on the window ledge. I tried to engage our companion in conversation and to convey a little of the sympathy that I felt for her in this time of anxiety, but though her replies were gracious and kindly, it was obvious that her mind was preoccupied with her own thoughts. I think that we were all glad when, some two hours later, we alighted at the little Hampshire station.

AS WE reached the passenger gates, a pleasant-faced woman hurried forward. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" said she. "Thank heavens that the Beaulieu post office delivered your telegram in time. Daphne my dear!"

"Mrs. Nordham! But—but I don't understand."

"Now, Miss Ferrers," said Holmes soothingly. "It would help us greatly if you will entrust yourself to your friend. Mrs. Nordham, I know that you will see to her. Come, Watson."

We hailed a fly in the station yard, and in a few moments we were free from the hamlet and bowling along a desolate road that stretched away straight as a ribbon, rising and dipping and rising again over great expanses of heath, broken here and there by clumps of holly and bounded in every direction by the dark edges of a great forest. After some miles, on mounting a long hill, we saw below us a sheet of water and the gray hoary ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, then the road plunged into the forest, and some ten minutes later we passed beneath an arch of crumbling masonry and into an avenue lined by noble oak trees, whose interlocked branches met overhead in a gloomy twilight. Holmes pointed forward. "It is as I feared," he said. "We are too late."

Riding in the same direction as ourselves, but far ahead of us down the avenue, I caught a glimpse of a police constable on a bicycle.

The drive led us into a wooded park with a gaunt, battlemented mansion set amid the broken terraces and parterres of that saddest of all spectacles: an old-world garden run to wilderness. It was bathed in the red glow of the setting sun, and at some little distance from the house, a group of men was gathered beside a stunted cedar tree. At a word from Holmes, our driver stopped, and we hurried toward them across the turf.

The group was composed of the policeman, a gentleman with a small black bag, which I easily recognized, and, lastly, a man in brown country tweeds with a pale, sunken face framed in muttonchop whiskers. As we drew near, they turned toward us, and I could not repress an exclamation of horror at the spectacle that their movement disclosed to our eyes.

At the foot of the cedar tree lay the body of an elderly man. His arms were outstretched, and his beard thrust up at so grotesque an angle that his features were hidden from view. The bone gleamed in his gaping throat, while the ground around his head was stained into one great crimson halo.

The doctor stepped forward hurriedly. "This is a shocking affair, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he cried nervously. "My wife hastened to the station as soon as she received your wire. I trust that she was in good time to meet Miss Ferrers?"

"Thank you, yes. Alas, that I could not myself have got here in time."

"It seems that you expected the tragedy, sir," observed the policeman.

"I did, Constable. Hence my presence."

"Well, I'd like to know—" Holmes tapped him on the arm and, leading him to one side, spoke a few words. When they rejoined us, there was a trace of relief on the man's worried face. "It shall be as you wish, sir," he said, "and you can rely on Mr. Tonston repeating his statement to you."

The man in tweeds turned his sunken face and pale gray eyes in our direction. "I don't see why I should," he said tartly. "You're the law, aren't you, Constable Kibble, and you've taken my statement already. I have nothing to add. You would be better employed in Mr. Ferrers' suicide."

"Suicide?" interposed Holmes.

"Aye, what else? He's been glooming for weeks past, as all the household can testify, and now he's cut his throat from ear to ear."

"H'm," Holmes said, and dropped on his knees beside the body. "And this is the weapon, of course. A horn-handled clasp knife with a retractable blade. Italian, I perceive."

"How do you know that?" the constable asked.

"It has the mark of a Milanese bladesmith. But what is this? Dear me, what a curious object," Holmes said. He rose to his feet and closely examined the thing which he had picked up from the grass. It was a short-barreled rifle, and immediately behind the trigger the stock was hinged, so that the whole weapon folded to half its normal length. "It was lying by his hand," observed the constable. "Seems that he was expecting trouble and took it with him for protection."

HOLMES shook his head. "It has not been loaded," he said. "You will observe that the grease in the breech is undisturbed. But what have we here? Perhaps, Watson, you would lend me your pencil and handkerchief."

"It's only the hole in the stock for the cleaning rod," said Mr. Tonston.

"I am aware of that. Tut, this is most curious," my friend said.

"What is curious?" Mr. Tonston asked. "You stuck the handkerchief—wrapped round the pencil—into the hole, and now you've withdrawn it. There's nothing on the handkerchief, and yet you find it curious. What the devil did you expect?"

"Dust."

"Dust?"

"Precisely. Something has been hidden in the hole, hence the walls are clean. Normally there is dust in the stock holes of guns. But I should be glad to hear a few facts from you, Mr. Tonston, as the constable told me that you were the first to raise the alarm. It will save time if I hear them from your own lips instead of reading through your statement."

"Well, there's little enough to tell," said he. "An hour ago, I strolled out for a breath of air and caught sight of Mr. Ferrers standing under this tree. When I hailed him he looked round, and then, turning away, he seemed to put his hand up to his throat. I saw him stagger and fall. When I ran up, he was lying as you see him now, with his throat gaping and the knife on the grass beside him. There was nothing I could do save send the manservant for Dr. Nordham and the constable. That's all."

"Most illuminating. You were with Mr. Ferrers in Sicily, were you not?"

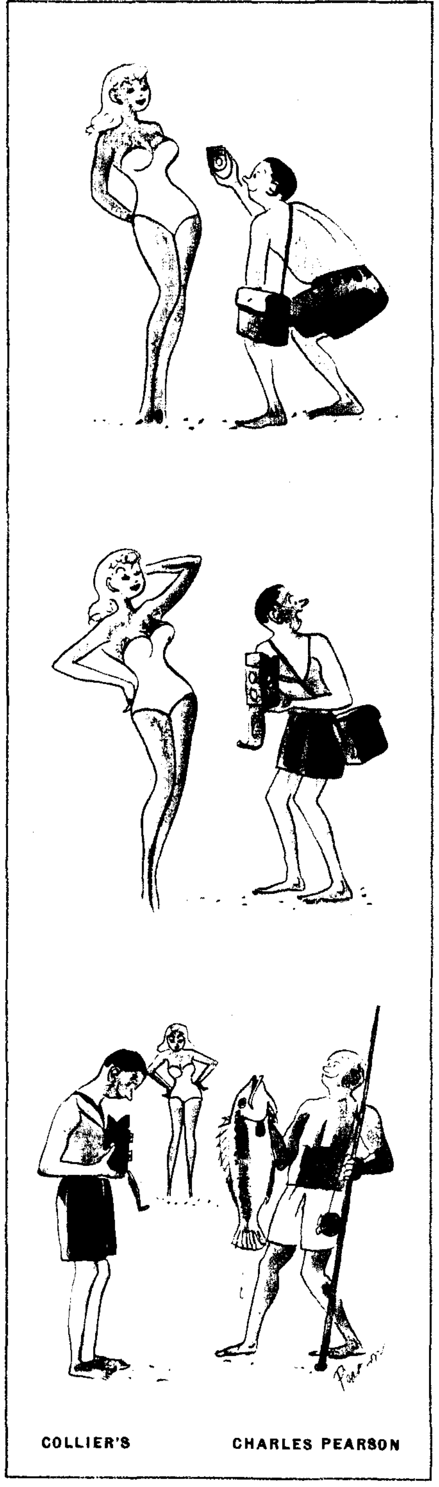
"I was."

"Well, gentlemen, I shall detain you no longer if you wish to return to the house. Watson, perhaps you would care to remain here. You too, Constable."

As the doctor and Tonston walked away through the parterres, Holmes was galvanized into activity. For a while, on his hands and knees, he studied the grass around the dead man, like some lean, eager foxhound casting for its scent. Once he stopped and peered at the ground very closely through his lens, and then rising to his feet, he proceeded to a searching examination of the trunk of the cedar. Suddenly he stiffened, and at his gesture the constable and I hastened to his side. Holmes pointed with his finger as he handed the glass to the police officer. "Examine the edge of that knot," he said quietly. "What do you see?"

"Looks to me like a hair, sir," replied Constable Kibble, gazing through the lens. "No, it's a brown thread."

"Quite so. Perhaps you would kindly remove it and place it in this envelope. Now, Watson, give me a hand up." Holmes scrambled into the fork of the tree and, supporting himself by the branches, peered about him. "Ha! what have we here!" he said. "A fresh scrape on the trunk, traces of mud in the fork, and another small thread from some coarse, brownish material. It is clinging to the bark just where a man might lean his back. Quite a treasure trove. I am about to jump down, and I want you both to watch the exact place where I land. So!" He jumped, and then stepped aside. "Now, what do you see?"


COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

"Two small indentations," the constable said.

"Precisely. The marks of my heels. Look farther."

"By jingo!" cried the constable. "There are four, not two! They are identical."

"Save that the others are not quite so deep," said Holmes.

"The man was lighter!" I ejaculated.

"Bravo, Watson. Well, I think that we have seen all that we need."

THE officer fixed Holmes with his earnest eyes. "Look here, sir," he said. "I'm clean out of my depth. What's all this mean?"

"Probably your sergeant's stripes, Constable Kibble. And now, let us join the others."

When we reached the house, the police officer showed us into a long, sparsely furnished room with a groined roof. Dr. Nordham, who was writing at a table in the window, looked up at our entrance and said, "Well, Mr. Holmes?"

"You are preparing your report, I perceive," my friend remarked. "May I suggest that you pay particular regard that you do not convey a false impression."

Dr. Nordham gazed stonily at Holmes. "I fail to understand you," said he. "Can you not be more explicit?"

"Very well. What are your views on the death of Mr. Oliver Ferrers of Abbotstanding?"

"Tut, sir, there is no question of views. We have both visual and medical evidence that Oliver Ferrers committed suicide by cutting his own throat."

"A remarkable man, this Mr. Ferrers," Holmes observed, "who, not content with committing suicide by cutting his jugular vein, must continue to sever the rest of his neck with an ordinary clasp knife until, in the words of Mr. Tonston here, he had cut his throat literally from ear to ear. I have always felt that, were I to commit murder, I would avoid errors of that kind."

My friend's words were followed by a moment of tense silence. Then Dr. Nordham rose abruptly to his feet, while Tonston, who had been leaning against the wall with his arms folded, lifted his eyes to Holmes's face. "Murder is an ugly word, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said quietly.

"And an ugly deed. Though not, perhaps, to the *Mala Vita*."

"What nonsense is this!" Mr. Tonston demanded.

"Tut, I was relying upon your knowledge of Sicily to fill in any small details that I may have overlooked. However, as you dismiss as nonsense the name of this terrible secret society, it will doubtless interest you to learn a few of the facts."

"Have a care, Mr. Holmes," said Tonston.

"To you, Dr. Nordham, and to Constable Kibble, there will appear to be gaps in my brief account," my friend continued. "But as these can be filled in later I will address myself to you, Watson, as you were present during Miss Ferrers' narrative. It was obvious from

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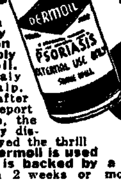

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the outset that her father was hiding from some peril of so relentless a nature that even in the depth of this deserted countryside he went in fear of his life. As the man had come from Sicily, an island notorious for the power and vindictiveness of its secret societies, the most likely explanation was that either he had offended some such organization or, as a member, he had transgressed some vital rule. As he made no attempt to invoke the police, I inclined to the latter supposition, and this became a certainty with the first appearance of the dark angels. You will recall that they were nine in number, Watson, and that the print, inscribed with the numerals six plus three, was nailed to a tree in the avenue on December 29th.

"THE next visitation took place on February eleventh, exactly six weeks and three days from December 29th, but this time the angels, six in number, were nailed to the front door.

"On March 24th came the third and last appearance, exactly six weeks after the second. The dreaded heralds of death, again nine in number, but now without inscription, lay on the very platter of the master of Abbotstanding.

"As I listened to Miss Ferrers' voice and calculated the dates rapidly in my mind, I was dismayed by the discovery that the final nine of the dark angels, assuming them to represent the same period of time as the first, brought the date to May 7th. Today!

"I knew then that I was too late. But even if I could not save her father, I might avenge him, and with that object, I attacked the problem from a different angle.

"The face at the window was, of course, typical of perhaps the most barbaric trait in the vengeance of secret societies, the desire to strike horror not only into the victim himself but into his family. But the man had been careful to cover his features with his hand, despite the fact that he was looking not at Oliver Ferrers but at his daughter, thereby suggesting to my mind that he feared recognition by Miss Ferrers as much as by her father.

"Next, it seemed to me that the cold, deadly approach of the fatal prints from tree to door and from door to breakfast table implied an intimate knowledge of Oliver Ferrers' circumscribed habits, possibly an unchallenged right to enter the house, and thereby place the card on the table without the necessity for forced windows and smashed locks.

"From the first, certain features in Miss Ferrers' singular narrative stirred some vague chord in my memory, but it was not until your remark, Watson, about a foot in the open grave, that a flood of light burst suddenly into my consciousness."

As Sherlock Holmes paused for a moment to draw something from his cape pocket, I glanced at the others. Though the old room was rapidly darkening with dusk, a sullen red light from the last rays of the sun glimmering through the window illumined the absorbed expressions of Dr. Nordham and the constable. Tonston stood in the shadows, his arms still folded across his chest and his pale glittering eyes fixed immovably upon Holmes.

"It was to certain passages in this book, a forerunner of Heckethorn's Secret Societies, that my memory was recalled by Dr. Watson's words," my friend continued. "Here is what the author has to say about a certain secret society which was first introduced into Sicily some three centuries ago. *This formidable organization,* he writes, *aptly named the Mala Vita, communicates with its members through a variety of signs, including angels, demons and the winged lion. The candidate for membership, if successful in his trials of initiation, which frequently includes committing murder, takes an oath of fealty with one foot in an open grave. Punishment for an infraction of the society's rules is relentless and, where death is the price, three separate warnings are given of the approaching doom, the second following six weeks and three days after the first, and the third six weeks after the second. Following the final warning, a further period of six weeks and three days is allowed to pass before the blow falls. Any member failing to carry out the punitive orders of the society becomes himself liable to the same punishment.* There follows a list of rules of the *Mala Vita,* together with the penalties for breaking them.

"That Oliver Ferrers was a member of this dread society there can now be little doubt," Holmes added solemnly, as he closed the book. "What his offense was, we shall probably never know, and yet one may hazard a pretty shrewd guess. Article sixteen is surely among the *Mala Vita's* most singular rules, for it states simply that the penalty for any member who discovers the identity of the Grand Master is death. I would remind you, Watson, that Ferrers laid emphatic instructions on his daughter that her answer to all inquiries must be that she knew nothing of his affairs, adding only that the name of the maker was in the butt of the gun. Not a gun, mark you, but *the* gun, which clearly indicated that the person receiving the message might be expected to recognize some specific weapon to which the words must refer. It is sufficient to add that the gun found beside the body of Oliver Ferrers is unique to members of Sicilian secret societies.

"When he went to the assignation, for which he had undoubtedly received special instruction, Ferrers carried the gun with him not as a weapon but as a peace offering, valuable only for what it contained rolled up in the butt. Bearing in mind what we now know, I am in no doubt that it was a paper or document that named the Grand Master of the *Mala Vita,* which by some unhappy chance had fallen into his hands during his Sicilian membership. To destroy it was useless. He had seen the name, and he was doomed. But, though his own life was already forfeited, he was playing for the life of his daughter. Ferrers can have had no idea of the actual identity of the assassin who had been selected for the work, beyond the fact that the unknown must of necessity be a fellow member.

"Concealed in the fork of the tree above the prearranged meeting place, the murderer waited as a leopard waits for a sheep, and when his victim halted beneath him, he drew his knife and, leaping to the ground, seized Ferrers from behind and cut his throat. When he had searched Ferrers' body for the paper, and eventually found it in the butt of the gun, his loathsome task was completed. He forgot, however, that in doing it he had left his heel marks in the turf and two threads from his brown tweed coat on the bark of the tree."

AS HOLMES ceased speaking, the silence of death fell on that darkening room. Then, stretching out one long thin arm, Holmes pointed silently at the shadowy figure of James Tonston. "There stands the murderer of Oliver Ferrers," he said in a quiet voice.

Tonston stepped forward, a smile upon his pale face. "You are wrong," he said steadily. "The Executioner of Oliver Ferrers." For a moment he stood before us, meeting our horrified stares with the serenity of one whose duty has been meritoriously fulfilled. Then, with a click of handcuffs, the constable shackled his man.

Tonston made no attempt to struggle, and he was accompanying his captor to the door when my friend's voice brought them to a halt. "What have you done with it?" he demanded.

The prisoner looked at him silently.

"I ask," continued Holmes, "because if you have not destroyed it, then it is best that I destroy it myself—unread."

"Rest assured that the paper is already destroyed," said James Tonston, "and that the *Mala Vita* preserves the secrets of the *Mala Vita*. In parting, take this word of warning to heart: you know too much. Though your life may be an honored one, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, it is most unlikely to be a long one." Then with a cold smile in his gray eyes, he passed from the room.

IT WAS an hour later, and a full moon was rising when Holmes and I, after parting from Dr. Nordham, turned our backs upon Abbotstanding, now gaunt and black against the night sky, and set out on foot toward Beaulieu village, where we planned to stay at the inn and take the morning train back to town. I shall long remember that wonderful five miles' walk along a road all dappled with white fire and deepest shadow, where the great trees met above our heads and the forest deer peered at us from the clumps of glistening bracken. Holmes walked with his chin upon his breast, and it was not until we were descending the hill above the village that he broke his silence. It was little enough that he said then, but for some reason his words have remained in my mind.

"You know me sufficiently well, Watson, to acquit me of all false sentiment," said he, "when I confess that there is an urge upon me tonight to walk for a while in the ruined cloisters of Beaulieu Abbey. It was the abode of men who lived and died at peace with themselves and with one another. We have seen much evil in our time, not the least of which is the misuse of noble qualities, such as loyalty, courage and determination, for purposes that are in themselves ignoble. But the older I grow, the more forcible is it borne in upon me that just as these hills and moonlighted woods have outlived the ruins that now lie before us, so too must our virtues which are sprung from God survive our vices which, like the demon angels, spring from man. Surely, Watson, this is the ultimate promise."

—ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

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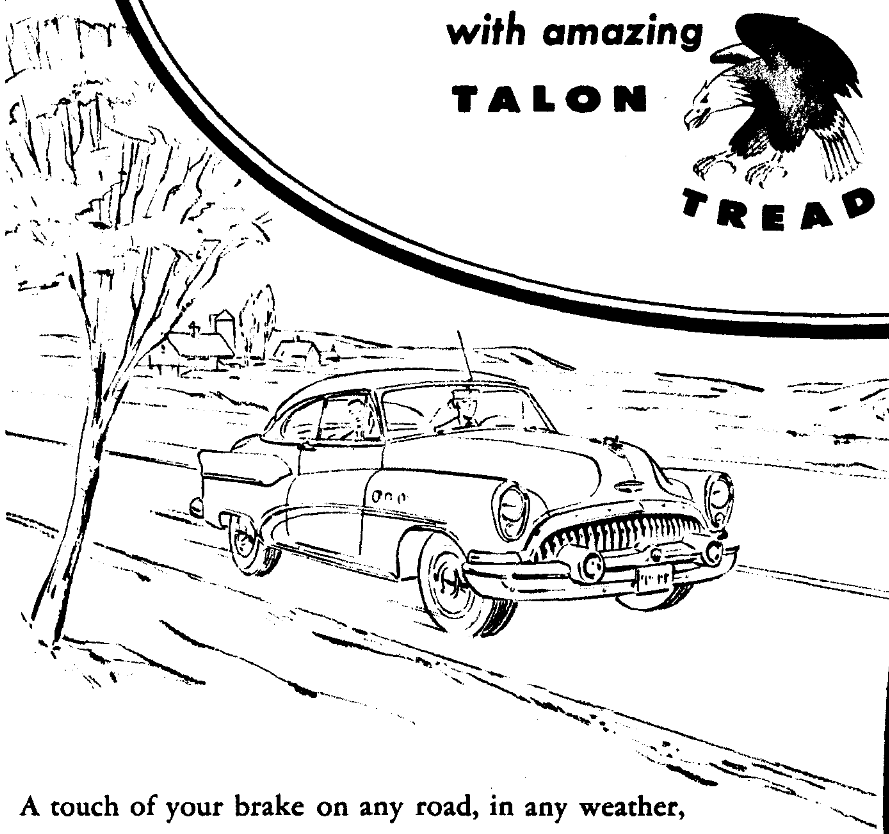

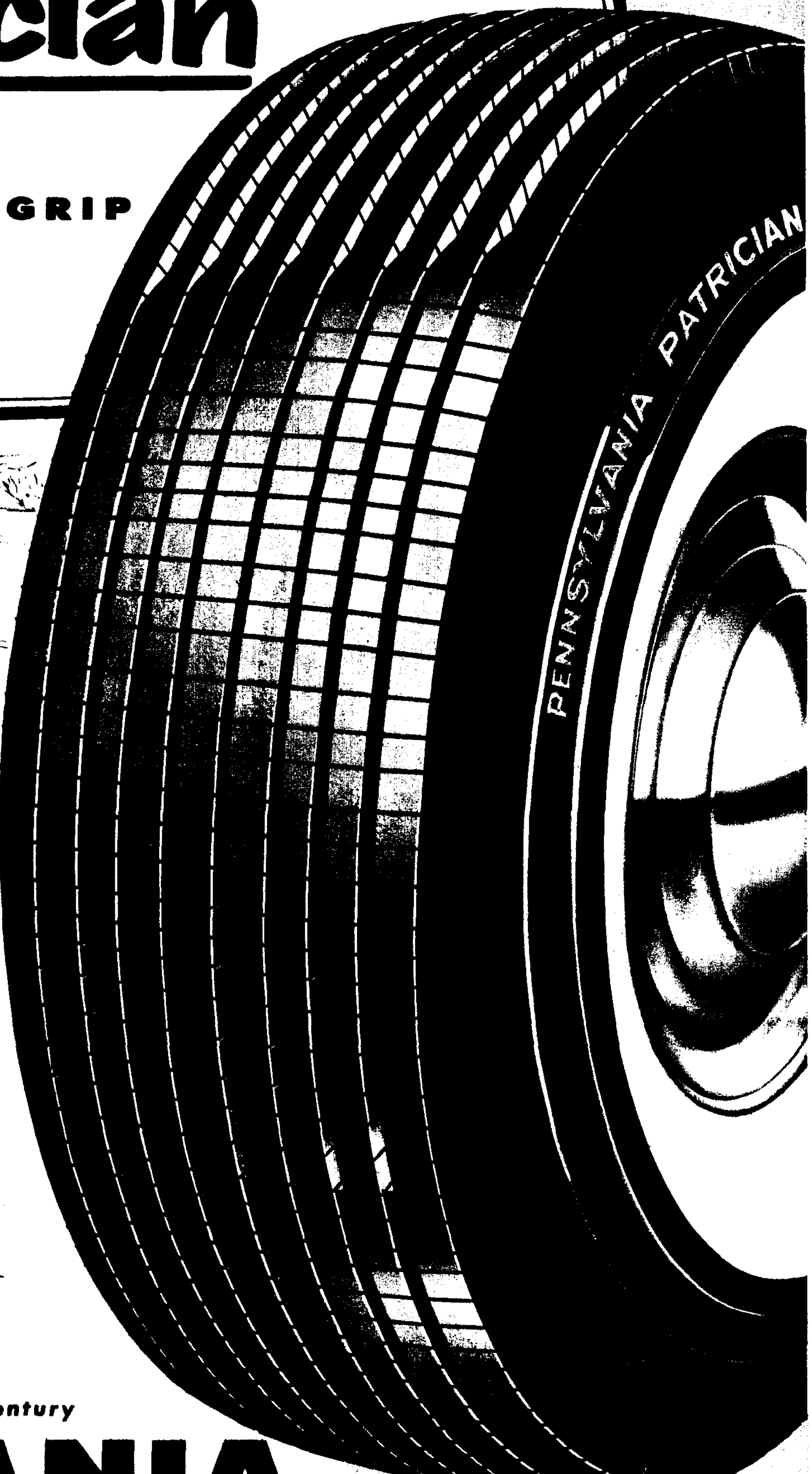

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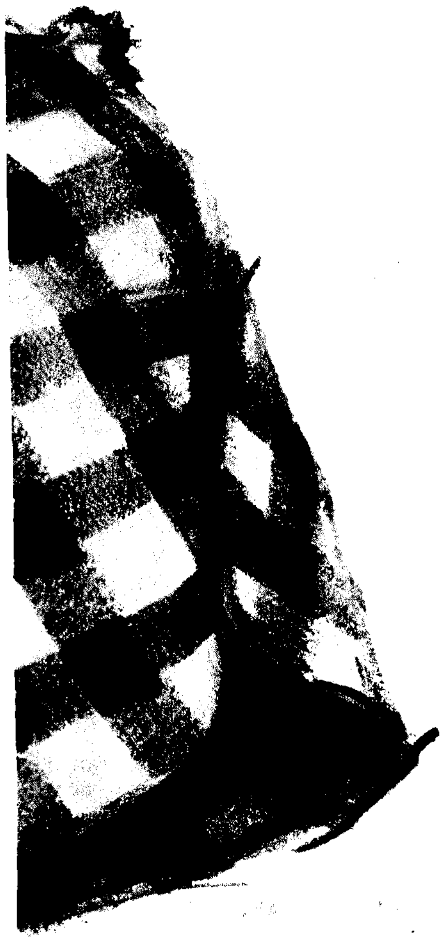
The UNWRITTEN RULES

By PEARL S. BUCK

The time was not right for love, but Teina was helpless—in her heart was a feeling not to be denied, even though her family might be hurt



TEINA!" the nurse cried in a low harsh voice. She shook the young girl's shoulder. "Teina, wake up! Your mother is dying!" Pity she's so pretty, she thought, and she's just at the age when she needs her mother.

Teina opened her eyes, suddenly awake. "I'm coming—" She threw off the covers and bent over the side of the bed, fumbling for her bedroom slippers. Stupid, as though slippers mattered now! The nurse was already gone. Teina must not delay a second. It had come—death, here in the house. It had been months since she had really seen her mother or talked with her, but she was conscious of her all the time—the tall, still woman in the bed, her black hair braided and lying on the pillow, her eyes always closed; she was drugged to escape intolerable pain.

They had known since Christmas that this moment would come. The day after Christmas her father had talked with her. "Your mother cannot get well, Teina. We must face it. She has to die. The doctors say there is no hope. You will have to help with the younger children and carry on your schoolwork, too. Don't ask me how—I don't know how I will manage, either. But we shall have to—I suppose we can somehow."

Oh, why, oh, why couldn't she hurry now! She found her slippers and drew them on her bare feet, and she crossed the floor and brushed back her tumbled short black hair. She looked like her mother, everybody said so. She had to hurry, but she went on brushing her hair.

The door opened, and her father thrust in his head. He was pale, and his big mouth quivered.

"Teina, hurry—you'll be too late—come along," he said.

His terrified gasping cry gave her the strength to obey, and she followed him down the hall into the bedroom. It had always belonged to her parents until these last months and then it had become her mother's alone. She could never think of it now as anything else. She dreaded the opening of the door, but it was open, and she followed her father into the room.

There was no change. The same tall figure lying so straight, the same death-pale face on the white pillow. The nurse telephoning softly for the doctor. "Immediately, please, Dr. Graves. Yes, it's here. A few minutes, I think, maybe half an hour, at most."

If her mother heard these words she gave no sign. Her father sat down on the bed and took up the thin stiff white hand which had once been so graceful, so skillful upon the piano, so beautiful with rings. The rings were gone, and the hand was a long bony claw. But it was still her mother's hand. In the years to come when she thought of her mother, she would always see these hands, not the quick, lively ones, but these.

She leaned on the foot of the old-fashioned bed

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

and felt her breath impossible to draw, caught in her breast somewhere. She had never fainted, but now perhaps she was going to faint. "Is she still breathing?" She asked her father this in a hoarse voice.

"A little," her father whispered. He leaned over and said gently, "Eloise, darling, can you hear me?"

"She can't hear you," the nurse said in a pitying voice.

But the dying woman opened her eyes. She summoned her last strength and fixed them with difficulty on the dim figures that surrounded her. "Why," she gasped in the faintest voice, "why—do you stay—so far away?"

The man gathered her in his arms. "We're here, darling, close to you—Teina and I. The little ones are with Harry and Ella, but we're here. I'm holding you."

It was bad for her, of course, the nurse thought as she stood by the bed. But it didn't matter. The end was here.

The huge black eyes, straining to see his face, could see nothing now. She felt vaguely the touch of his arms fading away. She was slipping out of them, away, away, moving back somewhere into shadows. She tried to speak and could not. Then—nothing.

"Oh, God!" the man shrieked, "she's died, here in my arms! Oh, darling—darling—"

He rocked back and forth, holding the skeleton frame against him.

And suddenly Teina wanted to cry. Sobs swelled in her breast; she could not contain them. She was in an agony of pain; her ribs ached.

"Come away, my dear," the nurse said. "This isn't for you to see."

She led the girl away and closed the door and stood outside in the hall. "Go right away, my dear," she said. "Get dressed as usual, go downstairs, and try to eat something. Then you'll be ready to take care of your father. I'll leave him there with her until the doctor comes."

SHE obeyed the nurse, and the dreadful fullness in her breast subsided. The need to cry passed. She felt dazed and unable to speak. She went back to her room. She bathed, and she brushed out her hair and dressed. Then she went downstairs into the kitchen. She could not eat, of course, but she would make some coffee and orange juice, and later perhaps her father would want something. But the smell of the coffee made her hungry. She was ashamed to be hungry this morning when her mother was newly dead, but she could not help it. She drank a small glass of orange juice and then, as usual, she fried two strips of bacon and an egg; she made toast and poured a cup of coffee and put in cream and sugar. At the small table in the breakfast alcove she sat down and ate heartily, all the while ashamed.

But it was so bright a morning. The sun poured into the kitchen, onto the yellow walls and the green-painted furniture. Yellow and green were the colors of spring, and spring was outside the window. It was the week between Palm Sunday and Easter; the yellow forsythia her mother had planted around the back yard was in full glow, and the daffodils were blooming beneath. Hating herself, she felt her spirits rise to greet the spring that her mother would never see. She longed to cry and could not. Within her the two desires fought each other, her sorrow and her instinctive joy.

Nevertheless, she moved silently about the kitchen without her usual desire to sing. At least she would not sing; she really did not want to. When she thought of her mother upstairs in her father's arms, she could almost force the tears to her eyes. They loved each other, those two, and she had grown up wrapped about in their love. She sat down at the table again, dreaming. What would he do now? What did anyone do when love was dead? Would he fall in love with another woman in a year or two, or would his love never die?

When she thought of love, her inner being melted into a delicious sweet softness. Love—she could not keep from thinking about it. She was almost in love herself with Dan Hollister. She had not dreamed of such a thing because they had grown up in the same neighborhood. They had been in high school together for two years. Then he had graduated and had gone away to college, and she scarcely saw him at all—until last Christmas when they had discovered each other.

"Gee, Teina, you're beautiful!"

That was what he had said, and she had said, "Aren't you ever going to stop growing, you giant?"

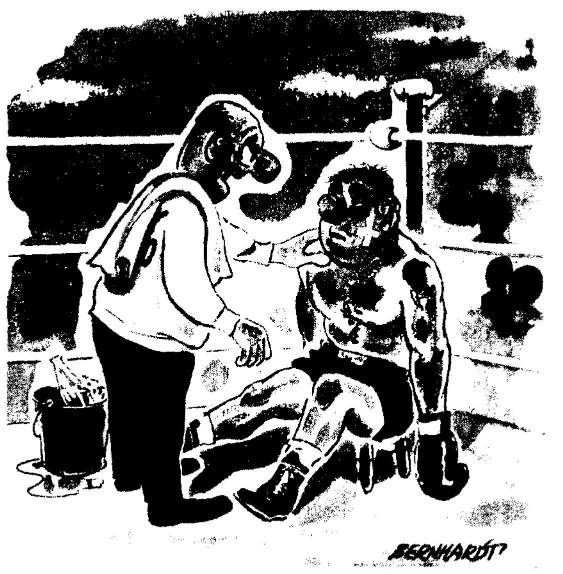
"I'm growing for basketball," he said.

They had begun dating, and now they wrote each other every week. He was coming home for Easter Sunday.

Meet me in the park, Teina, after church, so he had written, and that meant behind the big gray rock at the far end. He would have to go to church with her parents this year as she did supposed that she would go to church with her parents this year as she did every year. But now—

Oh, now she could cry! She bent her head on her arms, and the tears filled her eyes and she waited for her sobs. But she did not sob. The tears only trickled from under her eyelids. She could not quite cry because she kept thinking about the park and the overhanging tree behind the rock, and how he would look waiting for her there. It was shameful, and she hated herself, but she heard a bird sing a musical, monotonous three notes, and her tears dried.

And at that moment her father came into the kitchen. His face was white and old, and his gray eyes were sightless with grief. "It's all over," he said in a hoarse voice. "I can't believe it."



"Any round now he'll tire of this senseless slaughter"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

"Dad, you must drink some coffee," she said. "I made it strong for you. You need it. Shall I make you an egg?"

"No. Yes, I will," he said. "I promised her that I would eat and drink and try to do everything we always have. She talked to me a lot about it. I'll try."

He sat down at the table, his hands limp and listless, lying there before him. "I feel stunned," he said in a wondering voice, "like something had hit me hard in the pit of my stomach. And I thought I was prepared for the worst!"

She set the cup before him, and he did not notice it. "There's so much to be done—the funeral—"

"Please don't think about that," she said. "I'm sure the nurse will help, or the doctor—isn't Uncle Harry coming?"

"We must telegraph them," he said, getting up so abruptly the coffee upset.

"Oh, Dad, I'll do that," she said.

But he had to do it. He went to the telephone, and she wiped up the coffee.

"There," he said, "now you had better get the guest room ready. They'll bring the children back with them. They ought to get here this afternoon, if they start right away. I'll leave the rest of the telegrams for Harry to send."

IT WAS all a dream for the rest of the day. She moved about the silent house, getting the guest room ready, finding the things the nurse wanted, stopping to speak to her father. He sat downstairs in the living room, and she spoke to him when she passed; she touched his cheek, and he stared at her, his eyes somber, absent, unseeing.

She wanted to tell him to sleep, but there was no place in the house except the guest room which she had made ready. The beds in the children's room were too small and short for him.

Then she thought of her own room. "Why don't you go and lie down on my bed, Dad?"

He looked at her, his face listless. "The nurse wanted to know whether she should be taken away before the children come. What do you say, Teina?"

They looked at each other, each uncertain of the other's feelings.

"What do you think, Dad?"

"I think maybe they ought to see her. She looks happier now than she did—no more pain."

She forced back her own thought that they must not, oh, indeed they should not, see anyone dead, not yet.

"All right, Dad," she said. "Now can't you rest? It'll be two hours before they come."

"I guess so." He got up stiffly and then paused. "Will you tell the nurse?"

"Yes," she said. Had he been sitting there all this while, trying to make up his mind?

She found the nurse, who was folding clean sheets from the line. The sun and wind had dried them quickly, and they were fragrant and fresh-smelling. "Miss Becker, my father wants the children to see Mother before she is taken away," Teina said.

The nurse looked up startled. "Oh, all right, Teina. I'll telephone the funeral parlor to wait."

"Shall I finish the sheets?"

"If you want to—"

She sat in the garden for a while when she had finished folding the sheets. When she slept in them, would she think and wonder which had been wrapped around her mother these last days when she was dying? She wished she could burn them all and buy fresh ones, new ones. Why should she feel the corruption of her mother's flesh? Out of that flesh she had been born. But she was living, and her mother's body, which had housed her and fed her and from which she had been born, was changed; it was corrupted by death. Of course one couldn't burn good sheets. The sun and the wind and water cleansed them.

She felt a wild desire to escape from the house, out into the clean sun and the clean wind, and when the sheets were put away she ran outside and down the garden path to the back gate, and from there she slipped into the narrow street and then into the woods that edged it on the other side. Other houses faced the woods, but nobody saw her, and nobody knew yet that her mother was dead. She ran deep into the woods among the shadows and sat down on a mossy spot under a tree and saw the small things pressing upward out of the earth, an anemone, a clump of curled bloodroot, the tips of ferns. Everything was coming alive, but her mother was dead.

"My mother is dead," she said aloud, and she heard the words and still she could not cry. There was too much life in the air, in the earth. It was impossible to cry.

She stayed as long as she dared, and then she walked slowly back to the house, and soon the children came, her two brothers and her little sister, and her uncle and aunt. The children had been told, Aunt Ella had told them, and Teina was glad for that. She took off their hats and coats, and even Ted let her help him today. They looked pale, and Susan had been crying. Her father came downstairs and kissed them, and he let Aunt Ella kiss him, and Uncle Harry grasped his hands.

"We must go up and see her," he said in a toneless voice. "They want to take her away before night."

So immediately they went into the bedroom where her mother lay, the two younger children clinging to his hands. Ted was beside Teina, and the uncle and aunt behind them, and they all stood looking at the mother.

THE nurse had brushed her hair freshly, had put a pink silk bed jacket on her, and made up the bed with fresh sheets and a silk coverlet. Her eyes were closed and there she lay, but not as though she were asleep. Teina had read in books about the dead who lay as though they were sleeping, but no one could imagine her mother was sleeping. She lay too still, too silent. She had left her body entirely, and without her it was nothing. Teina could not imagine that those arms had ever been around her, or that the lips had ever spoken to her.

Susan and small Bob began to cry, and Ted winked his eyes and bit his lips. Aunt Ella had her handkerchief at her mouth, and Uncle Harry's face was red. Suddenly her father began to cry horribly and silently, and Teina looked away. Still she could not cry.

The nurse came in quietly. "Now," she said, "it's just as well that you go downstairs. If you will stay in the living room and close the door, I will bring the men through the hall. I'll let you know when they're gone. And I'll clean in here and change the bed, Mr. Herrold."

"I shan't want to sleep here tonight," he said violently.

The nurse did not answer. She waited for them to go away, and they went downstairs into the living room.

"My dear," Aunt Ella said that evening, when they were getting the supper. "Can't you cry? You'd feel better."

"There are so many things to do," Teina said.

"I know, dear, but really you should cry," her aunt urged. "You look exhausted. I was so glad that your father broke down. I'm sure it was a relief."

WELL, she could not cry, not that day nor the next. Even at the funeral she could not cry. It was a beautiful day, and the birds would not stop singing. In the cemetery beside the church, the minister looked up, annoyed at the songs from the trees.

"Dust to dust," he intoned, and over his head a bird burst into hilarious song.

She stood by her father and heard the birds. She could not listen to the words the minister was saying. The song of the birds was ringing in her ears, and she heard it against her will. Then she heard the clods begin to fall, and at last it was over. People were going away, and her father pulled her along with him, her hand in his arm, and Susan tugged at her other hand, crying loudly.

When they got home her father was angry with her. "Teina, you should have wept at the grave, surely. I know you quarreled often with your mother, but it is indecent not to cry when she dies."

It was true that she and her mother had always quarreled too easily. She had been the eldest child by several years, and she had imagined that her mother favored the younger ones. She was always having to do everything for them, and she alone had had to do the chores. She worked as though she were a boy, bringing in wood for the fireplace and mowing the lawn. But she was not a boy, and she should not have been treated as one. Ted could have done more. But it was not because of quarreling that she could not weep now.

"I want to cry," she told her father earnestly. She was wounded. "I did love her, Dad, I loved her terribly. I don't care about anything else."

"Then why don't you show some signs of sorrow?" he demanded. "You have behaved exactly as usual. Even your uncle and aunt are surprised."

She wanted to tell him, "It is so beautiful outdoors—the new green leaves, the mild air, the sunshine. I can't cry, because I keep hearing the birds sing." But he would never understand this, and she herself could not understand. For inside her she knew there was grief. It lay in her breast like a heavy stone.

Her father sighed. "She was the best mother in the world, the dearest wife—"

He went away, and she stood as she had come in from the funeral, her dark dress, her black gloves. Then she heard Susan and Bobbie crying, and she rushed upstairs, and they clung to her. And when they had cried for a few minutes, she whispered, "It's lovely outside. Wouldn't you like to go out and play?"

They lifted their heads, and she dried their tears with her clean white handkerchief; she put their play clothes on them and they left her, clattering down the back stairs and into the yard. . . .

Should they go to church on Easter Sunday or should they not? Aunt Ella could not decide, nor could her father, and Teina would say nothing. Let them decide what they should do. She would go or she would stay. There was plenty to do in the house, or she could go out into the garden and dig up a patch of ground and plant the sweet peas. It was already late; her mother always planted them two weeks before Easter, but she had not thought of them until now.

"I think you and Teina might go," Aunt Ella said. "It will comfort you. You can come home after the service without speaking to people—that would be too hard. Harry and I will stay at home with the children."

So she and her father went to church on Easter morning. She wore her old suit, not even her straw hat, but her dark winter one of felt. "At least you should not look happy," Aunt Ella said.

Teina had not replied. She was ashamed, oh, ashamed of herself because she was almost happy, not happy all the way through as she usually was, but happy in her heart, which should be sad. Dan had not called her: he had not trusted himself to, but he had written her a letter, a stiff letter because he did not know how to talk about death. He had not seen a dead person, and he could not imagine it. But the letter was sweet, and he had written at the end, *I have thought every day of our promise to meet behind the rock. Now I suppose you will not want to come. I shall understand if you are not there. But just on the chance, I'll be there, waiting.*

All during the Easter service and the singing, she thought of him. The singing ought to have made her cry, it was so beautiful. "Oh, day of resurrection—" that was what the choir sang while the people listened. But she could not cry. She could not even think of her mother. She was trying to decide: would she or would she not go to the rock?

THERE was no real reason why she should hurry home after church. Her father had hired Mrs. Barclay now to help with the housework.

"I'll be home soon, Dad," she told him. "I want to walk in the park."

He nodded sadly, thinking that she wanted to be alone. It was not quite a lie, but now that her mother was dead she did not want to lie any more, and so she said quickly, "Dan said he'd be waiting for me, if I wanted to see him."

"That's all right," her father said.

He walked away, not speaking to anybody, and he looked so lonely, his tall figure stooped, that she nearly ran after him; she didn't because he still held it against her that she had not cried. "Didn't you love your mother at all?" That was what he had asked her again this morning, on the way to church, and she had said, "Of course I did, Dad. I guess I can't show things the way I should." He had not answered this, and they had walked on in silence.

She hurried away from the church and the people who were standing about in the warm, bright sunshine. They were ready to be kind to her, but she did not want their kindness. She did not know what she wanted; she felt sad and heavyhearted, doubtful of herself. Perhaps she would not even go to the rock. She could circle the park and go home and to her own room and shut the door. But the day was so beautiful, and in the yards she passed, the daffodils were gay and the yellow forsythia was frothing over the lawns.

SHE went to the park, empty now because people were going home to Sunday dinner. She walked toward the far end and the gray rock. Would he really be there waiting? Oh, now she wanted him to be there, she had to have somebody, somebody who could love her. She walked quickly, and more quickly still, along the narrow path between the trees to the rock and there he was. He was waiting. He stood, his hands in his pockets, the sun shining down on his dark bare head.

He saw her; he looked at her with a half-smile, and she stood still, searching his face. Then suddenly the dreadful dry heaviness in her breast broke. It had been choking her day and night, and now it shattered through her body, and she ran to him, her arms outstretched. "Oh, Dan—oh, Dan," she sobbed, "it's so terrible!"

Her mother was dead! She knew it at last, she felt it, her mother was dead—

He folded his arms about her, and she put her head on his shoulder and collapsed with awful weeping.

"There," he murmured. "You just cry, Teina. Cry, darling. It's all right."

She cried and she cried, pressed against him, shaking with rending sobs. And he held her, his right arm about her waist and his left arm pressing her head, his cheek against hers.

They stood together in the April noon, and slowly, slowly she stopped crying. She became aware of life again. She felt the sun shining down upon her, hot and sweet. Her weeping was finished, her tears were stopped. She was exhausted but not weary, spent but not sorrowful. She hesitated, conscious of his arms holding her close. What now?

She lifted her head, she looked into his eyes and saw them dark with passion.

"I love you, Teina," he said. This was his voice saying the precious words. But it was a new voice she had never heard before. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this now—but somehow I must."

"Oh, yes," she whispered. "Tell me—"

"I love you," he said again.

He hesitated, and then suddenly he pressed his lips upon hers, and she yielded herself to the kiss. She was lost in him, all his and no more her own. For the first time in her life there was no willfulness left. She was his.

He lifted his head at last. "Do you love me?" He asked the question in half-playful tenderness, and catching the hint of playfulness, she hid her face on his shoulder again.

"You know!" she whispered.

Oh, she ought to be ashamed, talking of love, being in love when her mother had been buried less than a week! But she was not ashamed, however much she ought to be. She was only happy. The burden in her breast, heavy as a stone, was rolled away. Death was gone, and love was hers. She felt strange, as though she were someone else, a woman, cleansed of pain and newly risen.

—PEARL S. BUCK

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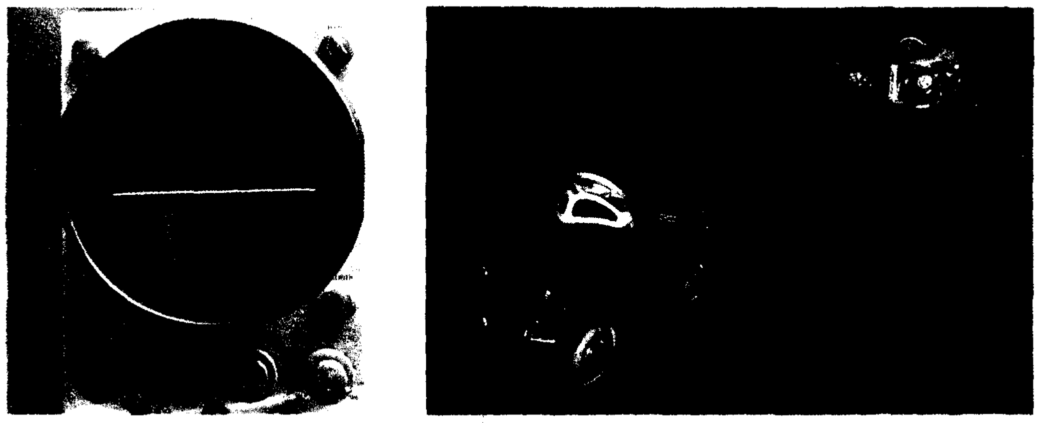
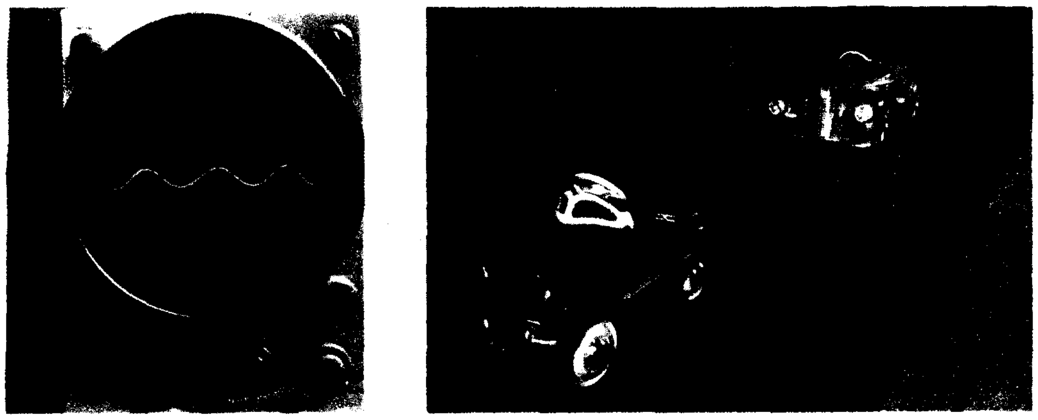
Dr. Zworykin

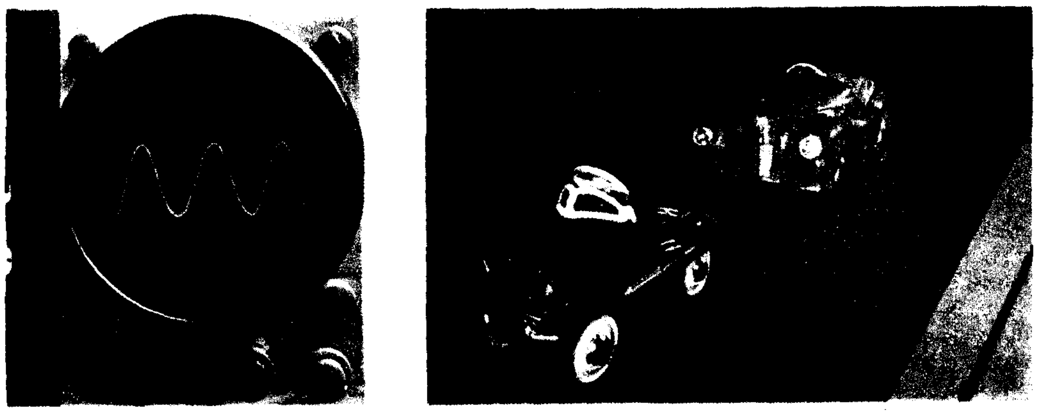
By JOHN LEAR



Photos above and below show what happens when a drive-itself car approaches auto parked on single-lane wired highway. Oscilloscope (above, left) hooked to automatic car shows solid line—a sign vehicles are a safe distance apart



When drive-itself car gets closer, it begins to pick up electrical impulses generated by presence of auto parked over radio circuits buried in highway. The impulses make oscilloscope line undulate—a sign that danger lies ahead



When drive-itself car comes within collision range of the parked auto, impulses become stronger and undulation on the oscilloscope increases. Signals activate mechanism that brakes the automatic vehicle to a safe stop and prevents a crash

MANY men have dreamed of an automobile which would drive itself. I actually have *seen* one driving itself. I saw it happen in a laboratory in Princeton, New Jersey. Painted bright fireman's red, the car was only five feet long, as if built to carry children. I might have thought it an amusing new scientific toy except for one fact: the man who showed the car to me was the great inventor, Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin.

Thirty years ago Dr. Zworykin was a stocky young immigrant from Russia who amused himself with what he thought was a simple idea. He would make a bottle in which to catch light rays and put them to work making electron pictures of moving objects that were miles away.

People laughed at him then. But he made the bottle. And because of it 20,000,000 American families can sit before television screens in the comfort of their own living rooms today and watch ball games, see the opera, attend school, even witness the crowning of a queen across the sea.

The swift revolution that Dr. Zworykin's television bottle has wrought in a single generation was very much in my mind when the inventor invited me to visit him at the David Sarnoff Research Center in Princeton, where he bosses electronic research for the Radio Corporation of America.

I was still thinking of the vast changes brought about by the doctor's idea of 30 years ago when he led me down two long flights of concrete stairs to the basement of the center. And as we passed a wooden barricade lettered with the black warning—"Restricted Area. No Admittance"—I asked myself what America's highways might be like 30 years from now because of a new idea the doctor had confided to me.

"Automatic driving of automobiles is desirable for the prevention of accidents," he said, "and what is desirable is in this case possible."

I had asked to see some practical evidence. Now I was on the way to be shown.

Beneath the bushy shade of their sandy brows, Dr. Zworykin's eyes often seem to peer into a future beyond the ken of his fellow men. But the distant, dreamy look was absent as his hand reached for the knob of the basement door. A twinkling of present pleasure was in its place. He pulled the door open, chuckling: "We are ready now for the demonstration!"

There on the floor before us, faithfully following the path of a thin strand of insulated wire taped to the concrete, the five-foot-long red motorcar was driving itself round and round a circle of perhaps 100 feet in circumference.

Seated nonchalantly behind the steering wheel, reading a magazine which squarely blocked any view through the windshield, was a midget-sized dummy, fashionably dressed, with a cigarette dangling from its lips.

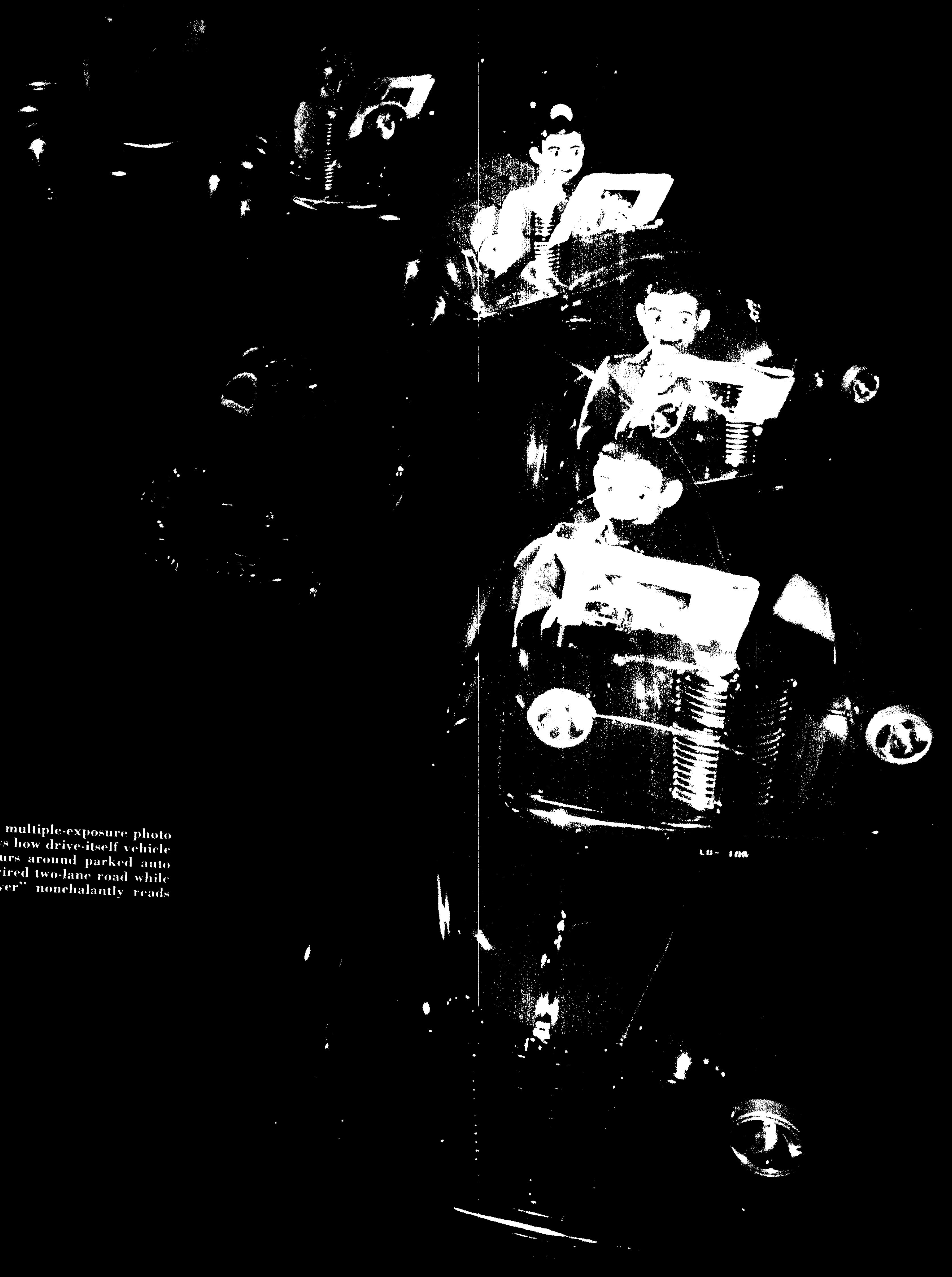
"I made a special trip to the New York stores to buy that fellow," the doctor observed in a prideful tone. I gathered that the choice of the dummy might have been a tougher problem for him than the installation of the devices which were running the car.

Those devices, I knew from reading a technical paper Dr. Zworykin had written on the subject, were electronic in nature. Wherever they were, they were out of sight. There was no visible connection whatever between the wire on the floor and the moving auto; I saw nothing along the entire length of the vehicle to explain its amazing behavior. The wire itself clearly was not curbing or turning the wheels. It was far too small to have such an effect. Besides, it never came close to touching any of the tires. They were constantly equidistant from it, right and left.

I have said that the road the little car followed was circular. At one point on the floor, however, a second wire had been spliced to the first to form a by-pass that looped off in a separate arc for approximately 10 feet before swinging back to the first wire. The two wires together formed a sort of quarter moon on that segment of the circle.

Between the points where the by-pass left and re-entered the circle,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO



This multiple-exposure photo shows how drive-itself vehicle detours around parked auto on wired two-lane road while "driver" nonchalantly reads

The drive-itself car is accident-proof on highways

Dr. Zworykin parked a second car, a smaller one painted blue, so that it blocked the route which the red car had been traveling. The red car, still rolling around the rest of the circle, switched onto the by-pass to avoid the parked vehicle and, after detouring around it, returned to the original circular highway. So long as the parked auto remained on the circular highway, the red car used the by-pass wire. But when Dr. Zworykin shifted the parked auto to the by-pass, the red car resumed its original circular route.

"We just don't allow accidents on our drive-itself highway," Dr. Zworykin said, laughing. "Watch what happens now."

Setting the Stage for a Collision

The doctor's laboratory associates—Leslie E. Flory and Winthrop S. Pike—then parked the blue car on a stretch of the original circular highway where there was no by-pass. Once more the road was blocked, and this time there was no possible detour. The red car bore down on the parked vehicle, but Dr. Zworykin wasn't even watching. He was walking over to the other side of the basement, where he put some sketches on an easel. "Those are nice sketches," he said. "I must tell Tom Cook. He did them at home at night."

He was still talking when the red car approached within 10 feet of the parked auto. "Watch the red car's taillights," he said calmly, his back still turned. "And don't miss the brake handle."

I did as I was bid. I saw the red car's taillights glow, I saw the brake handle move. I saw the wheels stop dead one full car length away from what had seemed to be certain collision.

Having started out as a skeptic, I had no intention of being convinced by one dramatic performance. So we stayed there in the basement, Dr. Zworykin and his assistants and I, heading the little red car into one apparent wreck after another for three solid hours—without achieving even a mild bump.

I left the place convinced, as Dr. Zworykin was, that we had been testing a small-scale model of the motorcar of the future.

I do not mean to imply that you'll be able to get into your car in the garage at home next week, push a button, and let the machine find its own way to your office. That may come in time, but there is nothing yet in Dr. Zworykin's experiment to indicate it. However, after seeing the doctor's little red car in action and studying his blueprints for converting conventional autos into self-drivers, I see no reason why the vehicle should not relatively soon take over all the driving on the turnpikes and express roads which are beginning to carry the burden of long-distance travel across the United States.

Winthrop Pike (left) and Leslie Flory, Dr. Zworykin's aides, check the auto's equipment

What would be the advantages of automatic motoring?

Accidents would be fewer. Traffic would be expedited through fog, cloudbursts and blizzards. In time of war, travel could be maintained at normal speed at night during blackouts. In event of bombing, dispersal of cars would be simplified and speeded. With the coming of express highways maintained exclusively for trucks, whole fleets of freight carriers could be dispatched without drivers; these roads would become veritable moving belts of vehicles, running from one long-distance marshaling yard to another, there to be redispatched and delivered to local destinations by local drivers.

"I won't believe it until I see a car driving itself on the open road," I can hear skeptics saying. They will forgive Dr. Zworykin for not being discouraged by their remarks. He heard very similar doubts expressed at first about the practicality of television.

Dr. Zworykin is positive that the crude electronic devices which enable the little red car to drive itself can easily be refined and adapted to run any man-sized automobile.

The idea itself is not new. Airplanes and seagoing ships have been using automatic pilots for years. Ingenious men long have proposed adapting these same devices for automobiles, but the chosen methods of application have not proved practical. The vacuum tubes which they would have had to employ to generate, transmit and amplify power were limited in life expectancy and required relatively large amounts of power for their operation. Potential results would not justify the high operating cost.

The Zworykin auto's behavior can be duplicated in full-scale motorcars only because of the recent discovery that tiny, solid, virtually indestructible chunks of the natural element germanium—a crystal-like substance—can deliver power more economically in less space over longer time than even the finest and toughest tubes.

Suggested by New Jersey Turnpike

The pencil-point-sized bits of germanium which make automatic motoring feasible are called transistors. Although transistors are manufactured at the RCA laboratories, Dr. Zworykin's thinking about self-driving automobiles did not begin with them. His first thoughts on the subject came from motoring on the New Jersey Turnpike, a fast express road which runs near the David Sarnoff Research Center.

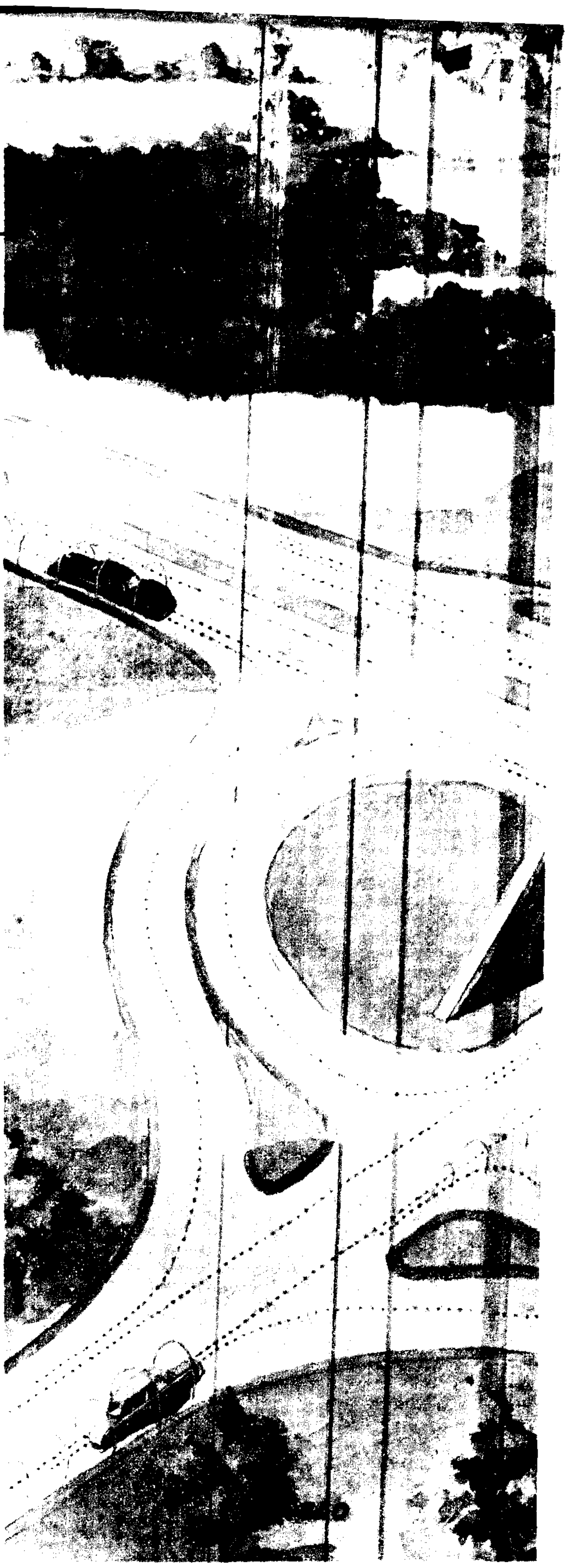
On that highway the volume and speed of traffic virtually obliges each motorist to follow a prescribed line, to hold his speed within narrow limits, and to maintain a definite space between his own car and the car in front of it. As Dr. Zworykin put it: "He is almost as restricted in his choices of action as a locomotive engineer piloting a train along a railroad track."

Because of the monotony, driving on the Jersey Turnpike and similar through-highways has become very tiresome. Many drivers have been lulled to sleep by the sameness of their travel, causing some frightful accidents.

Years ago the railroads were plagued with comparable disasters. To guard the lives of train crews and passengers, they installed block signals which stopped one train from ramming another. They developed automatic brakes which could be tripped by switches in the rails if engineers dozed, fell ill or died suddenly. It occurred to Dr. Zworykin that the time had come to start to think of similar precautions for automobiles.

Can highways be treated like railroad tracks without losing the great advantage a paved surface affords: mobility of traffic?

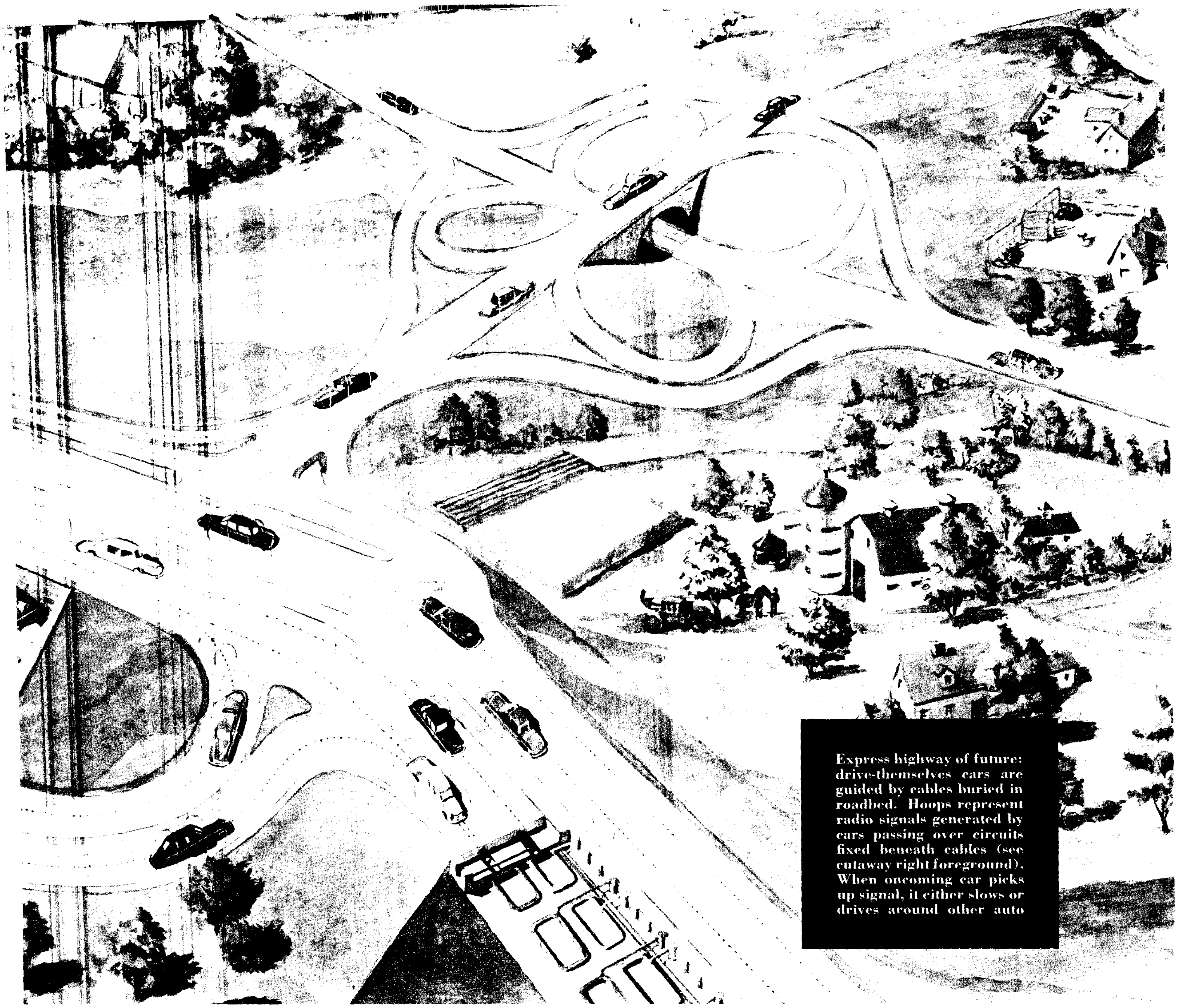
Dr. Zworykin says they can wherever the road has at least two lanes in each direction of travel; wherever traffic lights, crossings and left turns are eliminated by clover-leaf or kindred intersections.



If those conditions are present, he says, the rest is easy. Instead of railway tracks, road builders would lay a cable beneath the center of each traffic lane of an express highway. And much as railroads have switches to shift trains from one track to another, the road builders could install diagonal connecting cables between lanes handling traffic moving in the same direction. The arrangement would permit a drive-itself car to move from one lane to another to pass a slower-moving vehicle, just as the little red car in Dr. Zworykin's lab used the by-pass wire to avoid the parked blue car. The highway of the future would have the same smooth surface as present roads, but beneath the surface it would be tracked almost like a railroad.

How can the *parallel wheels* of an automobile *on top* of the pavement run on *one* cable *underneath* the paving?

Obviously, they can't. But Dr. Zworykin has found a way to keep a car traveling along a designated line. Since there was neither the space nor the materials in his lab to build a test road, he achieved the effect of a road by stringing the circle



Express highway of future: drive-themselves cars are guided by cables buried in roadbed. Hoops represent radio signals generated by cars passing over circuits fixed beneath cables (see cutaway right foreground). When oncoming car picks up signal, it either slows or drives around other auto

of wire along the floor of the basement. Then he plugged the wire into a high-frequency electric power line so that alternating current would pass through it.

On the front axle of the little red car, equidistant from the steering shaft, he mounted two small electronic "ears" made of tightly wound wire. The "ears" were tuned to pick up power impulses from the wire on the floor and pass them on to an amplifier under the hood of the car. The amplifier was like a radio receiving set, with vacuum tubes which will be replaced later on with transistors to save space and guarantee long life. The amplifier in turn was hooked up to what is known as a servomechanism (mechanical servant) geared to turn the steering axle.

Servomechanisms are difficult to explain in everyday language. But you see them work whenever you enter a railroad station or a store or a restaurant whose doors are opened ahead of you by electronic "eyes." Your body intercepts a beam of light in front of the door, the temporary extinguishment of the light closes an electric switch, the switch sets the servomechanism going, and the mechanical servant opens the door.

On Dr. Zworykin's little car, each electronic "ear" senses the magnetic field about the wire and responds to the sensation by loosing an electrical current. The current starts a motor. And, instead of a door swinging on a hinge, the steering axle turns and the front wheels go right or left.

If each of the two electronic "ears" on the car picks up the same amount of current from the wire on the floor, the car is centered and nothing happens. If the left "ear" picks up a bigger charge than the right "ear," the car is right of center and the servomechanism pulls it back. If the right "ear" picks up more current than the left "ear," the car is left of center and the servomechanism eases it back to the center line.

One Step Beyond Power Steering

Dr. Zworykin points out that installation of self-steering devices would be only one step beyond the power steering which is already part of many standard motorcars. Automatic steering substitutes the magnetic pull exerted by an electrical current for the physical movement a human driver exerts on the steering wheel with his hands. And in power steering as it exists today, the driver's movement of the steering wheel releases oil under pressure inside the steering-gear housing. The oil pushes a piston. The piston moves the steering axle. The turning of the tires on the road is gradual and even.

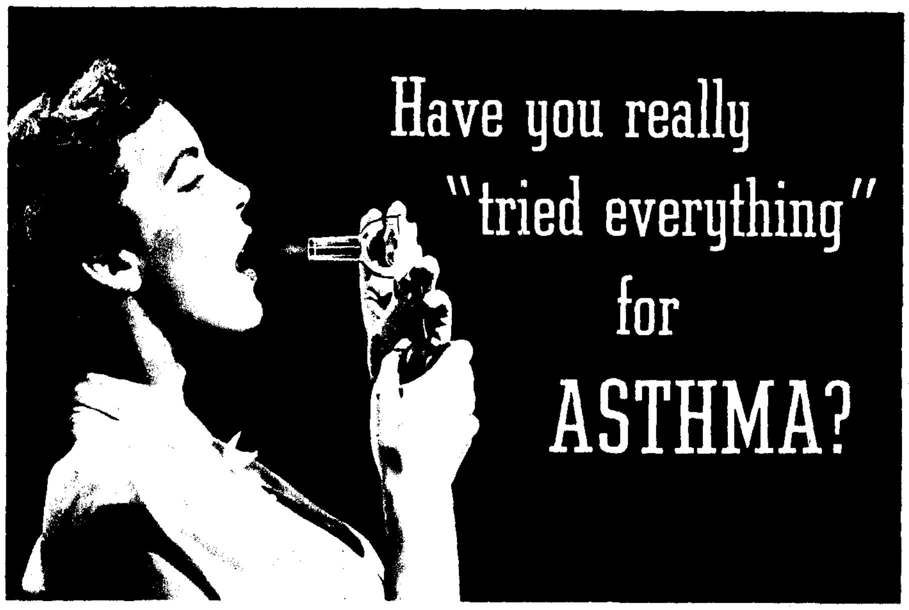
Now that we understand how the self-driving car steers itself, we come to another question: How can it step on the gas and apply the brakes?

To find the answer, we must go back to the cable-track system buried in the roadbed. We must place beneath the cable in each traffic lane a chain of miniature radio broadcasting stations. We are accustomed to think of broadcasting antennas as lofty spires. But radio waves can also be generated by circuits of copper wire pressed flat on sheets of paper.

The details of this process are complicated and tedious. In principle, however, the method is the same as that employed in putting together the wires inside an electric toaster.

Our particular wires are arranged in circuits under the road at intervals of 20 feet and are connected to a high-frequency power line. Instead of generating heat, as the toaster circuits do, these highway circuits generate impulses similar to those that bring sound to your radio.

The wires inside the toaster in your kitchen don't generate heat until the toasting switch is turned



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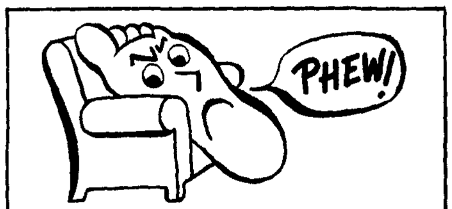

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on. The wires connected to the cable under the center of the highway lane don't send out radio signals, either, until the road switch is turned on.

And what is the road switch?

Your automobile!

The metal chassis of any motorcar will set off the radio signals the moment the auto enters the highway.

You cannot see these signals. If you could, they would look like giant croquet wickets hopping down the road behind each car that generates them. The farther behind the car they fall, the lower the wickets get until they disappear into the road and fade away. Actually, of course, they are not separate hoops but continuous waves. Together, they might be likened to an invisible horse's tail which arches downward until it sweeps the ground.

Signals Strongest as Car Stops

Just as the heat in the toaster rises higher when the toasting switch is kept on, so the signals grow progressively stronger as a car slows down and are strongest of all when the car stops dead on the pavement.

When a car is sailing along the turnpike at a fast clip, its radio tail flies right behind it for a distance of perhaps 200 feet. And as the car slows down, the tail lengthens gradually, throwing a warning as far as 400 feet in case of a full stop.

The length of the warning tails makes a serious collision almost impossible. According to engineering studies by the National Safety Council in Chicago, an automobile with good brakes can be brought to a full stop from a 70-mile-an-hour speed in 333 feet. At 60 miles an hour, the distance for a safe stop is 255 feet, and at 50 miles only 186 feet.

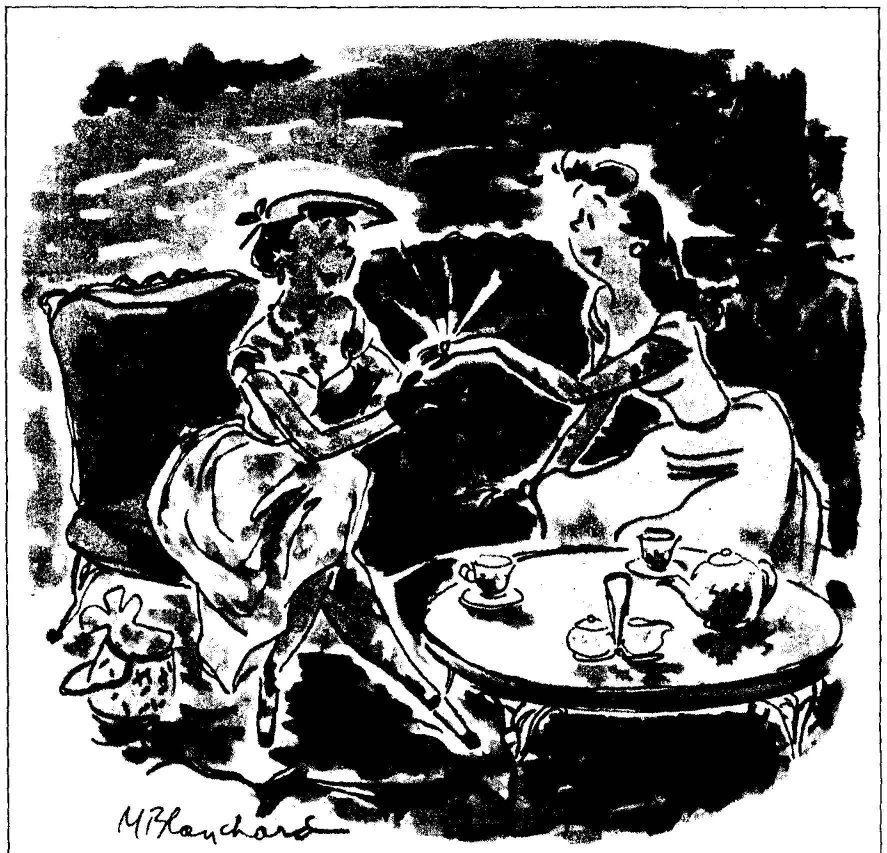
Any road with the necessary cables and connecting electrical circuits buried within it would throw out electronic warning signals automatically when a car passed over it. Building of such roads would allow us to prevent accidents by installing in our cars a simplified radio receiver which could sense the presence of the warning tails of preceding cars on the road and either flash lights on our dashboards or ring buzzers or bells to demand our attention in an emergency.

Before Dr. Zworykin bought his little red car, he performed his first "Warning! Car-stopped-ahead!" experiments with a metal laboratory table which moved on rollers along the wire highway. Under the front portion of the table he fixed a copy of his earliest model of the electronic "ear." He wired the "ear" to an amplifier and buzzer.

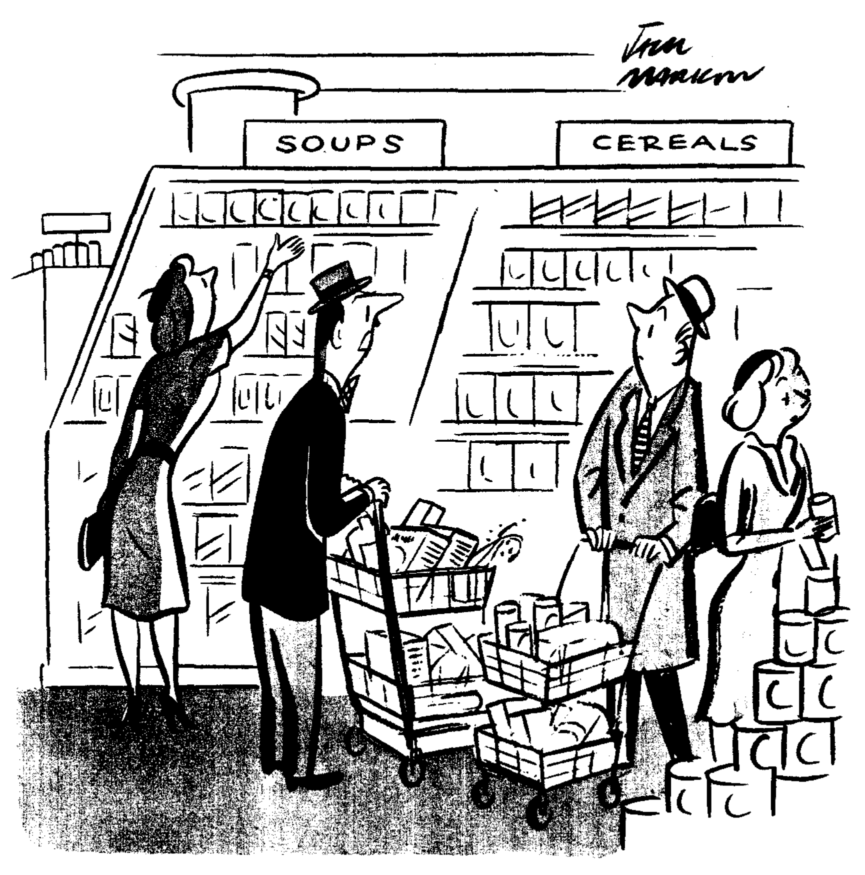
The floor wiring was designed to set off the buzzer if any metal object appeared on the wire in the table's path. When he placed the obstructing object on the wire and rolled the table within the limit of possible collision with such an object, at the speed he was moving, the buzzer did loose a raucous noise. Furthermore, the closer he got to the stationary object on the wire, the louder the buzzer squawked.

Since those early tests the mechanism has been refined in the little red car. Instead of setting off a buzzer, the electronic "ears" on the miniature auto pick up the flying danger signals and change them from radio waves into impulses of electrical force which apply the car's brakes.

Here again we are only one step beyond what is already being done by the power brakes on many recent motorcar models. In power braking, a light touch of the driver's foot on the brake pedal mechanically opens a vacuum valve inside the brake housing. The vacuum drives a piston which pushes the brakes. All that the auto-



COLLIER'S "He's the intellectual type. I'm getting so I don't mind classical music at all" MARTHA BLANCHARD



COLLIER'S "I estimate the cost per mile to operate one of these things is around $300!" JACK MARKOW

matic driver does is to substitute the magnetic force exerted by an electric current for the touch of the human driver's foot.

Because Dr. Zworykin's experimental car runs on a battery-powered electric motor rather than on gasoline, he hasn't yet tried any automatic acceleration and deceleration tests. But he is quite sure both are practical. In fact, while he was finishing his first warning squawker, the Ford Motor Company exhibited at Dearborn, Michigan, as part of its fiftieth-anniversary observance, an electronic sensing device which automatically turned off the fuel in a turbine engine under certain predetermined conditions. If the fuel can be turned off, it can also be turned on, and its flow can be adjusted. Nothing more is required to make an accidentproof automobile a reality.

The Inventor Looks Ahead

Dr. Zworykin foresees the time when a motorist, upon entering a trunk road with the necessary cables and electrical circuits built into it, will be able to set a switch on the dashboard for a certain speed and let the car drive itself.

Upon approaching the flying radio tail of a car ahead, the machine will either slow itself down or follow one of the crossover cables to the adjoining traffic lane and pass. Later, when the absence of radio warnings indicates that the road is clear, the passing auto will return to the right-hand lane on another crossover just as trains do on the railroads.

Doctor Zworykin does not expect automatic driving to come upon us overnight, in one great dramatic swoop. Innovations seldom occur that way in a democracy. We try new ideas gradually, and keep them only after we are convinced that they are better than what we had before.

He expects automobile makers probably will cry, "Oh, no! You can't do it that way!" He also expects road builders probably will say, "It wouldn't work if you did it like that." Indeed, he hopes for precisely those reactions. The motor makers obviously know more about automobiles than he does, he says, and the highway engineers are wiser in construction methods than he is. So he prefers to leave the details to them to work out.

Then, too, the wishes of individual motorists must be considered. Humans can't be expected to change their habits en masse or overnight. Consequently, Dr. Zworykin has intentionally designed his system so that it will work successfully while leaving the individual drivers free to decide whether, when and to what degree they want automatic cars.

As long as a highway has buried within it the prescribed electrical circuits, any automobile in existence today could throw off flying tails of radio warnings without the installation of a single new gadget in the car. Hence it won't be necessary to install automatic controls on all cars to make self-driving mechanisms work in those autos whose owners do adopt the devices he advocates.

Motorists who do choose to try the automatic system can either give the entire operation over to the electronic chauffeur or maintain manual control of steering and speed with electronic warnings on the dashboard as visual aids.

The signals alone would be invaluable help in bad weather. And drivers who heeded the warning lights would save themselves unnecessary risks in passing other cars.

Ordinarily, the first users of new inventions pay for the privilege of pioneering. Prototypes of even small engines are usually expensive. But Dr. Zworykin thinks automatic driving will be an exception. The price of self-driving equipment for the average man-sized car should not run higher than the bill for an auto radio.

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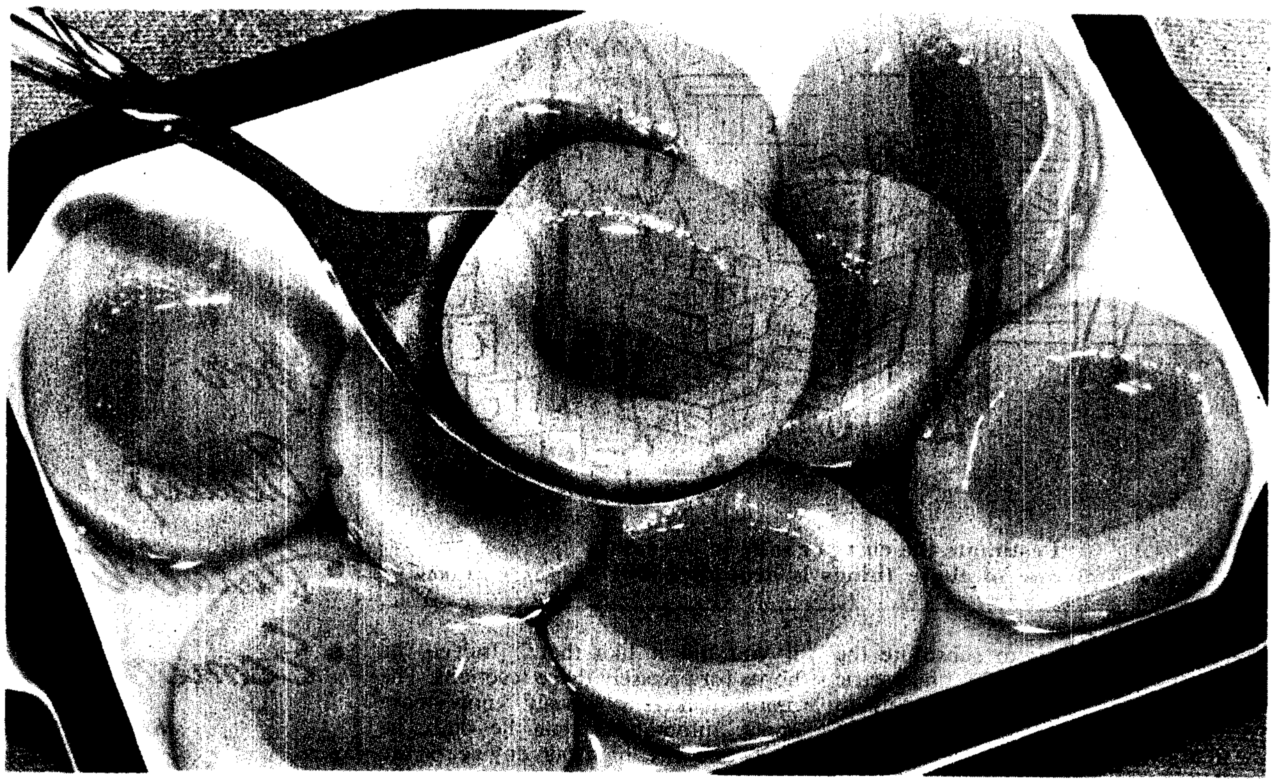
Why leading canners use dextrose in canning fruits



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Facts about dextrose... ⟹

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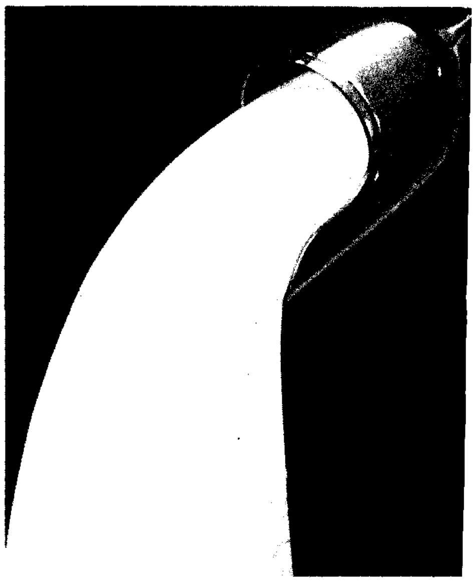
As a natural sugar, dextrose is found in most fruits and many vegetables. It is sparkling white, mildly sweet and cooling to taste. Actually, dextrose is the sugar your body uses *directly* for energy. It needs no digestion . . . it is promptly absorbed and utilized for energy.

Under the trade name of Cerelose, dextrose sugar is produced by the Corn Products Refining Company.



PRESENTING THE HEART OF THE FORTHCOMING BOOK

The Greatest FAITH Ever Known

By FULTON OURSLER
and APRIL OURSLER ARMSTRONG

The life of Saint Paul, one of the most inspiring stories in the Scriptures, is also a great adventure tale. Paul, once a fierce persecutor of Christians, became, after conversion, a fearless crusader. Though whipped and jailed, he defiantly kept on preaching. A famous writer re-creates the thrilling drama

With the publication in 1949 of The Greatest Story Ever Told, an inspired retelling of the New Testament, the late Fulton Oursler became one of the country's most beloved writers. Readers everywhere recognized his shining talent for re-creating the great stories of the Bible—in prose that was simple, dramatic, and charged with deep religious feeling. Tens of millions of Americans have read the book; it has been translated into virtually all major languages and into Indian dialects, and recorded for the blind. Mr. Oursler, whose studies of the Scriptures began 14 years ago, next turned his attention to the Old Testament, and wrote The Greatest Book Ever Written, which has sold millions of copies since it was published in 1951. During these years of studying and writing, Mr. Oursler planned another book, to be called The Greatest Faith Ever Known. He died, in May of last year, before he could finish it. It was completed by his daughter, April Oursler Armstrong, who for many years had worked with her father, from notes left by him. It will be published next October by Doubleday. The excerpt which begins on the next page tells the inspiring story of Saint Paul, who was Saul of Tarsus. Paul was a mighty missioner for the Faith. He traveled far, enduring great hardships and terrible punishments; making converts by the thousands, helping bring the New Faith from Asia to Europe. In the end, his enemies put him to death, but Paul's friends, unafraid, sang that night, prayed and sang high praise to the Lord Jesus Himself, Who had conquered death.

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THE GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN

IN the months following the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension of Jesus of Nazareth, His spirit seemed to take on new power in Jerusalem.

That dreadful day on Calvary was not an ending; not for Peter, the tall fisherman from the north to whom Christ Himself had given the keys of heaven; not for any of the disciples; nor for the beloved Master Himself.

After Jesus rose to heaven from the top of Mount Olivet, His followers returned to Jerusalem. Nightly more and more men and women knocked for entrance at the door of the Cenacle, that upper room of the house on a Zion hill where Jesus and His disciples had taken the Last Supper. The Cenacle was to serve for many years as a sort of unofficial headquarters for the early Church. And in these tense days the former disciples of Jesus, men and women who had heard Him teach, had been healed by Him and had believed, gathered there for prayer.

Each morning the Christians went forth to preach the doctrine of a love that proved itself stronger than death. And despite the fact that open support of the new Church was still dangerous in Jerusalem, that at any moment the authorities might crack down on all its adherents, and many reasonable men lived in fear of mass crucifixion, the new faith won converts, not by dozens, scores or hundreds, but by thousands.

As week followed week, more and more believers flocked to hear and to be baptized. This growing procession appalled the high priests of the Sanhedrin, the Temple court which had demanded Christ's death. To put an end to Jesus, His healings, preachings and power, they had nailed Him to a cross as a blasphemer. But the doctrines of the Nazarene were taking hold on more people after His death than before.

For many months they hesitated to act, because, being more politicians than priests, they were afraid of the people's reaction. But when rabbis began deserting Herod's Temple to be baptized in the upper room of the Last Supper, the fury of the Temple aristocrats flamed high. All restraints of common sense, all fears of outraging the popular will were devoured in their rage.

And the victim of their rage, the man whose life and death were to change the destiny of millions, the man who was to be first in anguish and first in glory among the martyred followers of Jesus Christ, was a young man named Stephen. Stephen was one of seven recently appointed deacons of the fast-growing new Church, who had been particularly successful in making conversions among the Jews.

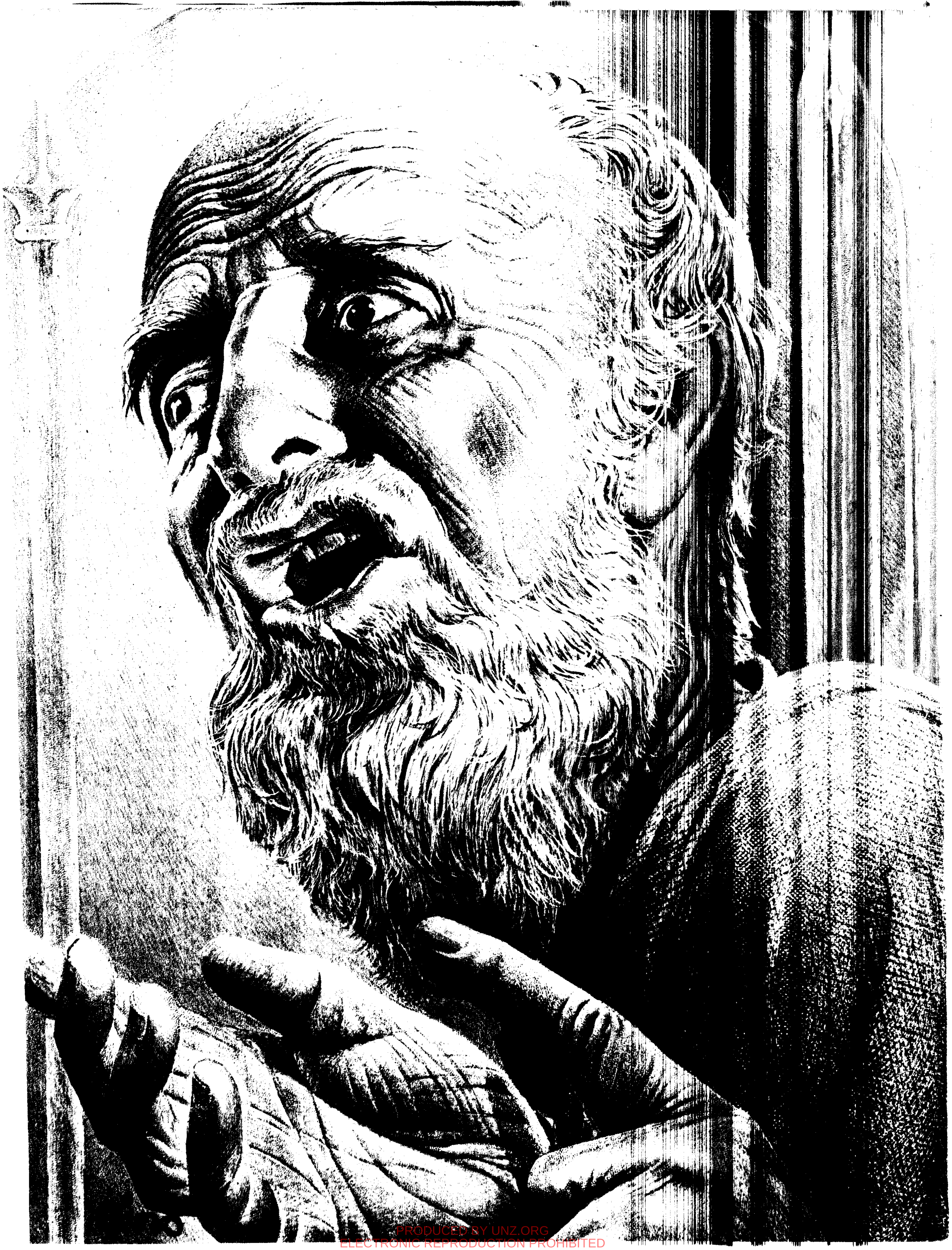
That any of their high-born numbers should kneel with a lot of northern fishermen, and sell their goods and share all things in common, give to the poor and preach the dignity and the immortality of the individual soul, through the redemption of the Risen Christ—here was an offense most odious to the Temple high priests, a fire that must be stamped out to avoid a conflagration.

Stephen, arrested, tried and convicted of blasphemy by those same judges who only four years earlier had condemned Jesus, was sentenced to be stoned to death.

A curious-looking young man marched with the mob

Paul challenged the Roman judge: "Neither against the laws of the Jews nor against the Temple, nor against Caesar have I offended in anythin

PORTRAIT BY GUY ROW



as they pushed Stephen across the Temple courtyard. His job was to see that Stephen be killed according to due process of the Law of Moses. He was captain of the executioners, and his name was Saul of Tarsus.

A brilliant student, he knew by memory the cumbersome list of religious rules and regulations which governed the Jews, for he was a Pharisee, a member of one of the stricter Hebrew sects. Saul of Tarsus understood just how an impudent Christian should be put to death. He could quote straight from Leviticus: "*Bring forth the blasphemer without the camp and let them that heard him put their hands on his head and let all the people stone him.*"

Saul of Tarsus was a man on fire to obey God's laws, and he believed this murder of Stephen was entirely justified. Outside the city, by a little hill, the crowd made a three-quarter circle, with Stephen standing, facing them, his back against a rock. The witnesses came and laid their hands on his curly head. Then, methodically, they began to stone him.

But they could not stop their ears against the loud cries of his strong young voice as he prayed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." He was following in his own way the example of his crucified Master.

For one last moment the young eyes of the first martyr, dying, looked into the eyes of Saul, the captain of his executioners. That gaze was never to lose its freshness in Saul's memory. He was consenting to and supervising the death of Stephen. That fact would be hard to live down in the blazing glory waiting, as yet unknown in the future of this immensely capable and complicated man. But for the moment, the ecstasy on Stephen's face merely affronted Saul, and roused him to unreasoning wrath.

ON THE NIGHT of the day that Stephen died, it would have seemed impossible that Saul, this strict Jew born and bred, this zealot and scholar of the Mosaic Law, was destined for so high a place in the history of a Christian world.

On this, the first Saint Stephen's night, in A. D. 34, Saul, deeply disturbed, sat alone after the stoning and reviewed his life. Born in Tarsus, a wealthy merchant center and a military defense point in the southeastern part of Asia Minor, Saul was the son of a Jew who enjoyed the high privilege of being a citizen of Rome.

But the most potent force in shaping Saul's life had been his fervor for the Jewish faith.

He remembered himself as a boy leaving home every morning to go to the synagogue school. He cherished the memory of the musty little synagogue, so plain in appearance beside the white columns of the pagan Greek temple set in a green grove and filled with florid figures in elegant stone. There were no statues where Saul worshiped, only an endless store of truth and wisdom.

But Saul, like every other Jewish boy, was also required to learn a trade. Most of the boys followed in their fathers' workshop, and Saul became a tentmaker in Tarsus. In afteryears, Saul was manfully proud of his trade, and supported himself by it wherever he went.

When he was about fifteen, financed by the savings of his father, he sailed from Tarsus to the Judean coast, and made his way to Jerusalem. He registered at a Hebrew school, and dedicated his life to a strict observance of all the burdensome ordinances of the Pharisees.

Saul knew no way to explain the restlessness of his conscience this night. He felt that legally—and therefore spiritually—he was leading a blameless life. All that mattered in Saul's philosophy was that the Jews should be a righteous nation. Then not even the Roman Empire could hold them enslaved. The divine promises of a Messiah would be fulfilled.

What angered Saul to the depths of his being was the spreading belief that the Messiah had already come to earth, the unschooled child of a carpenter's wife in Nazareth, a wandering wayside exhorter.

To Saul's aristocratic mind, such claims were a blasphemous caricature of his most sacredly fostered concepts. No wonder this rabid young Pharisee fumed and squirmed, finding no relaxation at all as he meditated at the open window. The time called for action. Christianity would have to be wiped out.

At Saul's instigation, a great new plan of persecution was organized against the Church. Soon there was left in *Jerusalem, of all the thousands of converts, not one overt,* openly confessing Christian except for the Twelve Apostles. They scattered in haste, hiding with friends and relatives in remote little villages in Judea.

The first mass persecution of Christians was on in earnest. As chief police agent of the Sanhedrin, the Temple court, Saul pounced in swift raids on suspected houses. No place remained where a Christian could feel safe.

Yet, in spite of floggings to break down witnesses, in spite of prizes for telltales and denouncers, in spite of persecution almost unexampled in severity, most of the Christians escaped and survived. And despite all obstacles, the Christian Church continued to grow.

Realizing that his first ferocious attacks had not even stunted the growth of the inspired Church, Saul, failure rankling in him, redoubled his effort. He knew the faith must be destroyed instantly, or never. And thus he decided that by fire and sword he would carry the persecution all the way to Damascus.

With a sword in his hand, and a troop of cavalry and foot soldiers at his command, he went out to pursue the Christians who had fled Jerusalem. Saul meant to scour the land as far north as the great desert. He promised his superiors he would bring back, bound and captive, every Christian that he found.

But for many days and nights he rode without finding a single follower of Jesus, without excitement of any kind until he was drawing near to Damascus.

The border of the town was not more than half a mile away when Saul suddenly swayed in his saddle.

Everything he could see and hear and feel all around him underwent a change. There was a chill wind blowing at him, a blinding light shining on him from the heavens, and the roar of great waters in his ears.

Saul clutched at the reins but his palsied hands could not hold them. He pushed with his heels against the stirrups but his ankles quaked and all power had gone out of his legs. With a great gasp he realized he had no strength to help himself. He fell to the ground and lay there helpless.

Then the roaring sound ceased and he heard a Voice, assuring but compassionate:

"Saul! Saul! Why do you persecute Me?"

Groaning, not daring to lift his face from the earth, Saul replied: "Lord, who are you?"

"I am Jesus, Whom you persecute."

Trembling and astonished, Saul faltered the question that spelled his immediate, instantaneous surrender:

"Lord, what will You have me to do?"

The Voice of the Lord replied to the man lying in the dust: "Arise and go into the city and there it shall be told you what you must do."

And the Voice seemed to pale away in the wind.

Saul drew himself up to a sitting position and shook himself. His soldiers stood, amazed and troubled, in a great circle. Then two of them took Saul by the armpits and raised him to his feet. But Saul's groping hands, as they made to let go of him, told them a shocking truth.

Saul was blind!

PAUL NEVER DOUBTED he actually had seen Jesus. Years later, in a letter he wrote to the Corinthians, he would rehearse the familiar history of Christ's death, burial and Resurrection. He would remind the people of Corinth that the risen Christ appeared to Peter, and the rest of the Twelve, that He had been seen by more than 500 disciples at once, many of whom were still alive when that letter was being written. And then he added, with fervent humility and thanksgiving:

"And last of all, He was seen also by me, as by one born out of due time.

"For I am the least of the apostles, who am not worthy to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God."

Skeptics still scoff at this encounter. Nearly 2,000 years away from evidence, with no testimony for their own theories, they dismiss Saul's conversion as an epileptic fit. The line of years from then to now quakes with countless epileptics, not one of whom has written a single letter that affected the world, or converted peoples, or captured the imagination of posterity. Only Saul did that; Saul, of whom no fit was reported before Damascus or since. No skeptic can dispute the complete change in the life of Saul, or what suffering he endured for it.

In that one blinding, falling moment Saul became another man. The hunter of Christians, the heresy detective became in one instant full of yearning to be a Christian.

Saul let his soldiers lead him slowly toward the open gate of Damascus. Strangely, he felt no humiliation in being blind, helpless in the hands of underlings.

He was going into the city, as the Lord had commanded him, to wait to be told what next he must do. To him nothing else mattered.

THREE DAYS LATER, in the city of Damascus, a vision came to a Christian named Ananias. And the Voice of the Lord spoke directly to him, instructing him to go to the home of a fellow convert who had, with sublime charity and trust, received the blinded persecutor and given him lodging.

"Arise!" the Voice said. "And go into the Street Called Straight! And seek one named Saul of Tarsus! For behold—he prays!"

"Lord," Ananias protested, overwhelmed by such fearful instructions, "I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he has done to Your saints in Jerusalem. And right here in Damascus he has authority from the chief priests of the Temple to bind everybody who dares to invoke Your Name."

There was a moment's silence, and then the Lord spoke with a firmness of command not to be mistaken:

"Go your way. For this man is to Me a vessel of election, to carry My Name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel. For I will show him what great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."

A minute later, Ananias set off down the narrow and deserted paths of early morning, to look for Saul.

The sun was not yet up, and the room was dim, as the messenger of Christ stood by the bed and spoke to the tossing, blinded man of Tarsus. The hands of Ananias touched the eyelids of the stricken man.

"Brother Saul, the Lord has sent me, that you may receive your sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

"And immediately," the Scriptures tell us, "there fell from his eyes, as it were, scales, and rising up he was baptized."

Saul baptized! Now, there was a tale the Christians back in Judea would find it hard to believe. By the grapevine the word would go out that Saul, the persecutor, had been stricken blind near the western gate of

Damascus; had seen the Lord Jesus and heard His Voice, had been healed of his blindness by a Syrian Christian, and that now he was himself a Christian.

Who could be expected to believe a wild story like that?

Yet it was literally true. In that moment Saul became truly, irrevocably, a new man. He was born again.

And he chose to mark that hour of transformation by shedding the Hebrew name Saul, by which all men knew him. He chose instead to be known by the name he had seldom used, his official name as a Roman citizen.

Instead of Saul, the man of Tarsus would from that day of baptism till the end of time be known as Paul.

FOR SOME DAYS, Paul remained with the disciples in the city of Damascus, pleading for more instruction and personal reminiscences from those Damascans who had met Jesus and heard His message. But Paul did more than that. He went into the Damascus synagogue and began to preach Christianity! And his listeners were stunned. What did this change mean? Was Saul the persecutor really converted? Or did he strike a pose, setting some trap?

Yet he was a magnetic figure standing before them. Paul was less than five feet tall. But he was broad-shouldered. Early athletic victories had hardened his well-conditioned body. He was sinewy and graceful in spite of his prematurely balding head and the curly gray that encroached on his close-knit eyebrows and thick beard in this his thirtieth year. Yet it was not his stalwart figure, nor his fair complexion, nor the decision suggested in the long, aquiline nose, nor yet his impelling manner that held the crowded synagogue silent.

What transformed Paul, bespelling his hearers, was his fire of faith, a zeal that flashed and flared in those enormous eyes. He stood in the Damascus synagogue and impressed everyone in sound of his voice, beginning there a ministry for Christ that was to last 39 years.

Day by day his eloquence grew more potent. He made uncounted converts. The scribes and the Pharisees were outraged, and they consulted together on the best way to kill Paul. They were still sure murder was the most effective answer to Christianity.

Day and night, the assassins were waiting a convenient chance to strike at Paul. But Paul was fully warned of his enemies' ambush, and in a large wicker basket covered with fruit he was smuggled past the assassins and out of the city by Ananias and his friends.

The soldiers who originally had come with him were still in the town, conspiring with his foes to murder him there, or in Jerusalem should he escape the guards at the Damascus gate.

But Paul did not go toward the Holy City.

As he himself was to tell later in a vivid piece of autobiography written to the Galatians:

"Neither went I up to Jerusalem, to them who were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia—and returned again to Damascus. Then after three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter and abode with him fifteen days . . ."

So Paul was to have three years to think over the weighty matters teeming in his brain as he hurried along in the dark. Three years of contemplation and retreat—and only then would he feel ready to go to see Peter, the tall fisherman from the north to whom Christ had given the keys of heaven.

By then Paul knew the full measure of his own soul and its destiny.

In the year of our Lord 38, Paul returned to Jerusalem.

The talk of what had happened in Damascus had died down in the capital, but Peter and the others, the Christians who had never fled or who had crept back again to the city, were aware that their old persecutor was alive, planning only God knew what. For they still feared him.

But one man refused to give way to fear and suspicion. When word reached the disciples that Paul was in Jerusalem looking for Christians, Barnabas of Cyprus, a young clearheaded convert, stood in the Cenacle and revived the three-year-old riddle. Paul, scourge of the Christians, now one himself? Was that too much to believe about the power of God? If the dumb and the deaf and the blind of body could be healed instantly, might not God heal deafness of the heart and the blindness of a man's soul? And what if Paul were truly converted? Would it not be a sin to cast him out?

Amid a startled silence, Barnabas left the Cenacle. He walked carefully through the throngs, searching every face. And presently he saw the stalwart little figure riding a dusty beast.

"Come!" he said, with scarcely a movement of the lips and, seizing the rein, he led Paul toward the Cenacle.

The apostles assembled, sitting on their heels, looking at Paul and Barnabas, to hear the Damascus story.

On the way to the Cenacle, Barnabas had hastily gathered the facts from Paul; now he, and not the illustrious convert, told the events—the only time in Paul's life that someone else did the talking for him.

Barnabas made Paul's case so clear that everyone perceived that here, indeed, was a Christian of Christians, who was also proud to be a Hebrew of Hebrews.

Peter, the towering fisherman, stepped forward to welcome Paul openly and fully. Two wind-burned, callused hands settled on the convert's shoulders in benison.

Their eyes were magnetized by the recognition of the Holy Spirit in each other. Peter, the untutored, the lowborn, who had denied Christ, and yet was chosen by Him to be the rock of the Church; and Paul, the rabbinist, the intellectual Roman citizen, who had persecuted Christ, and yet had been wrenched out of his soul's darkness to become the light of the Church; they understood each other at once.

All too short, those fifteen days Peter and Paul spent together, a time of fevered talk and shared prayer, of spiritual excitement and earnest plans for the future. Then they abruptly and sadly separated.

Reports were reaching the high priests about this unrecognized stranger who visited Peter. The Temple was hatching a plot to murder him—and that could only mean more persecution for the rest of the Church!

Clearly enough, the moment was not ripe for Paul's ministry. Paul must wait. He must command his ardent spirit to sit still in obscurity.

Nothing harder could have been asked of him. Yet, without protest, he made his decision—though it meant exile. Up to the port of Caesarea, Paul went, and there to the dock, and the ship that would take him back to his own home town, Tarsus, and his trade of tentmaking, instead of launching the missionary efforts of which he had dreamed!

He was to wait humbly, in prayer, study, work—unwanted by those of the new Church or the old—for 13 years. His one avenue of service for those years of obscurity was to aid the peace of the Church by remaining silent, praying for the success of others.

MEANWHILE, the Christian message was spreading with stealthy rapidity throughout the world of the Roman Empire. The new Church advanced as if by geometrical progression. A little Christianity in a town soon leavened the whole, and hundreds flocked to join the new outpost of faith. Wherever a Christian had to go, for whatever reason, he carried the glorious message farther on.

Christianity was being spread abroad, but only to the Jews and no one else. Neither God nor His servants could let that state of affairs continue. The time had come for a new force to share the Christian stage—an apostolate to the Gentiles.

And so, when word reached Jerusalem of a large number of Greek Gentile converts in the city of Antioch, Peter welcomed the news. He had, only recently, baptized his first Gentile convert, a Roman centurion, and here was a chance for decisive action to establish further an open-door policy for the new Church.

Peter and the other apostles sent Barnabas, the young man from Cyprus, to Antioch to guide the new converts.

The far-reaching consequences of that decision were actually to change the history of the world. For through Barnabas, Paul of Tarsus, the greatest of all Christian voices, was to be called back to lead the martyrs' chorus of the saints.

Barnabas was a natural choice for the important mission in Antioch. Though he was a Jew, he had been born away from Judea in the Dispersion, and taught in a colonial synagogue colored by the broad tolerance of the Greeks.

Barnabas fulfilled well his mission in Antioch. He was like a great bridge of mind and spirit between Jew and Greek. But facing the situation there, he knew that he needed a mind more capable of dialectic, tougher in mental combat, to bring the Gentiles in.

Then Barnabas remembered the words which in Damascus the Voice had spoken to Ananias concerning Paul before his baptism:

"*He is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name before the Gentiles . . .*"

Of course! Remembering, Barnabas turned his face, as if ordered, toward Tarsus to seek Paul. That was why, after 13 years of tentmaking and meditation, Paul was invited to join in the apostolic labors.

At last he was called into action.

At last! How his heart must have leaped. After having been called by Jesus, visited and instructed by God in the desert, 13 years of inaction must have weighed oppressively on Paul. To a young man, full of zeal and proven courage, God's way must have seemed most mysterious.

In the years lying ahead of the Christians, Paul of Tarsus was to move in such spectacular journeys that wherever men talked of Jesus, they also spoke of the tentmaker.

But of Peter, the man of rock, much less would be said.

Soon Peter's long residence in Jerusalem would come to an end. The Scriptures tell us little of his subsequent activities; there are only brief references to certain episodes in his later life. The ever-nagging fear that publicity might endanger his safety kept Christians silent on his whereabouts.

But no such obscurity hides the life of Paul. Thanks to his own masterful writings, and the brilliant news coverage of his yokefellow Luke, the physician, whom he was so soon to meet, Paul's incredible adventures as a missioner are preserved in breathtaking detail.

Peter and Paul would meet again. But until that time it is the tentmaker, the ex-persecutor, the man who once hated Christians, who takes the stage for Christ.

PAUL'S LABORS with Barnabas in Antioch were blessed with inspired fervor. Soon news went out of his extraordinary eloquence and of the converts he was winning. And for the first time a new word was on the world's tongue.

"And the disciples," Luke was to report later, "were called Christians first in Antioch."

But Paul was not destined to remain for long in

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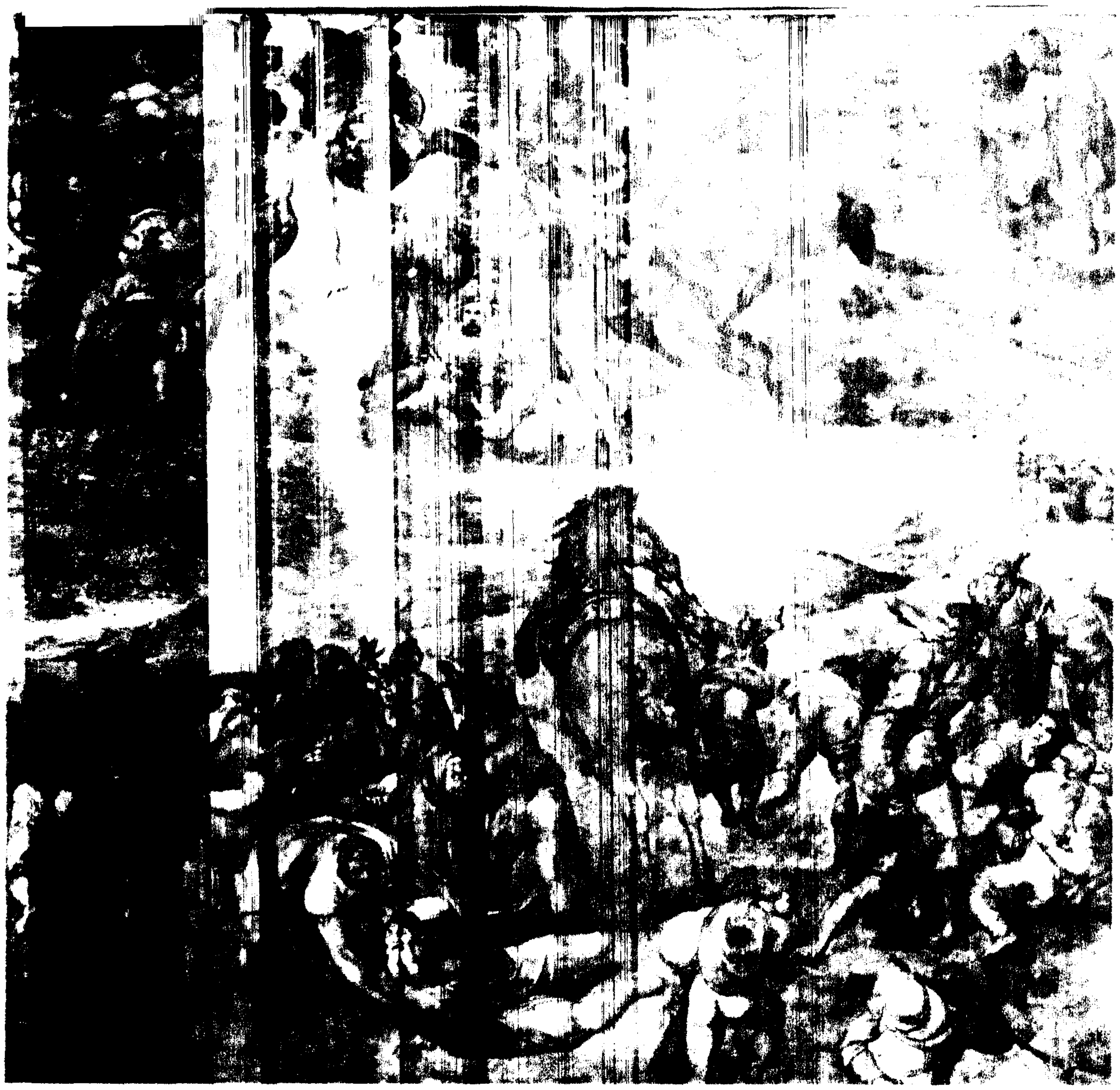
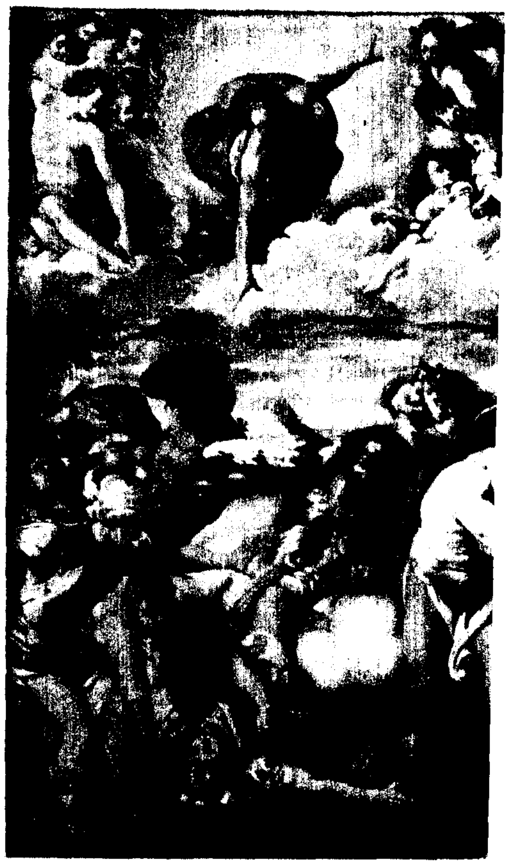
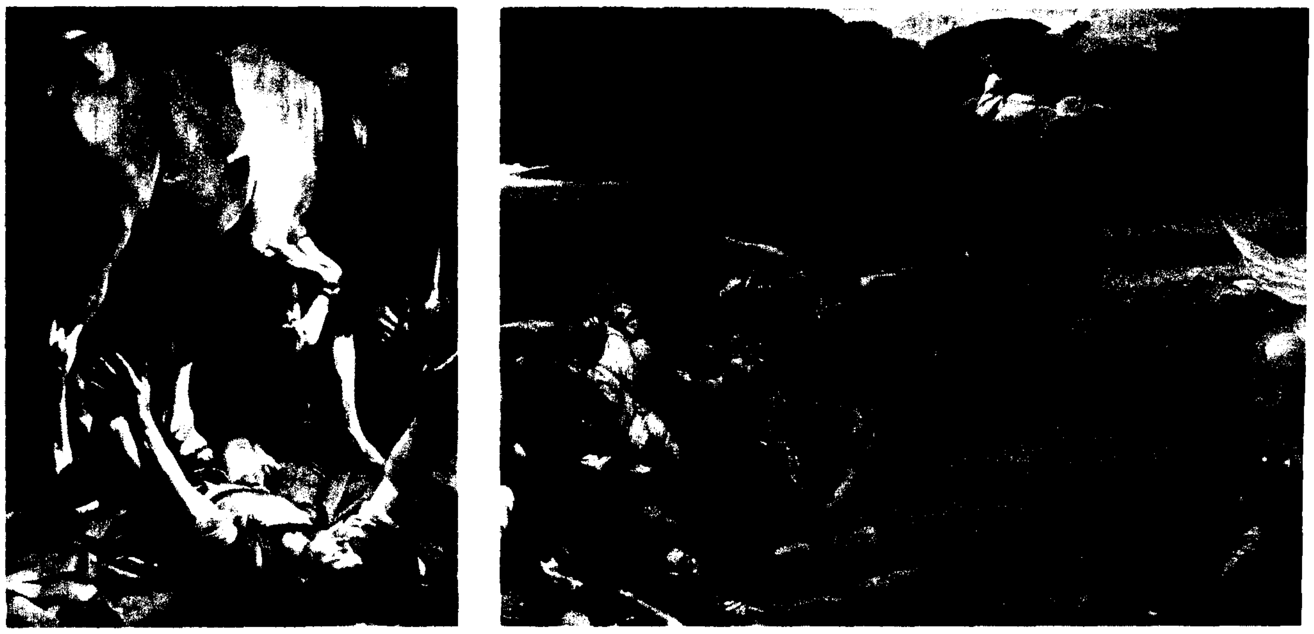


Stricken Paul is focal point of huge Michelangelo fresco at Vatican's Pauline Chapel

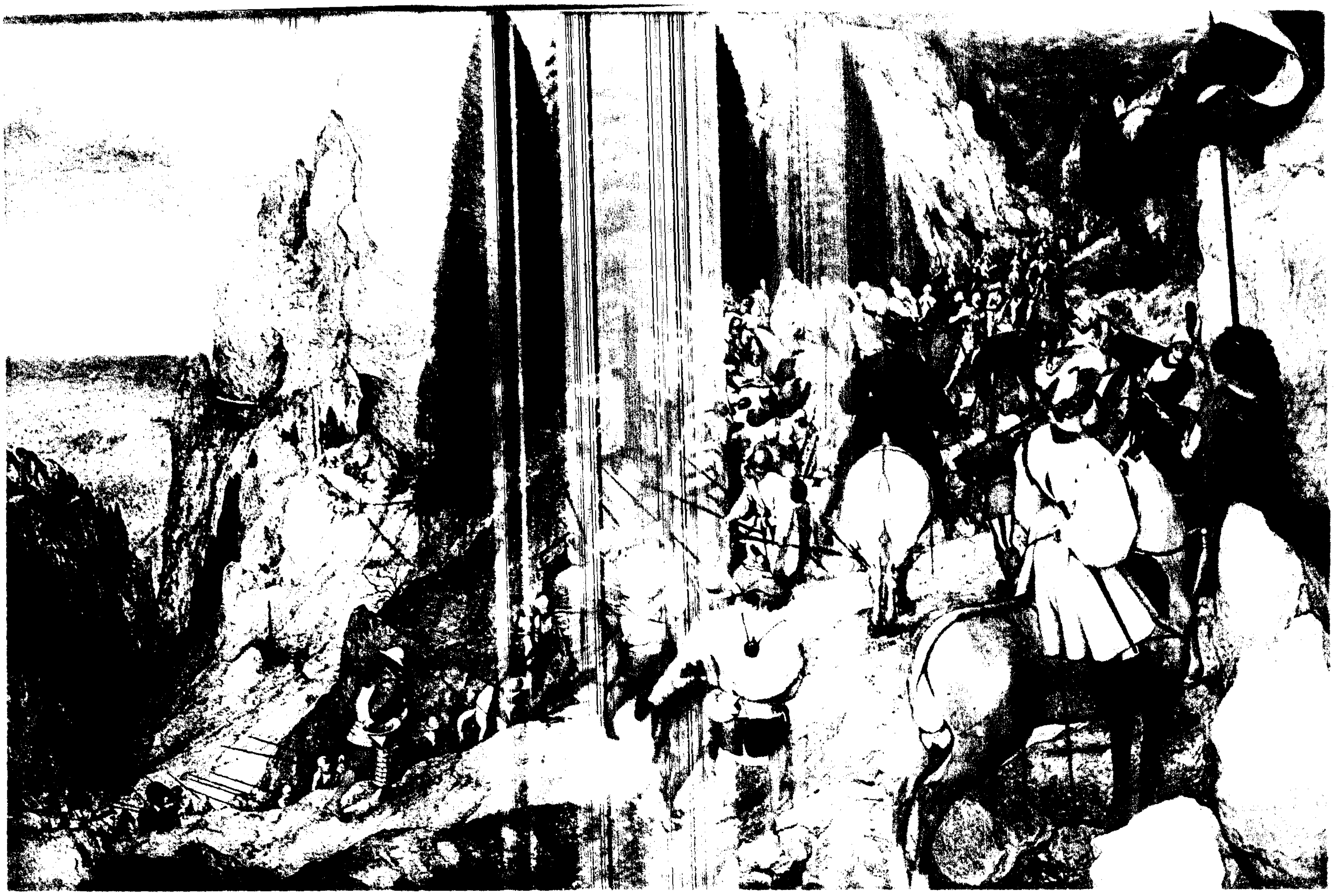


Paul lies helpless before vision in 16th-century Zuccaro painting. It is in Doria-Pamphili gallery, Rome

The Road to Damascus



Caravaggio's conversion scene (l.) is in Roman church, Scarsellino's in city's Capitolino museum



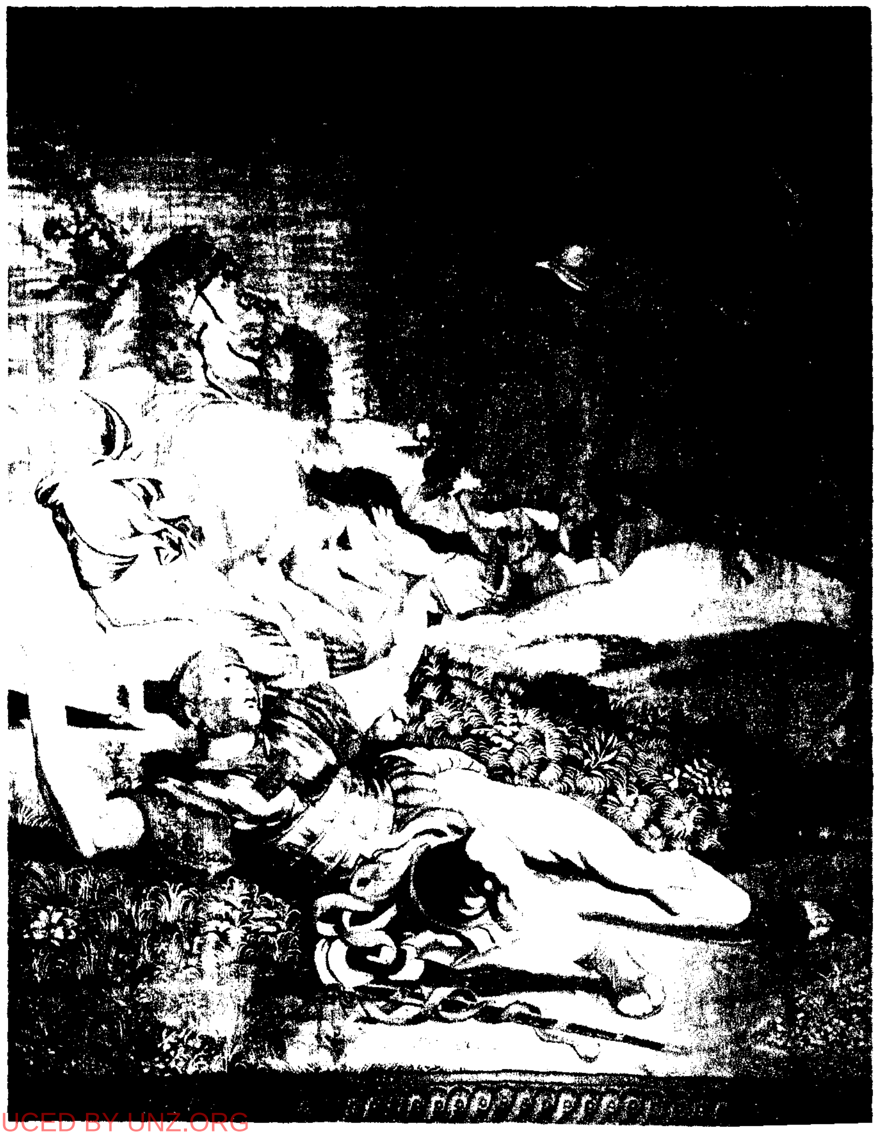
Flemish master Peter Bruegel saw episode in 16th-century mountain setting. Fallen Paul is in center of canvas now kept in Vienna

The old masters found inspiration in the momentous conversion of Saint Paul

THE dramatic and, for Western civilization, perhaps the decisive episode on the road to Damascus deeply stirred the imagination of Renaissance artists fifteen hundred years later. Financed as these artists were largely by Church funds at a time when all men sought inspiration in religion, the painters of the period constantly searched the Bible for themes for their oils. And they found few scenes to fire the artistic soul that could compare with the epic moment when Saul, the avenging persecutor of the Christians, was transformed into Paul, the great missionary of the Faith he had so bitterly condemned.

As with the written word, artistic interpretations of the conversion varied according to the personal vision of each artist. Some saw the blinded Paul as a bearded patriarch; others as a young warrior. They set the scene in desert, and in mountain pass.

For reproduction on these pages, Collier's has selected six of the most exciting interpretations of the revelation on the road to Damascus. The Michelangelo is a fresco. The Raphael is a tapestry. The others are paintings on canvas. The details differ in each work. But in all, the artist says with all the immense talent at his command: Here is a climactic episode in the story of Western man. ▲▲▲



Great Raphael tapestry of Paul's conversion was woven in Brussels, is housed in Vatican

Antioch. His missionary efforts that would cover all of Asia Minor and penetrate the mainland of Europe were about to begin.

Before the year was out, prompted by a message from the Holy Ghost, and accompanied by his friend Barnabas, Paul set out on the first of his journeys to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ.

SOMETIMES BY SHIP, sometimes on foot, sometimes alternating rides on a borrowed donkey, these dedicated men made their way through Asia Minor, founding new churches and preaching in every community.

On the island of Cyprus, the Roman proconsul was won to eager acceptance of the faith, and the Christians on the island, childhood friends of Barnabas, could worship openly, without fear of persecution.

But in the ancient cities of the Roman province of Galatia, the two companions did not always fare so well. In some cities they met with such open hostility they were forced, after a few days or weeks of preaching, to flee to the next town for their own safety.

Paul invariably went, as his letters state, "to the Jews first," as Christ Himself did. And he won many converts. Time and again crowds of Jews would clamor to talk to Paul and Barnabas after their speeches in the synagogues, eager to learn more of this new faith. Christian fervor would seethe in the streets. And the Pharisees, finding this intolerable, would attempt to stir up the Roman authorities against them.

These ferocious legalists called Paul and Barnabas subversive agents, advance men for revolution, enemies of Caesar. It was a pattern that was to be repeated many times throughout Paul's lifetime. At first, such guileful schemes did not work. The apostles went on their way preaching, and no one interfered.

But suddenly, in the city of Lystra, the smothered fires of hatred burst into flames. There, a street mob, aroused by denunciators who insisted that Paul and Barnabas were impostors and blasphemers, turned on them demanding that they be stoned.

And now Paul remembered Stephen.

Out through the city gate their enemies dragged them to an execution hillside. The Pharisees made a half circle around the prisoners, as others had done around Stephen. The mob waited popeyed and gleeful at the bloody death that would be done. Christians stood by helpless.

"*I have been stoned once!*" This moment Paul would one day recall to the minds of the Corinthians when he wrote to them all he had suffered for the faith.

The first shower of missiles came flying, sharp-edged fragments of the rocks, and then another, and more and more, all aimed at Paul. Somehow they were not stoning Barnabas. Only Paul stood, as he had seen Stephen stand, ready to die as bravely as he had died.

He fell under the hail of rocks. He lay stilled. They left him for dead. Only mourning Christians stood near, ready to carry away his body for burial.

Then Paul moved. He turned, groaned, and raised himself up. They helped him to stand. He leaned heavily upon Barnabas, hearing the Christians counsel him to fly into some other safer place.

But Paul shook his head. He was not ready to leave Lystra. Better to show converts and enemies alike what an apostle can endure in the sacred cause.

"He rose up and entered into the city," Luke tells us crisply.

Christianity had a missioner to be reckoned with, a man who could never be called a coward. He went back to the people who thought they had killed him.

He left Lystra the next day, proudly, of his own free will, under his own power. Every soul in the city knew that he had survived the stoning, and had shown himself again in the midst of his enemies. No one dared lay a hand on him.

As they lined the streets, thousands strong, silently watching Paul's triumphant departure, they pondered on the Christ he had tried to preach to them.

And so Paul and Barnabas began their return trip to Antioch.

With the stoning of Paul still fresh in their minds, they retraced their steps, returning over the same route by which they had come, through malignant persecutions.

The Holy Ghost gave them specific and unmistakable directions. They must not desert the Galatian churches they had started. The people of those towns had first heard Paul and Barnabas with delight, then seen them worsted by the Pharisaical authorities, driven out, forbidden to return. Now Paul and Barnabas must return, armed with faith, to strengthen and encourage the converts their first sermons had won.

At length, with their work done and the Galatian churches firmly established, the two missioners sailed for Antioch.

The first journey was over and Paul and Barnabas planned a brief respite in Antioch.

But problems awaited them. News of their work among Gentiles had caused controversy.

There were still valiant and earnest men among those early Christians who believed that the Messiah had come on a special mission to Israel, bearing an exclusive message of redemption for the souls of Jews. They were willing to concede that Gentiles could become Christians, but they believed that the Gentiles must first ceremoniously become Jews. After all, Jesus Himself was a Jew, the Son of a Jewish maiden. And all the apostles were born in the Jewish faith and had carried the traditional observances and rites with them into the service of Christ.

In Jerusalem the reports about the kind of converts

Paul and Barnabas had made raised severe arguments. Some of the Jerusalem Christians actually came to Antioch, to deliver an announcement to Paul and Barnabas and to every Church member in Antioch:

"Except you be circumcised after the manner of Moses, you cannot be saved."

Now Paul and Barnabas had never dreamed of teaching any such dogma, nor did they believe that circumcision had anything whatsoever to do with Christ's salvation of the human soul. To their enlightened minds, it was perfectly clear that Christ's message was for the whole world, not limited to those who observed the Jewish rites. Christianity could never be a sect of Judaism!

So Paul and Barnabas agreed to return to Jerusalem with their antagonists, the circumcisionists, and lay the problem before Peter and the council of the apostles.

There in the Cenacle, Peter, the man of rock, and the other apostles listened to the arguments and they decreed that Gentiles could become Christians without circumcision.

After the decision, Paul returned to Antioch and turned eager attention to his own plans for a new conversion campaign, the adventure history calls his second missionary journey. He intended not only to revisit his first mission outposts, but to go on into unknown lands, facing incalculable perils. Though Paul did not then know it, this second journey was to last more than three years, and would bring the message of Christ out of Asia and into Europe.

But his old friend Barnabas would not accompany Paul on this journey. Barnabas, with his nephew, Mark, planned to call on the churches the two missioners had founded on the island of Cyprus.

Paul went another way. For companion he chose a man he had learned to trust completely, Silas, called Sylvanus, who had returned with Paul from Jerusalem after the great debate on circumcision. In all the fearful trials that lay ahead, Silas would acquit himself well.

PAUL AND SILAS rode out of the northern gate of Antioch, heading for the high country of South Galatia, site of Paul's mission churches.

After preaching in Derbe, the two men went to Lystra, where Paul once had been stoned. And there another missioner joined them.

In Lystra lived a young lad whose name was Timothy. He had been baptized at the time of Paul's first visit, just before the stoning. From the very first, Paul had been warmly attracted to the young Lystrian, whose name meant "honorer of God." In time he was to become Paul's most beloved follower or "son," a devoted and sympathetic fellow worker to the death.

Now Paul was visiting at the house of Timothy, when suddenly he felt a divine direction to take this youth as an additional companion in spreading the Gospel.

Paul, Silas and Timothy embarked on an extended tour of the Roman province called Asia—and then the unmistakable inner guidance of God forbade them to carry out their own plans. They must not preach any longer in Asia. Following the promptings of the Holy Ghost, they went down to the coastal city of Troas.

But Troas was still in the province of Asia—and that whole area had just been forbidden to Paul by the Holy Spirit. Why then had he been guided to this spot?

Paul spent a sleepless night in Troas, tossing in tormented restlessness. Suddenly his room filled with brilliance. Sitting bolt upright, the apostle stared at his open window and saw a light-bathed apparition facing him. He saw a vision of a man "standing and beseeching" him, saying: "Pass over into Macedonia and help us!"

Macedonia! The mainland of Europe. As the vision faded and disappeared, Paul sat gazing out of the suddenly darkened window.

"To Macedonia then it will be," Paul vowed.

But when Paul left Troas, he would have a new companion, a Greek named Lucanus, whom we know as Saint Luke the Apostle.

Luke wrote in the Acts of the Apostles: "And sailing from Troas, *we* came with a straight course . . ."

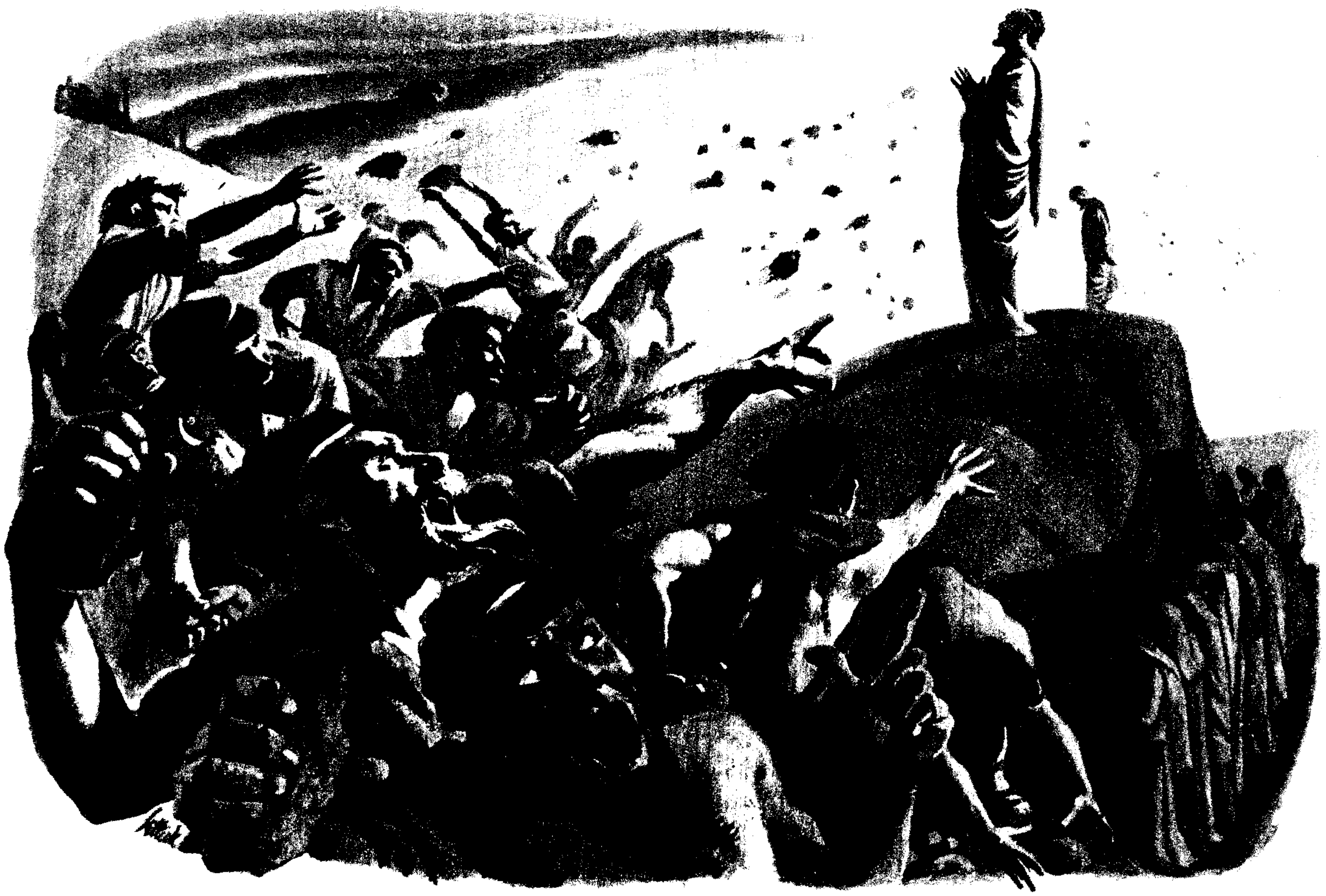
"*We* came!" Without warning or fanfare, the narrative switches from the third person to the first person. Saint Luke now testifies to his own part in the drama of the early Church.

With humility that frustrates the curious reader, Luke tells almost nothing of himself. He is silent about that most dramatic of meetings, when he joined himself with Paul, the beginning of a working friendship. In his last fateful years, Paul was to tell Timothy that of all his coworkers only Luke remained faithfully by his side as the tragic climax of his captivity neared.

Actually, Luke is mentioned by name but three times in the Bible, and then only in letters written by Paul. Carefully, deliberately, Luke effaces himself from both his own Gospel, and The Acts. Yet he was to leave an unmistakable imprint of his personality on every word he wrote.

Beyond question, he was the only Gentile writer of the Scriptures, and his biography of the Christ is highly individualized. Nearly one third of his Gospel is new material, not included in the other three "synoptic" Gospels. Luke was not an eyewitness, but a researcher, ferreting out facts with the scientific care of a modern historian. Yet his life of the Lord glows with his own profound love of Jesus, and of His tender mercy.

Paul and Luke, Silas and Timothy, left Troas, and following the vision of the Macedonian, sailed northwest across the sea—out of Asia. Paul and Luke, a Pharisee



"The first shower of missiles came flying, sharp-edged fragments of the rocks, and then another . . . all aimed at Paul"

and a Gentile, neither of whom had ever seen Jesus during His lifetime, were charged now with the historic task of bringing Christianity into Europe.

More than a year later, in 51 A. D., Paul sat in his tiny room in the home of a Christian convert in the Macedonian city of Corinth and thought back on his adventures in Europe. In his mind he retraced his far-flung tracks, through Athens, Berea, Thessalonica and Philippi, and he pondered like a loving father over the young mission churches he had left behind.

There had been troubles, of course. He was scourged and imprisoned in Philippi—not by the Pharisees this time, but by the outraged Gentile masters of a demon-ridden slave girl whom Paul cured. Freed of her infirmity, she no longer earned money for her masters as a soothsayer, and so they had Paul arrested as a troublemaker. But an earthquake miraculously opened the prison, setting the brave missionary free. And forthwith the jailer and all his family were converted. Others, too, heard of these miracles, and when Paul left Philippi, the new Church was sizable. Regretfully, he decided to leave his dear friend Luke behind in Philippi to watch over the flock. Years would pass before they would be reunited.

And there had been some noteworthy conversions of influential people, both pagans and Jews. In Athens, Paul baptized a Supreme Court judge named Dionysius, who would one day become the first bishop of Athens and die a martyr for the Christ.

And here in Corinth where Paul had feared that his teaching in the synagogue would, as usually happened, enrage the Pharisees, he made one of his most surprising conversions. Crispus, chief ruler of the synagogue, had come to Paul and announced that he believed in the Lord Jesus and desired baptism for his whole household: his wife, sons, daughters, in-laws and servants.

Hundreds of Jews followed Crispus in his public acceptance of faith. Paul, Silas and Timothy worked day and night, talking to interested groups in homes, or in the tentmaking shop which Paul had set up in the Corinthian market place. Almost in geometrical proportions, conversions multiplied.

But occasionally Paul received disquieting news from his mission churches. And on this night in Corinth, in these moments snatched from sleep, he was thinking particularly of the troubles which beset the Thessalonians.

Not all the news from Thessalonica was bad. The Jews there, and the "great multitude of devout Greeks," whom Paul had won for Christ, had spread the Word all over northern Greece.

But though the Thessalonians were full of zeal, their unguided fervor was giving birth to troublesome disputes. They believed they were capable of interpreting Christ's words for themselves, and so they had begun to bicker about theories and practices. Such discussion, Paul knew, could be the beginning of the end.

So now, unhesitatingly, Paul squandered his few hours of nightly rest to rush a paternal warning and counsel to his friends in Thessalonica. By the light of a

Corinthian lamp he worked in midnight silence, penning the first of 14 deathless letters which with the Gospels and The Acts make up the bulk of the New Testament.

In this letter to the Thessalonians, and in another which was to follow it in a few weeks, Paul discussed their major dispute—an argument among themselves concerning the time of the prophesied second coming of Christ. Paul told them in phrases flashing like knives that the time of the Second Advent was God's secret. Meanwhile, he counseled, it was the duty of all believers to be faithful to the Lord, through patience in working and waiting.

It was more than 18 months later that Paul and his companions left Corinth, sailed across the blue Aegean Sea and headed back at last to lands that seemed like headquarters, if not home.

Now, after three years of prodigious labors, Paul would get firsthand news of his fellow apostles. What of the central council at the Cenacle in Jerusalem? Most especially, what of Peter?

Travelers had brought word to Paul of Peter's activities. He knew that Peter was pleased with his mission to the Gentiles. And he also knew that Peter was tireless in his own labors.

But Paul had not received a connected history, nor even a bare chronology of Peter's travels.

It was rumored from church to church that Peter had already ventured to Rome itself, converting many slaves and freedmen, and even a senator named Pudens. He had left Rome, so it was whispered, only when Emperor Claudius had banished the Jews from the city. But the man of rock was determined to return to Rome, and no Christian wished to bring danger on Peter's white head by inadvertently giving away his plans.

Such was the situation on that day when Paul arrived in Caesarea.

"And going down to Caesarea, he went up to Jerusalem, and saluted the Church, and so came down to Antioch."

That is all Luke tells. Paul paid his respects to the brethren, and visited with the other apostles. What they talked of, what news he learned of Peter is not disclosed. At the finish they blessed each other and Paul made his farewells.

His Third Missionary Journey was about to begin.

IN MANY RESPECTS Paul's third journey was less eventful than the earlier ones. For several years he traveled widely, revisiting the churches he had founded at Antioch, in Galatia and in Macedonia. And from Ephesus, a pagan city which Roman conquerors had made the capital of the whole province of Asia, and which in two years' time Paul transformed into the third Christian city of the world, he established many scion churches elsewhere in Asia.

On this journey, although he occasionally met with hostility, he did not so often experience the open persecution he had suffered in other times. He was allowed to go his way, preaching and healing, and collecting offerings to be sent to Jerusalem headquarters. Paul had from the beginning insisted that his missions accept certain financial obligations. He believed that the Church was one body united in Christ—and that naturally each member should contribute to the welfare of all others.

But though the Christians were experiencing a few years of uneasy amnesty with their persecutors, there was internal strife in the fast-growing Church.

In the rush of his daily routine, Paul never abandoned his concern for the progress and problems of the many churches he had established. Wherever he might be at any moment, travelers kept him informed, and Paul received each morsel of news with paternal eagerness and prayer. Whenever he felt that one of the churches needed his spiritual guidance he dispatched a letter, and several of the epistles which have been preserved were written during the period of this third journey.

There was the letter to the Galatians, written from Ephesus in 57 A. D., which dealt with his beliefs on the still troublesome controversy about circumcision and Jewish ritual for Christians. And later, from Corinth, Paul wrote to Peter and the Christians in Rome (addressing the letter to the Romans in general because he dared not endanger Peter by naming him), again clarifying his often misinterpreted views on this thorny question.

It was in his first letter to the Corinthians, however, more than in any of his other writings, that Paul set forth the very core of his strong Christian faith.

Word had reached him in Ephesus of politics and cliques by which the Corinthian congregation was divided, of their schemes and pride, their forgetfulness of brotherly love. Earnest Corinthian Christians appealed to Paul for guidance.

In answer, Paul wrote his First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The letter was addressed not only to them, but to all Christians, not only of the year 57 A. D., but of 2000 or 20,000 A. D. Paul knew the Corinthians' weaknesses, their recurrent doubtings. And he knew ours.

The Corinthians wanted to know what was the greatest gift of faith. Who were more important, more holy—the prophets, the healers, the men who could read souls—or those who had the gift of tongues?

Paul sighed. In their pride they were missing the point completely! He bowed his head, imploring the grace of God to help him explain the precious secret of Christianity—the Way of Love, the Way of Christian Charity. Then, with a prayer in his heart, Paul penned the most glorious words ever written by man, a prose hymn to the love he called charity:

> *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.*
>
> *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*
>
> *And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*
>
> *Charity suffereth long, and is kind: charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.*
>
> *Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*
>
> *For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.*
>
> *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*
>
> *And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*

IT WAS NOT LONG after this that Paul began his last voyage to Jerusalem, accompanied now by his faithful friend Luke, "the most dear physician," whom he had assigned to guide the Philippian church on his second journey.

Paul had kept secret from his friends a new and shaking prophecy from the Holy Spirit, warning him of prison and persecution awaiting him in Jerusalem. Calmly, humbly, he accepted the warning, willing to face whatever future God planned for him, even though he realized then that should death come to him in Jerusalem he would never realize his long-cherished dream of visiting Rome.

As Paul and his companions neared home, however, his secret premonitions were being shared by others. Warnings of dangers awaiting the apostle in Jerusalem were heard at each port of call.

Now Paul found himself beset from all sides. Luke and Timothy and all the others pleaded with him to give up his plans. Go back to Tarsus and rest. Or go on new missionary errands. Do whatever you will, but turn back from Jerusalem!

Paul shook his head and smiled: "What do you mean weeping and afflicting my heart? For I am ready not only to be bound, but to die also in Jerusalem, for the Name of the Lord Jesus."

And as Luke reports: "When we could not persuade him, we ceased saying: 'The will of the Lord be done.' And after those days, being prepared, we went up to Jerusalem."

WARM WELCOME awaited Paul on this final visit to the city. All the Christians in Jerusalem now knew of his glorious work on the three mission journeys. That night there was a loving feast of the Christians, and the next day a formal reception. Paul beamed with pleasure; he had at last kept his promise to himself. He had arrived in Jerusalem in time for the celebration of the Pentecost.

On the second day Paul, Timothy and Luke went into the historic Cenacle room for a formal meeting with the elders of the faith. Paul made his report summarizing his activities at Ephesus and Corinth.

But the joy of that reunion was short-lived. Within a week, the dire prophecies of trouble awaiting Paul in Jerusalem were fulfilled.

A street mob, incited by some of Paul's old enemies, a group of Jews from the province of Asia, set upon him one day at the Temple. As curious mobs surrounded them, these enemies grabbed Paul, shrieking:

"Men of Israel, help! This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the Law, and this place."

Every moment the crowd increased. In that screaming tumult, hands clutched for Paul's throat, ready to choke him to death. His eyes would have been torn out, his neck broken, his body trampled—save for the arrival of Roman troops.

The tribune of the imperial troop whose name was Lysias stalked to where Paul stood, bruised and bloody, and gave the orders which saved the apostle.

"Put this man in chains!"

Instantly, the soldiers bound Paul, with a chain on his wrists and on his ankles.

Then Lysias gave further commands. He had the power to make Paul suffer until he confessed what real cause the street mob had against him, a cause so outrageous that only death would satisfy them. Then let him be stripped and scourged.

Paul drew a deep breath; his face, though marred and bloodstained, was at peace.

With perfect calm, he asked the centurion who had bound him a question:

"Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?"

Cautious now, for a man in his position working in the colonies must scrupulously obey the *Lex Romana*, the centurion said, "Are you a Roman?"

"Yes! I was born so," was Paul's reply.

After that, Lysias dared not go through with his plan of trial by torture. Indeed, the tribune was hoping that Paul would, in Christian charity, forgive his offense. The law read that no Roman citizen could be tortured, and no citizen could be bound with thongs until he had been properly tried and condemned. Lysias had already broken that law and he well realized he could be made to smart for it. He loosed Paul's hands and feet at once.

That night he kept Paul imprisoned in his castle. And all evening long Lysias tossed in his bed, trying to decide the best course of action.

In his cell, Paul was left alone and unattended, in dark silence. The Romans, to quell the mobs, would appease them by eventually ordering his death—Paul felt very sure of that. Where was Timothy? Silas? Luke? Oh, if Peter were only here! If only he had some of the brethren to talk to before the end which now seemed so certain, so near. But Paul was not deserted! He who had no Christian brethren to share his imprisonment suddenly, miraculously, found himself no longer alone but in the presence of the greatest of all companions.

Not alone—because his beloved Master, Jesus Christ, stood beside him in the cold, damp cell and spoke with him; reprieving him from immediate death. That gracious and benign Presence smiled on Paul, and in tones that filled a soul with courage, spoke:

"Be constant; for as you have testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must you bear witness also at Rome."

Only a few days passed before Paul was taken, under heavy guard, to Caesarea, the Roman capital of Judea. The tribune, Lysias, warned of a plot against Paul's life and, fearful of the possible embarrassment of having a Roman citizen murdered while in his custody, decided to rid himself neatly of the whole problem. He sent Paul to Caesarea to be judged by Felix, who now held the post once claimed by a man named Pontius Pilate, as the procurator of Judea. And Lysias also sent Paul's accusers to plead their case before Felix in the Herodian palace at Caesarea.

But Felix had no desire to become involved in any tender theological disputes. He adjourned Paul's first trial without a verdict.

Then for two slow-paced, idle years, Paul lived as a prisoner under Felix, guarded by a centurion in the keep of the Hall of Herod. The governor refused to take action against the prisoner; nothing could force him to bring the case to a conclusion. Yet he also refused to set Paul free.

And "when two years were ended," Luke wrote in The Acts of the Apostles, "Felix had for successor, Portius Festus. And Felix, being willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound."

So now Paul was in chains while a strange new governor stepped in as master of his fate.

THE CLASH between Paul and Festus came during the first month of that governor's reign. At last Paul was led into Herod's ornate courtroom to stand before the judgment seat of the Roman governor.

The spectacle of the throne room, Festus in purple and gold, and all the bearded attendants grouped around him, these trappings of power did not intimidate the adventurer of the three missionary voyages. Nor did the sight of the crowds, straining against the ropes that ran on three sides of Herod's great hall. Those gaping loafers, he knew, could turn into a mob of destroying accusers. Still, Paul was not disturbed.

They led him forward to stand at the left hand of Felix, facing his accusers.

Swiftly the Jews recited their indictment. All the old accusations of troublemaking, of blasphemy and treason were recounted. Paul stood accused of being a subversive, an enemy of the government who meant to overthrow the throne by violence. The state, so argued the chief priests, had not only a right but a duty to protect itself against any enemy within.

Festus listened to the grievous recital against the prisoner, then curtly ordered Paul to answer.

Paul's reply was stingingly brief:

"Neither against the Law of the Jews, nor against the Temple, nor against Caesar have I offended in anything."

Bending forward and smiling a little, the new governor asked, "Paul, will you go up to Jerusalem and there be judged of these things before me?"

There was an upside-down plea for a change of venue! Even the high priests blinked at the bluntness of the proposal. But Paul's answer was instantaneous and majestic. Once more he spoke as a citizen of the Roman Empire, one who knew his inalienable rights:

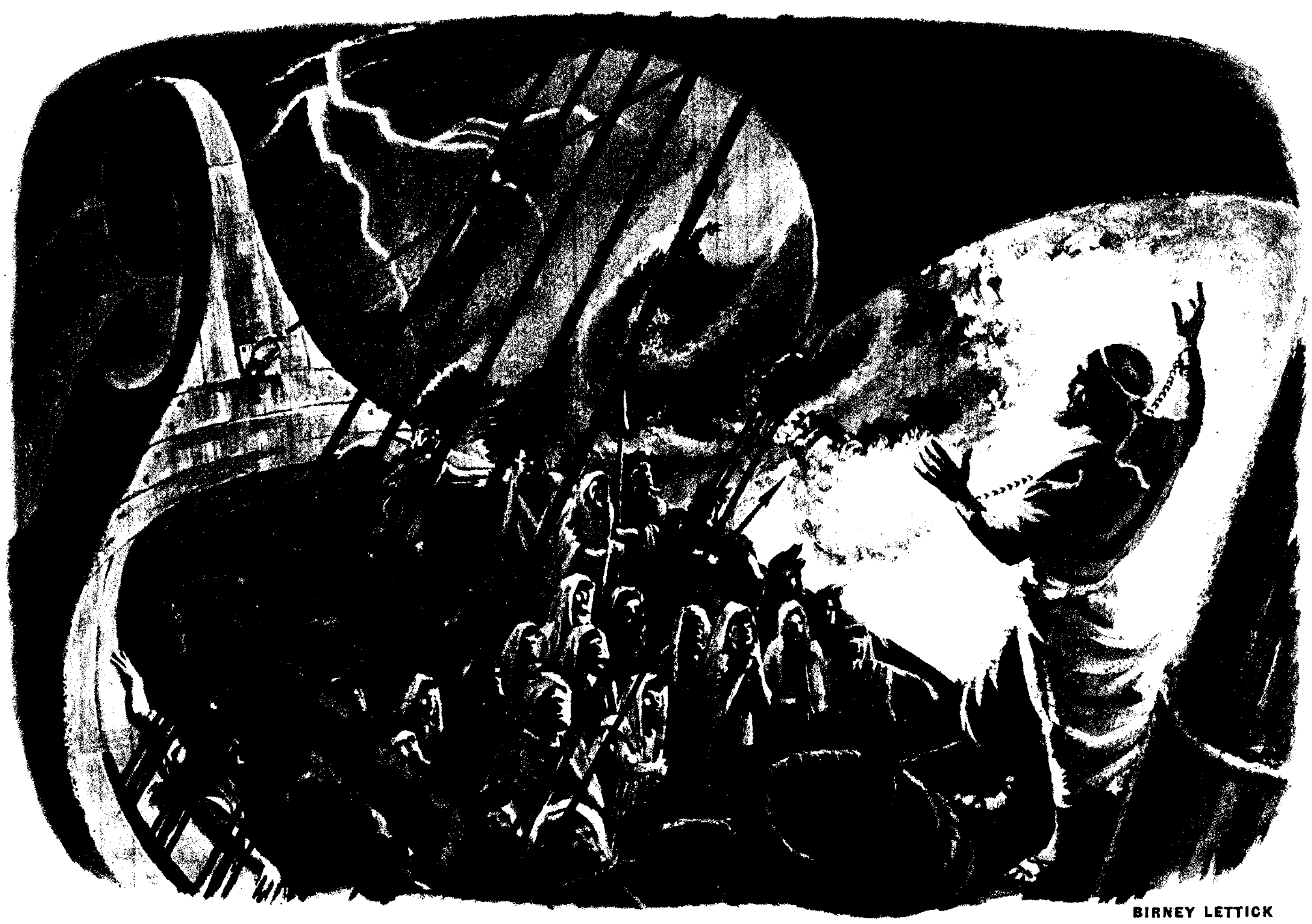
"I stand at Caesar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged. To the Jews I have done no injury, as you very well know. For if I have injured them, or have committed anything worthy of death, I do not refuse to die. But if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me to them.

"I appeal to Caesar!"

Festus sat back in his chair as if he had been pushed. His mouth fell open helplessly. Then he fixed his sobered eyes for a moment on Paul.

"Have you appealed to Caesar? Then to Caesar shall you go!"

And that settled the new governor's problem nicely. He,



"For 14 days and nights that storm had continued, without sight of stars or sun." Paul, in chains, comforted the others

too, was rid of the whole difficult business of Paul!

Paul was sent to Rome in 60 A. D., for trial before the judges of Nero. He was given into custody of one harassed centurion, named Julius, a trusted leader of the provincial troops stationed in Caesarea. Although Paul could not guess what was to happen, he was to owe much to this tough but fair-minded Roman officer, who showed him genuine kindness.

Two of his friends were given permission to travel with Paul—Luke, the physician, and Aristarchus, a faithful convert from Ephesus. Though a free man, Aristarchus was posing as Paul's slave. Only in that way could the centurion Julius in propriety allow him passage. Paul's other friends, even Timothy, must find their own way to Rome.

At Caesarea, Paul and his companions were led aboard a westbound ship. Then later, on the southern shore of Asia Minor, Julius transferred his three prisoners to another ship, a large merchant vessel, laden with wheat, built for the open sea.

Julius had struck a bargain with the shipmaster. He seemed certain that this great vessel, a giant beside their previous one, could outrun the dread gales that prowled the Mediterranean in these months and made the sea lanes dangerous. They, and all the 276 souls on board would reach Rome in quicker time.

But Paul, a knowing traveler in all kinds of weather, had his doubts. Winter was coming on; rarely would the skies be clear enough to chart courses by the stars.

Making only a little slow progress each day, they pushed westward. With every knot they made, the going became more difficult. And presently they were in real trouble. With wicked suddenness a storm swept down. "And," as Luke reports, "when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away."

But Paul was not afraid. With calm confidence he quieted the fears of his fellow passengers, and then he predicted that they would all be saved.

" 'I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying: Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all of them that sail with thee.' "

The quiet force with which Paul spoke in that seemingly hopeless hour, the strength of conviction he produced, eased men's terrors against the clamor of the unceasing storm.

For 14 days and nights that storm had continued, without sight of stars or sun; half a month of unabated tempest, in which men had no time to eat, no inclination to sleep, fearing that they might never wake in this life.

By the morning of the 15th day, however, the fog began to lift and they could make out a dim shore line. But "they knew not the land." The captain, without guides or charts, decided nevertheless to risk an attempted landing in the haven of an outflowing stream which the sailors had sighted.

With frightful speed they were driven forward by the tireless gale, scudding on to a middle point between the two small headlands of black rock. It looked at first as if they would get through, but just as they reached the place where the river emptied into the sea, a terrific jolt hurled every man to the deck; there was a shriek of splitting timbers, a chaos of falling spars and crosstrees, and a violent shuddering of the stricken ship. They were aground, the ship broken in two.

Shrieks of fright and despair, a seemingly hopeless hysteria abounded. But the discipline of the Roman guards remained perfect. Two of them made their way instantly to Julius, the centurion.

"Sir," they reported, "all hope is gone. We must abandon ship and it will be every man for himself. Is it not our duty to kill our prisoners at once, so they may not escape?"

"Kill Paul?"

There was sheer horror in the centurion's voice.

"Paul—Luke—Aristarchus—all the prisoners; yes, sir. Do I have your order?"

"No!" Julius must have astonished himself at the vehemence of his decision. The apostle had worked powerfully on the officer's inner spirit. He not only admired Paul deeply, he had, in some oblique fashion, come to believe him, trusting in his prophecies and not wishing to work against them. Hadn't Paul promised that everyone would be saved?

"I forbid you to destroy the prisoners," said Julius firmly. "Let those who can swim cast themselves first into the sea, and save themselves and get to land."

This order was instantly obeyed. As for the others who could not swim, Luke reported. . . .

". . . some they carried on boards, and some on those things that belonged to the ship. And so it came to pass that every soul got safe to land."

They stumbled out of the water, and found themselves on an island called Melita. Centuries afterward, man would call this beautiful island Malta, and bestow its title on a heroic order of knighthood.

For three months the refugees wintered on the island, made comfortable by the kindly inhabitants. But as spring arrived, the harbors of Malta were filled with ships. Julius selected a vessel bound from Alexandria. And at length, with no further adventures, they sailed up the west coast of Italy and put in at a harbor not far from modern Naples—Puteoli, biggest port in south Italy.

Paroled into their own custody by Julius, the three prisoners were able, for one week, to wander about freely in Puteoli. Immediately they sought out their fellow Christians in the city, and asked for news of Peter, and the health of the Church.

Before he left Puteoli, Paul had heard the full story of Peter's quiet conquest of Rome, beginning with the poor, and extending Christ's baptism even to men in Nero's own court. In a few tireless years he had taken the city by silent storm.

At the end of seven days in Puteoli, Julius met Paul with a smile, and a friendly clasp on the shoulders, in his private room. Then he led Paul to the courtyard of the local garrison and put chains on his hands. Now that they were so near the capital, Julius could no longer afford to be lenient with his prisoner. Luke and Aristarchus took their places at the very end of the procession, as Julius sounded the order to march.

AT CAPUA, THE TWO-LANE ROAD from Puteoli joined the greatest road ever built, the Appian Way, main route between Rome and the Eastern provinces. Over it traveled the life stream of an empire in continuous pageantry. Romans were justly proud of this engineering marvel.

Through highlands they marched, and by the sea, past far-flung farms worked by prisoners of war, down to the Pontine Marshes. Then in the swamp mist they saw the outlines of the town of Appii Forum. For the four nights since they left Puteoli their lodging had been the grass and shade trees along the road. But at Appii Forum, only 40 miles from Rome, was an inn where one could rent a bed and a mattress of reeds. Evening settled quickly and Julius hurried the men on to the welcome shelter.

In the courtyard of the inn Paul was greeted warmly by a group of Christians, old friends and new, who had walked the 40 miles from Rome and waited here, too poor to rent beds with or without mattresses, for two days and a night, just to welcome him.

Paul choked with emotions as he heard Linus, a slim young man only recently freed from slavery, and now one of Peter's most trusted lieutenants, explain that he had been sent by the patriarch to extend his grateful blessing and constant affection to Paul.

But, explained Linus, Peter would not be in Rome to greet Paul personally. He was taking this rare opportunity to leave the Church in Rome in Paul's wise care, while he at last was free to travel and tend the universal Church. Paul's trial would not be immediate, that was certain, and while he waited in Rome he could handle the constant flow of personal and doctrinal problems.

Paul fully understood. The other apostles were scattered now over the whole known world, carrying the Gospel far beyond the borders of the Empire. He himself was a prisoner, unable to visit the churches he had founded. Clearly Peter must make the most of this chance to travel. Paul nodded, but his heart was lonely. He had longed to see Peter in person.

At the next town, a post station known as Three Taverns, more Christians joined the party escorting Paul to Rome. And on the final lap of the march, except for his chains, Paul looked more like a king than a prisoner, a ruler in a royal progress. Some 50 Christians of all ages now trooped along beside the soldiers, singing and laughing and praying.

Then, at last, Paul got his first glimpse of their destination. There! That rust and gold city on the horizon with ice-white temples shimmering in the sun—Rome!

THE SUPREME COMMANDER of the Praetorian Guard heard all cases before sending them on to Caesar for judgment, and it was before him that Paul soon found himself.

Julius presented the letter from Governor Festus, rumpled and water-stained by the months of voyage and shipwreck. Then he recited the adventures of their trip, and praised the prisoner's goodness, integrity and honor. The commander cleared his throat and smiled.

"Paul, your accusers from the Temple have not yet come to Rome. No trial can be held till they appear. Governor Festus speaks well of you, and you seem to have made a good friend out of Julius, your jailer."

In the commander's splendid office where the hearing was being held, and outside the windows where the crowd of Christians listened, every breath except his was stilled to catch the next words.

"I remand you to *custodia militaris,* until such time as your trial may be held."

Custodia militaris! The same lenient treatment given to high-ranking soldiers awaiting a civil suit. The prisoner could live *where* he pleased, *as* he pleased, with a Praetorian Guard at his side. True, he must still wear chains, but Paul was free, free to teach, and preach, and to serve God and the Church in Rome.

Before Paul had even been dismissed, three of the eavesdropping Christians scuttled away. They were off to prepare lodgings for Paul.

Rome was a city of apartment houses, called *insulae,* or islands, of one to 12 rooms. They housed all except the very rich, who lived in palaces and villas on the seven hills. The luxury of the *insulae* varied with a man's purse, from gardened elegance to row on row of identical wooden structures, jammed together tenement-fashion on narrow, noisy, stinking streets.

The only place Paul's friends could afford was a room five flights up. The rumble of heavy produce wagons and the cries of beggars reached the room, but little air or sun did.

The next morning Paul moved in with Luke and Aristarchus and the first shift of his constantly changing guards. The room had been scrubbed and tidied by faithful women of the Roman Church. On a table stood a steaming bowl of lamb broth, fresh rye bread and a dish of plums. Paul looked gratefully at the shining walls, the spotless floors, the heavy sacking drapes over the long window, the borrowed cots, desks and chairs—the first home he had known in the 23 years he had served Christ!

And it was to be his home for the next two years, years which, although Paul was nominally a prisoner and in chains, were as fruitful as any of the lifetime he devoted to serving Christ. It was from this little room that many of the 14 great epistles went out—to the Colossians, to the Hebrews in Jerusalem, to the Ephesians and the Philippians.

Paul's room was always crowded with students and disciples. It became a workshop, a powerhouse of mission activity the Empire over, a combination of executive offices, information bureau and monastery.

Messengers, travelers, men of all races and cities perched on the window sills or huddled in the corners of the cramped room. Nobles from the Palatine came unattended at night, to ask about the new God. Slaves crept in the door, hope in their eyes, fear of capture on their sweating brows. And every eight hours, the changing of the guards, some with a bored, bloated look, some wearing the smile of secret converts.

In the midst of this hubble-bubble, Luke sat at a desk by the window, oblivious equally to dispute or sermon. From dawn to late afternoon he sat with pen and papyrus, pumice and sand, writing a new Gospel, a project he had long had in mind.

And thus passed two years that were, in some ways, the happiest Paul had known.

EVERYONE, including the recently converted guard, was still on his knees when the news came. A clanking and stomping on the stairs heralded the arrival of two major officers of the Praetorian Guard. Paul's jailer leaped to his feet and saluted.

The other Christians finished their prayers, unhurried by the audible impatience of the imperial visitors. Paul rose to greet them after the final Amen.

"Are you Paul of Tarsus?"

"I am."

"According to the law of Rome, the accuser has two years to bring his case to trial, and if he fails to do so, he loses by default. No one has appeared to press a complaint against you. None of the witnesses is here. Therefore you are free of all charges against you, and all restraint on your person."

The officer strode forward to unlock Paul's chains. For the first time in two years his hands were free.

He saw that the two officials were leaving. "I thank you!" he called, but they were already halfway down the stairs. "Go in peace," he whispered.

"You go in peace, indeed," cried Timothy. "You can go wherever you want to go. You used to dream of Gaul, and Hispania—"

"And I *will* go there," vowed the dauntless little old man. He ran to the wall where hung the cross, and clasped his hands.

At a house in the outskirts of Rome on the sweltering evening of July 19th in the year 64, Peter went at sunset to his roof to be alone and to pray.

Peter, who had hurried back to the capital on news of Paul's release, had not arrived in time to see his fellow apostle. For Paul and Timothy had sailed from Italy to Gaul, and the port we now call Marseilles. And by now, Peter reflected, they were probably in Spain preaching. Luke had gone home to Antioch to finish his history of the apostles.

But the work of Paul and his helpers was still evident in Rome. The Roman Church had doubled in numbers while Peter was away, and was growing still. Though Christians shared the apprehensions of other Romans, and whispered when they spoke of Nero and his latest rampages, they were steadfast in their loyalty to the new Church—the faith that gave them some measure of peace and security in those fear-ridden times.

Grateful for the strength he found in this fellowship of good men and in service to the Lord, Peter raised his eyes in love to the stars.

He never said the prayer he had in mind.

The sky was no longer blue. It glared orange and yellow, black, and somber gray. Peter's weather-trained eyes knew no storm could paint clouds like those. Even before the shrieks and pounding heels of a million men swelled in the distance, Peter was praying with new urgency.

"O God, protect these people from the flames. Save them! In the Name of Jesus Christ I ask it!"

Rome was afire.

For six days and six nights Rome burned. The fire, coming to life in the flimsy trade stalls, huddled next to the Circus Maximus, skimmed over brick and cobblestone, hurdled clay and marble to snatch at the overcrowded tenements.

Men stumbled through bodiless flames, seeking escape. Women, with hair burning on their heads, fled with their babies to the fountains, to the public baths, then fled again as the fire raced on.

Six days and six nights. No man could name the heroes or the dead in that nightmare race for safety. The River Tiber was clogged with corpses, some sinking under the steady torrent of wind-tossed wreckage, never to be found. The hilltops were littered with men felled by new sheets of flame shooting suddenly to life.

Then, as fast as the flames on the hills of Rome, a strange message sped across that crowd of refugees in a whisper, in a mutter, a gasp, a roar of indignation.

"Nero stands on the aqueduct. Look! He is singing, and playing the lute while Rome burns!"

On the lofty arch of the waterway the round-bellied emperor in purple and white tunic postured and posed in classic style. His face, short-browed, shadowed by bushy black hair and laurel wreath, glowed orange in the light of the flames.

Whispers passed from smoke-blackened lips:

"Nero set the fire."

"I saw his men with torches in the Circus Maximus . . ."

"Nero planned to raze Rome. He ordered it. They say he has worked for months on a song about the burning of Troy, and sings it now in a setting he staged himself. He loathed our city, and he burned it."

"A madman!"

"Death to Nero!"

THE MEN OF ROME did not kill Nero. A clever adviser to the emperor, after quieting a hunger-crazed mob that stormed the palace with bushel baskets of bread from imperial storehouses, suggested a wily plan to shift blame for the fire from Nero's flabby shoulders. The people wanted blood. Very well, they should have their scapegoat.

"The Christians burned Rome," said the imperial adviser.

"H'mmm. *Who* did? Christians? Who are they?"

"Superstitious weaklings, Excellency. Traitors who refuse to worship you or bow before your statue." The counselor fixed Nero's twitching face with a hard stare. "*The Christians burned Rome.*"

Before half an hour had passed, complete proof of Christian guilt had been concocted.

Christians were seditionists, disloyal to the emperor. Christians were foes of the state religion, enemies of Jupiter, and therefore servants of the devil. Besides, everyone had heard Christian street preachers foretell that Rome would be erased by heavenly fire.

Nero smiled in relief. "Go tell the people what the Christians have done. Build a new arena, a big one, across the river. They must die for their crime. And we shall meditate on some new forms of torture of a grandeur to match the crime."

The tan of Spain's gentle sun was fading from Paul's brow when, after sailing across the Mediterranean, he and Timothy arrived in the summer of 65 A. D. in the land we call Turkey, but which they knew as the province of Asia.

At once, Paul began to question the Christians who greeted them. "Tell me of Peter. Is he still alive? Word of the fire and of Nero's edicts against Christians was on every man's tongue in Gaul. But no one could give us any facts."

The face of the Colossian elder who answered was grave.

"Peter lives. The slaughter is only beginning. Rome is destroyed and Nero has nearly built it up again all new. He set up tent camps for the homeless. The plans for the new city were already drawn before the fire. First to be built was the new arena."

Another man took up the story. "They say the arena will seat three hundred and fifty thousand. The underground pens for lions are twice the size of those anywhere else." He gripped Paul's age-dried hands. "Today it is a crime to believe in God! Treason to be baptized!"

Paul nodded. "But *where* is Peter? I must see him."

"He lives, so they say, with his flock in the darkness of the catacombs. The Church has gone under the ground, into the lower levels of the cemeteries owned by certain rich Christians. They have even tunneled new passages into the earth in which to hide. You must stay away from Rome. You are too valuable to us all. Besides, if you are caught seeking him, you'll both die!"

Paul thought for a moment. "I must die sometime. I would not fear to go to Rome. But I dare not endanger Peter. Tomorrow I go to Ephesus. There is much to do before Nero finds there are many Christians outside Rome, too."

It was in January of the year 67 that Paul was arrested for the final time. For 18 months he had labored on his last mission, journeying to the island of Crete, revisiting the churches in Macedonia and Asia. At each stop he found faith pockmarked by fear, and he bolstered it with love and truth.

From the city of Troas, where he was seized by Roman soldiers arriving in the night at the home where he was staying, Paul was carted to Ephesus, capital of the province of Asia, for trial.

The pillared courtroom was crowded with familiar faces. Luke, who had ridden three days and nights to get there from Philippi, kept his anxious eyes on the brave figure standing before the judge. In a corner by a pillar stood Timothy, tears rolling unashamed down his cheeks.

The trial went according to plan, a police-state trial with verdict already written. Paul is a leader of the Christians and Nero wants him killed, so be quick with this mockery, and pack him off to Rome.

One by one, the accusing witnesses testified. No one was allowed to speak in Paul's defense. In an hour the trial was ended. Paul was hustled and shoved out to the street and into a cart, heading for the docks and a Rome-bound ship.

And this time, only the man he had long called his "beloved yokefellow," Luke, the physician, his long slender face creased with age, went with Paul. The first time Paul went to Rome, friends had come to greet him, swelling his procession to regal size. Now, he came almost alone. The Christians of Rome were afraid.

At the gate of Rome, even Luke was shouldered aside by a contingent of the Praetorian Guard.

Paul went alone to prison.

He was led from the castle of the Guard to the Mamertine Prison, down to the dungeons where enemies of the state were held for trial. Water oozed on the curving rock steps, and the tainted odor of dead damp made his eyes swim. At the lowest level the guards halted and flung open a barred door. A sword-callused hand pushed Paul into the darkness. He hurtled across the six-foot cell, his feet skidding in the slime. His chains clattered against a wet stone wall. The door closed.

He was alone.

NIGHT BY NIGHT friends filtered through the bribed guards to the depths of the prison, bringing Paul food, soap, candles and writing materials.

Linus came to whisper news of Peter. For months the man of rock had stayed in the catacombs carrying on his ministry, strengthening and encouraging every Christian, setting up a full church at death's level in the earth. But for a long time now Peter's trusted lieutenant, Linus, and all the others had been urging Peter to quit the city. He had refused, swearing he would never desert his post. They in turn had tried to make him see that the Church would suffer a mortal blow if he were killed, that he could do more good outside of Rome. And, finally, Peter had agreed. He was leaving for the country in a day or so, said Linus. And Paul smiled in the darkness.

The Christian Senator Pudens came, his face masked even from the guards he bribed. As one of Peter's first converts and dear friends, he brought Peter's own messages of loving farewell and blessing. Luke came every night to check on Paul's health, to force him to drink bitter herb brews and rub ointment on his chilblained legs.

And at night, by candlelight, Paul wrote his last letter, to be smuggled out to Timothy, who at Paul's own command had stayed in Asia, guiding the Ephesian church.

Along the sun-filled paths of spring Peter walked slowly now, after months under the earth. His mind was not easy.

He had not wanted to leave Rome. But Peter, who spent his life trying to learn humility, feared only one thing—to offend God, by pride, by insisting on the wisdom of his own opinion. And that was why, in the dawn of an April day, he had taken his friends' advice and left the city in secret, slipping out in the darkness, bound for the churches of Asia.

But his soul was ill at ease.

In silence, Mark strode beside him in the early morning sunlight.

Suddenly, Peter stopped. The path to his sight was filled with a glow of greater radiance than the sun. Then, in the center of the light, he saw the beloved figure of the Master, facing him, walking toward Rome.

Peter fell to his knees in the dust.

"Lord, where art Thou going?"

Quo vadis?

Mark stared, seeing nothing, but he, too, went on his knees.

And Peter heard again the clear wondrous Voice:

"I go to Rome to be crucified."

"Lord, art Thou being crucified again?"

"Yes, Peter, I am being crucified again." And in that instant He was gone.

Peter rose to his feet and turned his face back to Rome.

"Mark! Come! We are going back, back to Rome. Three times I denied Him. But never again."

A few nights after he had finished that letter to Timothy, Paul was slumbering lightly in his cell, propped up against the wall to keep his head off the damp floor, when suddenly the door clanged open.

Ten guards surrounded one tall old man. With sword point they nudged him into the cell. The bolt slammed shut.

"Paul!" said the newcomer calmly. "Paul—greeting!"

Paul rubbed his eyes with the back of his fists, and stumbled to his feet.

"Peter? Peter at last!"

A tall old man of eighty, the untutored son of poor parents in Galilee, trained to hard work in the sea-freshened air—and a wizened scholar of seventy. They met again in a dungeon.

Peter had no trial.

Paul, because of the dignity of his Roman citizenship, was hauled off to a court near the Forum, tried without lawyer or witnesses, and convicted.

The next morning Peter and Paul left their prison, together for the last time on earth.

The light of the June morning dazzled Peter's old eyes. Warm breezes toyed with his unkempt beard, as a guard led him out of the prison.

Behind him another group of soldiers led Paul away in the opposite direction.

No one stood in the courtyard to watch Peter's procession. Street crowds thinned as they passed.

They climbed the Vatican Hill, to Nero's own gardens, thrown open now to the populace. Pillars of wood coated with pitch stood at the corners of every path. Some still waited to be lighted. Others bore burned corpses of Christians.

Crosses stood on the hillside among the grass and flowers. The centurion halted before one. With his old brawny stance, Peter stood fearlessly before the centurion. He had but one last request of the world:

"I am not worthy to die as Our Lord died, on the Cross. If I must be crucified, let it be—head downward."

Thirty minutes later he hung on the Cross, his travel-crusted feet in the air. His hair blew in the wind. The majestic white beard veiled the bleeding face of *Saint Peter.*

They took Paul to a lonesome valley three miles from the walls of Rome.

In the valley the procession halted. The centurion came to blindfold Paul. Two men bound him to a stake and scourged him as prescribed. They untied him and led him to another knoll and made him kneel.

"Our Father, Who art in heaven . . ." said Paul.

The sword glistened and fell. The man of Tarsus had died the honorable death reserved to Roman citizens. Paul's head lay on the grass.

Luke ran forward and buried his face in the grass beside the body of his friend *Saint Paul.*

THE GARDENS on the Hill called Vatican were silent that twilight. No one came to admire Nero's living torches, or cheer at the sight of the corpse of the Christian leader. In the city below, in the rooms of cemeteries, in storerooms and countinghouses, in spare bedrooms and cellars, men and women were singing that night. They sang praise to God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

They had lost Paul, the soldier of Christ, the greatest voice of Truth they knew. Paul is dead. His words live.

They had lost Peter, the head, the rock, the shepherd. Another man already held the keys of heaven, Linus, the ex-slave. Peter is dead, but Peter lives.

Thousands of these men and women would die themselves, in the arena, burning on pitch-soaked pyres, crucified; they would die for Jesus Christ, and the Faith, the Church that Christ founded, built on the Rock, close-hewn and guarded by the voice of Truth. They would die that we might live in the greatest faith ever known. They sang that night of glory to God, to Jesus Christ, Who had conquered death.

THE END

A Restatement of
WHAT COLLIER'S STANDS FOR

Four years and a few weeks ago we printed on this page an editorial which stated the basic principles that add up to the tradition of publishing which we have inherited and intend to maintain. On rereading them, we find that nothing has happened since in this constantly changing world which seems to call for a revision. As we produce the first issue of an expanded Collier's, we should like to restate those principles on which we have operated, and which will guide us in the future

Collier's is a popular magazine, first and last, and it means to remain one. It knows that a major function of a popular magazine is to entertain. All of us have to have some escape in these troubled times.

But we must also face up to the facts.

Collier's intends always to face the facts and to state the problems that confront us, even if it doesn't have all the answers. It is not interested in sensation for sensation's sake, but it will tackle an explosive job any time it thinks that such a job will serve the country's best interests.

Collier's believes in change, but only within the framework of American institutions and traditions. It believes that our democracy can only be kept alive and strong so long as we look and move forward. It also believes that it is possible to be progressive without insisting that everything is wrong and rotten and must be changed.

Collier's is not buying any new political systems. It has no sympathy or respect for people who go around trying to peddle utopias.

Collier's considers that the American people are an intelligent people, capable of solving their problems through their collective wisdom. It wants to help Americans think through those problems, and it publishes a magazine with that purpose in mind.

Collier's is American—as American as baseball. It is allergic to stuffiness. It does not think that it is necessary to be ponderous in order to be serious. It believes that there are times when kidding can be more effective than crusading.

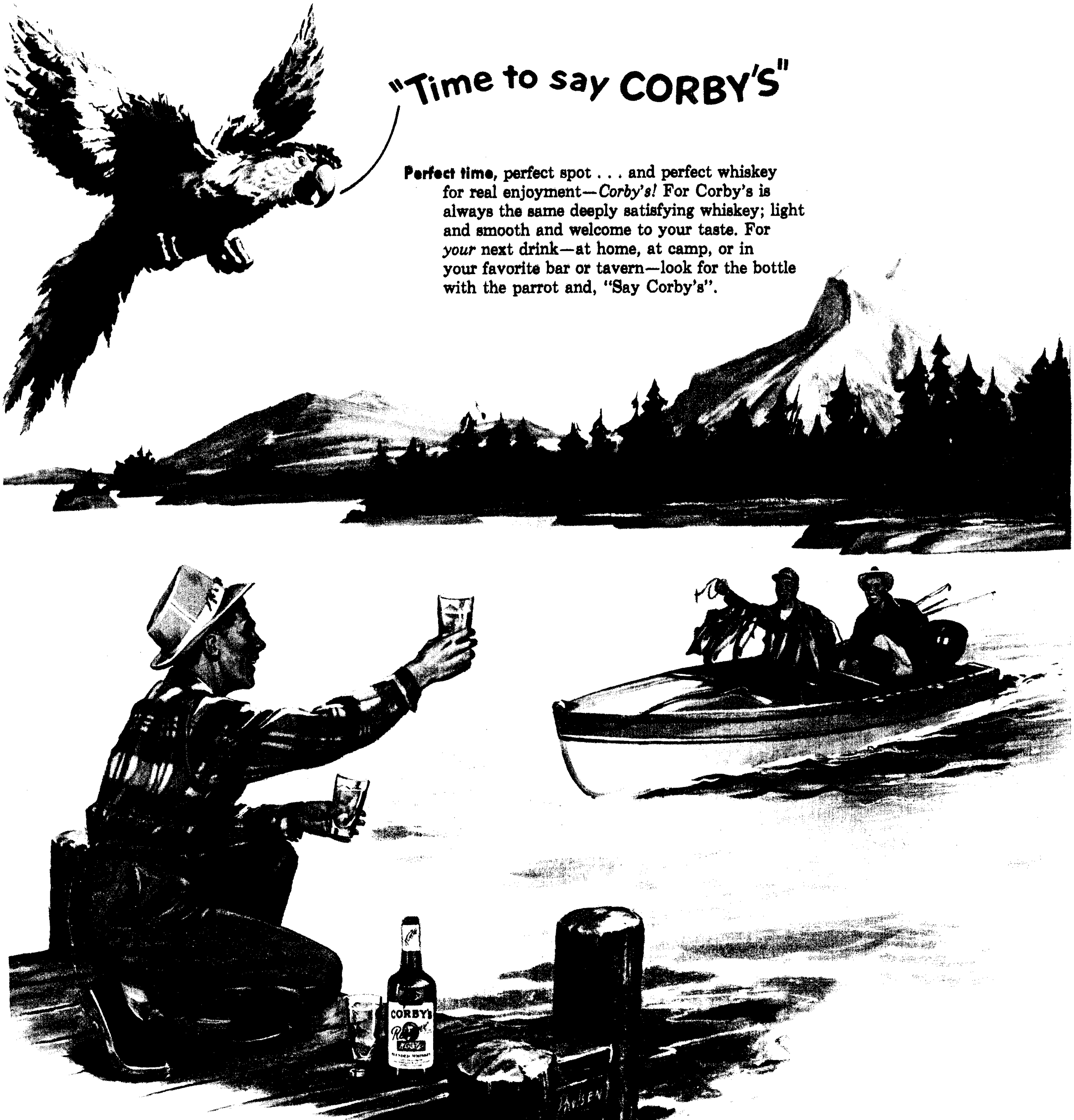
Collier's recognizes that there is no such thing as a perfect government, any more than there is such a thing as a perfect magazine or a perfect anything else where people are involved. Mistakes and errors and human frailty are bound to be present. They have to be expected. Sometimes they have to be overlooked. But they are no excuse for mediocrity.

Collier's is convinced that it is just as important to appreciate and perpetuate all that is good in our national life as it is to correct what is wrong. It has faith in our national and individual decencies. It recognizes that the American heritage is a challenge as well as a legacy. And it knows that we cannot enjoy the blessings of our democracy unless we work for them.

That Collier's intends to do unceasingly.

"Time to say CORBY'S"

Perfect time, perfect spot . . . and perfect whiskey for real enjoyment—*Corby's!* For Corby's is always the same deeply satisfying whiskey; light and smooth and welcome to your taste. For *your* next drink—at home, at camp, or in your favorite bar or tavern—look for the bottle with the parrot and, "Say Corby's".



CORBY'S

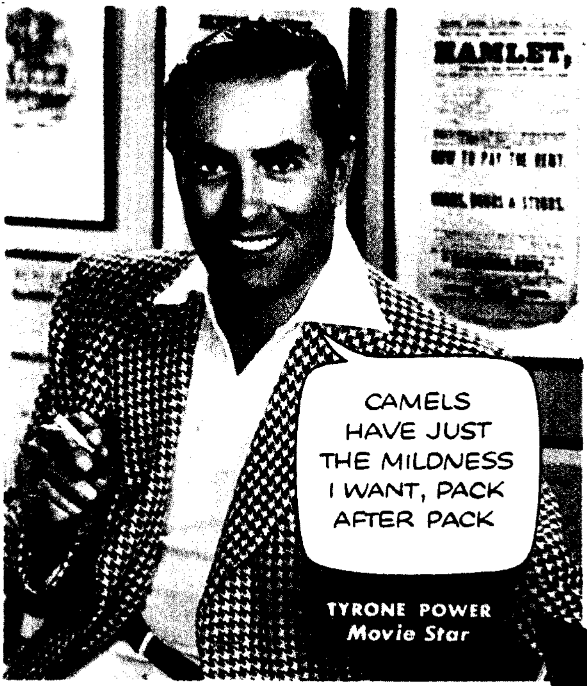
One of the largest-selling whiskey brands in America

Special Offer **6 HIGHBALL STIRRERS PLUS SURPRISE NOVELTY**

PARTY NOTE! Attractive, original highball stirrers with a 3-dimensional parrot perched on each, wings aloft. Exciting extra touch for your parties. A handy way of marking drinks, as well. Sturdy, long-lasting; lifelike detail. Send now for full set of 6 stirrers in brilliant plastic colors. Surprise novelty included! Mail name and address plus 25c in coin to Corby's, Box 10, Peoria, Ill. (Offer void outside U.S. and where prohibited by state regulations.)

SERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

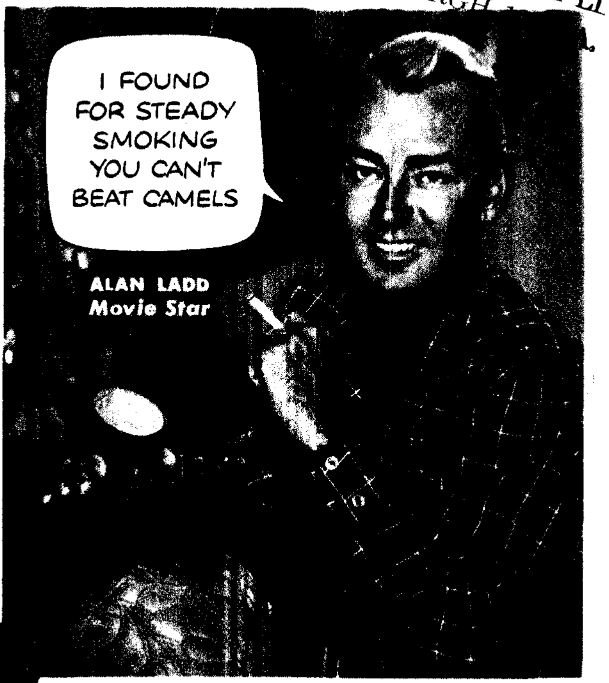
QUESNE UNIVERSITY LI
PITTSBURGH


HAMLET,
CAMELS HAVE JUST THE MILDNESS I WANT, PACK AFTER PACK

TYRONE POWER
Movie Star

CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'. THEY TASTE GRAND!

PATRICE MUNSEL
Opera Star


I FOUND FOR STEADY SMOKING YOU CAN'T BEAT CAMELS

ALAN LADD
Movie Star

CAMELS GIVE ME FRESH PLEASURE EVERY TIME I LIGHT UP!

EVA GABOR
Stage, TV Star

Why did you change to CAMELS?

I HAVEN'T FOUND CAMEL'S FLAVOR IN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

JANE GREER
Movie Star

I CAN COUNT ON CAMELS FOR MILDNESS AND FLAVOR!

CHARLTON HESTON
Movie Star

Smokers have been *changing to* Camels and *staying with* Camels for years. So much so that today Camel is far ahead of all other brands, leading by *many billions* of cigarettes per year!

Camel's mildness and flavor *agree* with more smokers than any other cigarette . . . so it makes sense for *you* to try Camels, too.

Try Camels for 30 days—and see how you keep on enjoying their rich flavor and cool mildness, pack after pack, week after week!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.

There must be a reason why

MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE